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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CLASH MYSTERY: JOE GOES AWOL

STONES FOR CARDIFF

What a difference a Mayday makes

TONY BENN
ON WAR & WORK

MADNESS
CATCH A SPANISH FLY

JIVE WIRE
CASSETTE OFFER

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

KILLING JOKE

MILES DAVIS

INFA RIOT

MAN OR MANNEQUIN
THE SELLING OF BOY GEORGE

The Boy Looked At Dummy. Photograph by Pennie Smith.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**EBONY AND IVORY**	**Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)**	3	1
2	1	MY CAMERA NEVER LIES	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	1
3	8	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG	Pigbag (Y)	4	3
4	14	ONE STEP FURTHER	Bardo (Epic)	3	4
5	10	BLUE EYES	Elton John (Rocket)	3	5
6	3	AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	7	2
7	4	GIVE ME BACK MY HEART	Dollar (WEA)	5	4
8	15	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	4	8
9	21	THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)	The England World Cup Squad (England ER)	3	9
10	(—)	SHIRLEY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	10
11	6	MORE THAN THIS	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	4	4
12	24	EVER SO LONELY	Monsoon (Mobile Suit Corp/Phonogram)	2	12
13	11	FANTASTIC DAY	Haircut 100 (Arista)	3	11
14	19	REALLY SAYING SOMETHING	Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)	3	14
15	16	I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD	Shalamar (Solar)	2	15
16	13	DEAR JOHN	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	10
17	7	GHOSTS	Japan (Virgin)	6	5
18	5	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	8	1
19	(—)	VIEW FROM A BRIDGE	Kim Wilde (RAK)	1	19
20	12	JUST AN ILLUSION	Imagination (R&B)	8	2
21	(—)	I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)	1	21
22	29	CAT PEOPLE (PUTTING OUT FIRE)	David Bowie (RCA)	3	22
23	(—)	PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE	Simple Minds (Virgin)	1	23
24	20	HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	8
25	17	DON'T LOVE ME TOO HARD	The Nolans (Epic)	5	15
26	(—)	WE HAVE A DREAM	Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)	1	26
27	(—)	I WON'T LET YOU DOWN	PhD (WEA)	1	27
28	(—)	BLACK COFFEE IN BED	Squeeze (A&M)	1	28
29	9	SEE THOSE EYES	Altered Images (Epic)	5	9
30	(—)	TOTTENHAM TOTTENHAM	Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Final Squad '82 (Shelf)	1	30

The Simple Kerr all in at No. 23 — *Jim Kerr by David Corio*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
		PELICAN WEST	**Haircut 100 (Arista)**	9	1
2	4	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	3	1
3	16	1982	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	3
4	1	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	15	1
5	(—)	STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	5
6	15	CHARIOTS OF FIRE	Soundtrack (Polydor)	17	6
7	5	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	12	3
8	8	PORTRAIT	The Nolans (Epic)	5	8
9	11	SKY 4 — FORTHCOMING	Sky (Ariola)	4	9
10	3	IRON FIST	Motorhead (Bronze)	3	3
11	6	JAMES BOND GREATEST HITS	Various (Liberty)	5	6
12	24	JUMP UP	Elton John (Rocket)	2	12
13	20	ASIA	Asia (Geffen)	3	13
14	7	THE GIFT	Jam (Polydor)	7	1
15	10	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	16	5
16	(—)	LIVE IN BRITAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	16
17	17	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	26	9
18	(—)	THE SLIDE AREA	Ry Cooder (Warner Bros)	1	18
19	23	MUSIC OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION	BEF (Virgin)	2	19
20	(—)	SHOOT THE MOON	Judie Tzuke (Chrysalis)	1	20
21	13	THE ANVIL	Visage (Polydor)	4	4
22	(—)	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	1	22
23	14	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	23	3
24	18	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	2	18
25	(—)	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	17	5
26	20	BODY TALK	Imagination (R&B)	8	12
27	26	THE FUN BOY THREE	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	5	6
28	9	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	14	4
29	12	FIVE MILES OUT	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	5	10
30	(29)	DR HECKLE AND MR JIVE	Pigbag (Y)	6	21

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(4)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(2)	**Smash The Discos**	The Business (Secret)
4	(13)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
5	(14)	**Look Know**	Fall (Kamera)
6	(7)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
7	(11)	**Gangland**	Violators (No Future)
8	(18)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
9	(5)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
10	(8)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
11	(9)	**War Across The Nation**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
12	(6)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
13	(3)	**I Hate People**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
14	(—)	**The Winner**	Infa Riot (Secret)
15	(12)	**Pure Punk for Row People (EP)**	Gonads (Secret)
16	(25)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
17	(17)	**Lest We Forget**	Blitzkreig (No Future)
18	(—)	**King of the Flies**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
19	(24)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap 3)
20	(23)	**Long Live The Past (EP)**	The Pack (Cyclops)
21	(—)	**Big City Peroxide**	Subhumans (Spider Leg)
22	(10)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
23	(16)	**It's Been Hours Now**	Dead Or Alive (Black Eyes)
24	(27)	**In Rhythm**	Scream & Dance (Recreational)
25	(15)	**Smash It Up**	The Damned (Big Beat)
26	(19)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
27	(21)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
28	(20)	**No Life No Future (EP)**	Expelled (Riot City)
29	(—)	**Get It Right EP**	Animal Magic (Recreational)
30	(—)	**Crimson**	Rudi (Jamming)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(3)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
3	(4)	**4th Floor Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
4	(5)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
5	(7)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
6	(2)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
7	(6)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
8	(14)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
9	(11)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
10	(—)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
11	(13)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
12	(10)	**To The Shores Of**	Various (Zoo)
13	(8)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
14	(9)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
15	(20)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
16	(19)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
17	(18)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
18	(15)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
19	(21)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (4AD)
20	(16)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
21	(28)	**The Plateau Phase**	Crispy Ambulance (Factory)
22	(12)	**Spizz History**	Spizz Energi 2 (R. Trade)
23	(29)	**Litanies Du Satan**	Diamanda Galas (Y)
24	(—)	**Love How Me Sexy**	Lynval Thompson (Greensleeves)
25	(24)	**Live At 100 Club — tape**	GBH (Chaos)
26	(—)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
27	(—)	**Chemical Warfare**	Dark (Fresh)
28	(—)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (R. Trade)
29	(—)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Big Beat)
30	(17)	**Live In London — tape**	Fall (Chaos)

Compiled by NME *from a nationwide survey of independent record shops*

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Promise Is A Comfort To A Fool.** Barry Biggs (Afriqku)
2 **Johnny Make You Bad So** — Lone Ranger (Greensleeves)
3 **Riot Fight** — Junior Brown & Jah Shaka (Jah Shaka)
4 **Stormy Night...** Rolands (Rockers Plantation)
5 **One Common Need.** Royal Rasses (Godsend)
6 **Ghetto Man** — Michigan & Smiley (Greensleeves)
7 **Wicked She Wicked** — Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)
8 **Smiling In The Morning** — Carol Thompson (Excalibur)
9 **Cool Down Amina ...** Keith Douglas (Fashion)
10 **Baby Love** — The Sensations & Jah Stone (High Note)
11 **Pillow Talk** ..... Tex Johnson (Disco Tex)
12 **Where Are They Now.....** Erika Gale (Santic)
13 **Why Do You Make Me Wait** — Riot Squad (Sparkside)
14 **Roots Man Skanking** — Freddy McGregor (Greensleeves)
15 **Shut Me Mouth** — Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)

REGGAE LPs

1 **New Chapter Of Dub** ..... Aswad (Simba)
2 **Mr Yellow Man** .. Yellow Man (Greensleeves)
3 **Capricorn Woman** .. Janet Kay (Solid Groove)
4 **D. J. Cash** — Nicodemus & Toyan (Greensleeves)
5 **King Of The Dub Rock Vol 2** — Sir Coxsone (Regal)

Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

US SINGLES

1 **I Love Rock 'n'Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
2 **We Got The Beat** ..... Go Gos (IRS)
3 **Chariots Of Fire** ..... Vangelis (Polygram)
4 **Freeze-Frame** ..... The J Geils Band (EMI-America)
5 **Don't Talk To Strangers** ..... Rick Springfield (RCA)
6 **Ebony & Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
7 **Do You Believe In Love** — Huey Lewis & The News (Chrysalis)
8 **Key Largo** ..... Bertie Higgins (Kat Family)
9 **'65 Love Affair** ..... Paul Davies (Arista)
10 **867-5309/Jenny** ..... Tommy Tutone (Columbia)

US LPs

1 **Chariots Of Fire** ..... Vangelis (Polygram)
2 **I Love Rock 'n' Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
3 **Beauty & The Beast** ..... Go Gos (IRS)
4 **Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet** — Rick Springfield (RCA)
5 **Asia** ..... Asia (Warner Bros)
6 **The Concert In Central Park** — Simon And Garfunkel (WEA)
7 **Freeze-Frame** ..... The J Geils Band (EMI-America)
8 **Get Lucky** ..... Loverboy (Columbia)
9 **Escape** ..... Journey (Columbia)
10 **The Dude** ..... Quincy Jones (A&M)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

PORTUGAL

1 **Souvenir** — Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Din Disc)
2 **Physical** ..... Olivia Newton-John (EMI)
3 **Patchouly** ..... Groupo de Baile (VC)
4 **My Own Way** ..... Duran Duran (EMI)
5 **Under Pressure** ..... Queen/David Bowie (EMI)
6 **O Areias** ..... Susy Paula (Orfeu)
7 **Never Again** ..... Classix Nouveau (Liberty)
8 **Flor Sonhada** ..... Manuela Moura Guedes (VC)
9 **Hearts** ..... Marty Balin (EMI)
10 **Se Ca Nevasse** ..... Salada de Frutas (Som)

Courtesy 'Musica & Som/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Free** ..... Deniece Williams (CBS)
2 **Sir Duke** ..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
3 **Knowing Me Knowing You** ..... Abba (Epic)
4 **Have I The Right** ..... Dead End Kids (CBS)
5 **Red Spells Danger** ..... Billy Ocean (GTO)
6 **I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest** — Rod Stewart (EMI)
7 **Pearl's A Singer** ..... Elkie Brooks (A & M)
8 **Whodunit** ..... Tavares (Capitol)
9 **Hotel California** ..... Eagles (Asylum)
10 **Ain't Gonna Bump No More** ..... Joe Tex (Epic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Amazing Grace** ..... Royal Scots Dragoon Guards Pipes, Drums and Bands (RCA)
2 **Come What May** ..... Vicky Leandros (Philips)
3 **Sweet Talkin' Guy** ..... Chiffons (London)
4 **Back Off Boogaloo** ..... Ringo Starr (Apple)
5 **Run Run Run** ..... Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
6 **A Thing Called Love** ..... Johnny Cash (CBS)
7 **Deborah** ..... Tyrannosaurus Rex (Magni Fly)
8 **Could It Be Forever** ..... David Cassidy (Bell)
8 **Without You** ..... Nilsson (RCA)
10 **Stir It Up** ..... Johnny Nash (CBS)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Puppet On A String** ..... Sandie Shaw (Pye)
2 **Somethin' Stupid** ..... Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
3 **A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You** ..... Monkees (RCA)
4 **Dedicated To The One I Love** ..... Mama's And Papa's (RCA)
5 **Purple Haze** ..... Jimi Hendrix (Track)
6 **Ha! Ha! Said The Clown** ..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
7 **I Can Hear The Grass Grow** ..... Move (Deram)
8 **Funny Familiar Forgotten Feelings** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)
9 **Seven Drunken Nights** ..... Dubliners (Major-Minor)
10 **The Boat That I Row** ..... Lulu (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Wonderful Land** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
2 **Nut Rocker** ..... B. Bumble (Top Rank)
3 **Hey! Baby** ..... Bruce Chanel (Mercury)
4 **Speak To Me Pretty** ..... Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
5 **When My Little Girl Is Smiling** ..... Jimmy Justice (Pye)
6 **Hey Little Girl** ..... Del Shannon (London)
7 **Dream Baby** ..... Roy Orbison (London)
8 **Love Letters** ..... Ketty Lester (London)
9 **Twistin' The Night Away** ..... Sam Cooke (RCA)
10 **Wonderful World Of The Young** ..... Danny Williams (HMV)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

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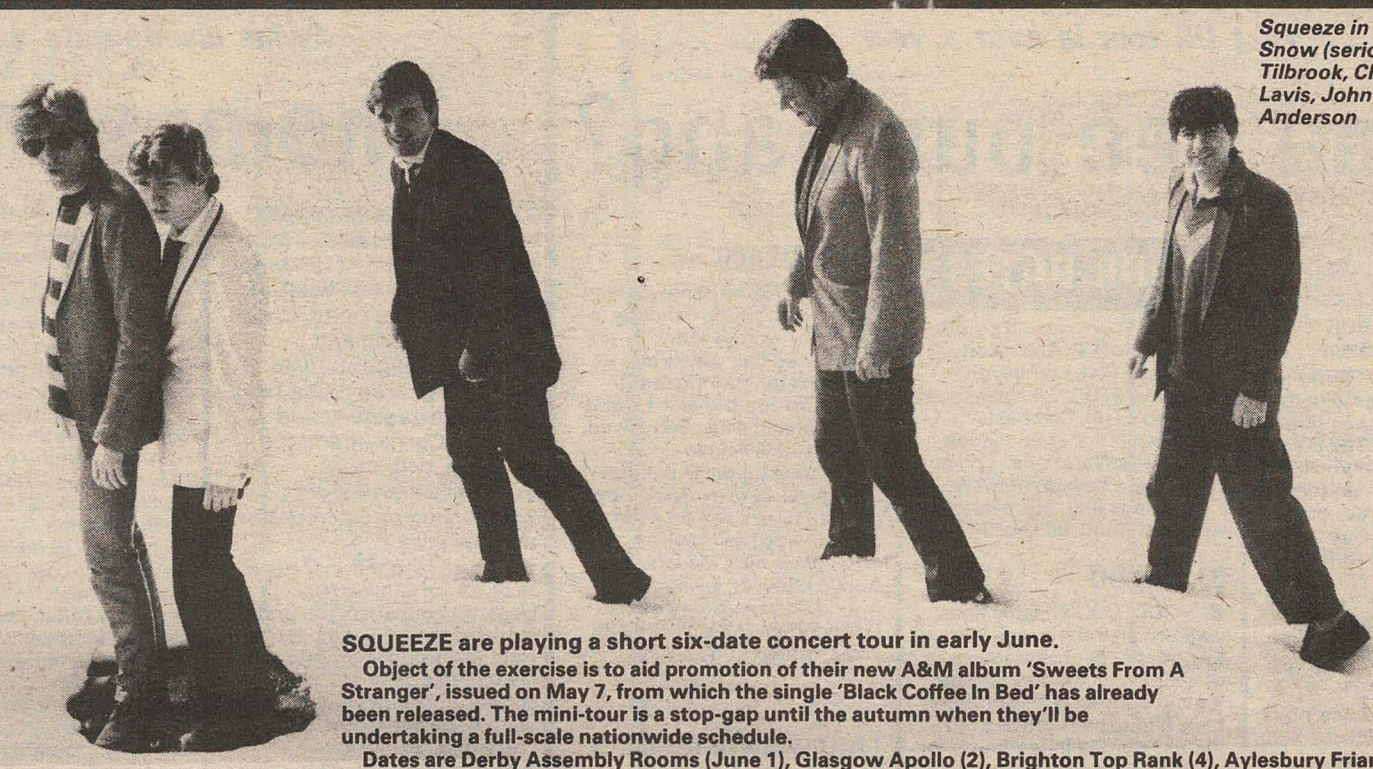

Squeeze in the snow L-R: Don Snow (seriously . . .), Glenn Tilbrook, Chris Difford, Gilson Lavis, John Bentley. Pic: Peter Anderson

SQUEEZE are playing a short six-date concert tour in early June.

Object of the exercise is to aid promotion of their new A&M album 'Sweets From A Stranger', issued on May 7, from which the single 'Black Coffee In Bed' has already been released. The mini-tour is a stop-gap until the autumn when they'll be undertaking a full-scale nationwide schedule.

Dates are Derby Assembly Rooms (June 1), Glasgow Apollo (2), Brighton Top Rank (4), Aylesbury Friars (5), London Brixton Fair Deal (6) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (7). All dates will have Studio 2 as support act, though the Brixton show will also feature "a very special guest". Tickets go on sale next week from venues and usual outlets, all priced at £3.50 — except London, where prices hadn't been confirmed at press time.

Clash postpone first dates — and rest of UK tour in jeopardy

JOE GOES MISSING

THE CLASH postponed the first two dates in their 'Know Your Rights' UK tour this week — at Aberdeen (Monday) and Inverness (Tuesday) — because lead singer Joe Strummer went missing. And the remaining 18 dates in their schedule are in jeopardy, unless he shows up without further delay.

He was last seen on Wednesday of last week, when he completed a phone interview with a Scottish newspaper. He then walked out of the Clash office — and at press time on Tuesday there was still no sign of the elusive Strummer. So now the band's manager Bernard Rhodes is appealing for help in finding him.

Rhodes told *NME:* "Joe's personal conflict is — where does the socially concerned rock artist stand in the bubblegum environment of today? I feel he's probably gone away for a serious re-think. The first two dates have been postponed, but we must have him back by Wednesday (28) at Edinburgh. Please can you help us find him."

"We need the help of people to try and find Joe. We are concerned about it, but I think he will be back once he gets wind of how important it is. At the moment we've got everything on hold and it's costing us a lot of money. If I knew where he was today then we would be playing tonight.

"I think Joe has just gone away to examine what it is all about. He's not gone religious or taken drugs or anything like that. He was feeling really positive about things but I think he feels some resentment about the fact that he was about to go slogging his guts out just for people to slag him off, saying he's wearing the wrong trousers. It is a bit of a drag. He just got the feeling people were being belligerent about things.

"A lot of people want to destroy the group, but that won't happen because we are an international group. But they could still destroy The Clash in this country — which we don't want to happen.

"Everyone is making out that punk is old-fashioned, but it doesn't look as if anything important has taken over from it. Joe was one of the people who came up with punk and he's been through the whole thing, so if people are going to turn around and blow him out they'd better make sure there's someone better to take his place.

Joe runs out on Clash

"The kids are going to have the opportunity to get their money back for the postponed shows. They can either save it to buy a new ticket when the gigs are rearranged or they can go out and spend it on a new pair of trousers.

"But we've got to find this bloke. He'll get a bollocking when he gets back, but it's still better that he comes back."

Anyone with information about Strummer's whereabouts should contact Sheila at the Clash office (01-485 8113).

STOP PRESS

At press time *NME* received a report from *Face* journalist Steve Taylor who told us that he had shared a compartment with Strummer on last Thursday's boat train from London to Paris. Strummer was travelling with a girlfriend and was described as "looking tired, wearing shades, travelling light and consulting a cheap paperback guard to Paris. It looked like he was planning to stay in the city."

TOUR DATES P.4

EXCLUSIVE

Jam bodyguards wanted by police

TWO JAM bodyguards, wanted by Stockholm police after the incident which put a young English fan in hospital with serious eye injuries, are believed to have left the Jam tour and are now back in England, according to a Swedish police spokesman.

The bodyguards had been arrested after The Jam's Stockholm concert for allegedly dragging 20-year-old Stuart Durkin backstage and severely beating him, leaving him in danger of losing the sight in one eye. As reported last week, it is said he was picked out after Paul Weller pointed to somebody in the audience who he wanted removed for spitting at The Jam.

The bouncers were later released to rejoin the tour, although The Jam's record company claimed the pair had nothing to do with the group. A Polydor spokesman told *NME* last week that they belonged to the local Seventy set-up.

The claim, however, is contradicted by the findings of Swedish journalist Lars Nylin of *Schlager* rock magazine. He was told by a police officer dealing with the case that the bouncers came over from Britain with the group and were definitely employed by them. He added that the police have found witnesses to the beating and want to press charges against the pair, but don't know how to contact them now they are back in Britain.

The Polydor press office was unable to comment on these reports at the time of going to press.

The victim Stuart Durkin, meanwhile, is still recovering in hospital, where doctors are now hopeful of saving the sight in his damaged eye.

EXCLUSIVE

Stones for Cardiff Arms Park

THE ROLLING STONES are planning to play an open-air concert at Wales' most celebrated rugby stadium Cardiff Arms Park.

The gig — which is still awaiting licencing approval — would take place on Sunday, June 27 — the day after the Stones are expected to play London's massive Wembley football stadium.

If the Cardiff gig goes ahead, it will be the first ever rock show at the 42,000 capacity venue. Cardiff City Council licencing committee are to consider the Stones' application this Friday — and committee chairperson Mauritia Matthewson commented:

"Obviously there will be many objections to consider. The police may well object to the noise and possible vandalism of the crowds. And local residents may also complain — especially since it is due to be held on a Sunday."

The Welsh Rugby Union, who have already agreed to the Stones using their ground, could not comment.

The Stones were expected to announce their summer gig plans officially for the first time at a press conference to be held in London on Wednesday. But at press-time *NME* was still confident that our original prediction for the band's Wembley show — first revealed here in January — would be confirmed for June 26.

Break the sound barrier.

maxell

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First UK tour in over a year

Wanna see our Gang?

GANG OF FOUR have confirmed dates for their first major tour since early last year, and their first since Sara Lee replaced Dave Allen on bass and vocals.

The outing coincides with the release next week of their third EMI album 'Songs Of The Free', as well as a single from the LP titled 'I Love A Man In Uniform'. King Trigger guest at all venues, with a third support act to be named shortly, along with further dates.

The schedule so far comprises Birmingham Locarno (June 2), Newcastle Mayfair (3), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Bradford University (5), Bristol Locarno (8), Cardiff Top Rank (9), Plymouth Castaways (10), Brighton Top Rank (11), Manchester University (12), Redcar Coatham Bowl (13), Edinburgh Coasters (14), Glasgow Tiffany's (15), Nottingham Rock City (16), Norwich East Anglia University (19), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (21) and London Hammersmith Palais (22).

King Trigger, newly signed by Chrysalis, are recording their debut single to coincide with the tour. Meanwhile, they have a handful of dates in their own right at Oxford Scamps (May 3), Manchester UMIST (7), Liverpool Warehouse (8), Brighton New Regent (13) and Portsmouth Gaiety Bar (14).

THE PASSAGE

THE PASSAGE have confirmed the first nine dates in an extensive UK tour, aiding promotion of their newly released Cherry Red single 'Xoyo', as well as their upcoming late-May album 'Degenerates'. They headline at London Victoria The Venue (May 4), Birmingham Polytechnic (7), Manchester Polytechnic (13), Aberdeen University (14), Edinburgh Valentino's (15), Glasgow Maestro's (16), Colchester Institute of Higher Education (21), Leeds Warehouse (27) and Cambridge College of Art & Technology (29). More dates will be announced shortly.

TOUR DATES

23 SKIDOO

23 SKIDOO have hastily lined up a British tour to cash in on the independent chart success of their Fetish Records album 'Seven Songs'. Two members have had to be recalled from holiday abroad in readiness for the tour, for which the schedule so far is Leicester Polytechnic (May 6), Glasgow Night Moves (7), Edinburgh Nite Club (8), Oxford Scamps (10), London University Union (14), Liverpool Warehouse (21), Brighton New Regent (27), Portsmouth Gaiety Bar (28), Manchester Hacienda (29), Newcastle Soul Kitchen (June 2) and Derby Blue Note (3). Further dates are being finalised.

HAIRCUT 100

HAIRCUT 100 have now added two major London concerts to their short spring tour, announced two weeks ago — they're at the Hammersmith Odeon on June 10 and 11, and tickets are on sale now, priced £4 and £3.50. And to accommodate these London gigs, their six provincial shows have all been put back by about a week — so their revised schedule is now Manchester Apollo (June 2), Glasgow Apollo (4), Liverpool Empire (6), Birmingham Odeon (7 and 8) and Brighton Centre (12).

LAURIE ANDERSON

LAURIE ANDERSON returns to the UK in June for two major concert appearances the first since the chart success of her single 'O Superman'. She visits Edinburgh Usher Hall on June 13 (tickets £3.50 and £3) and London's Adelphi Theatre in The Strand on June 15 (£4, £3.50 and £3) — in both cases, box-offices are now open.

23 Skidoo. *Pic: Bill Gilliland*

Twins disintegrate on verge of success

Thompson triplets

THE THOMPSON TWINS have shrunk in size — from seven to three — following the departure last week of members Pete Dodd, Chris Bell, John Roog and Matthew Seligman. The remaining three twins Tom Bailey, Joe Leeway and Allanah Currie intend to carry on, with more emphasis on recording work, using guest musicians where necessary.

All sources confirm the split to be an amicable affair. Departing guitarist Pete Dodd explains that problems arose from the group's unwieldy size, leading to a general lack of cohesion. Thompsons manager John Hade agrees there was "no violent explosion or personality clash" — just a joint decision that the musical framework couldn't accommodate so many diverse interests any longer. Main writer and multi-instrumentalist Tom Bailey is keen to concentrate on studio work, which he feels has been neglected in the past due to the band's live-oriented approach.

Ironically, the break-up comes just as the band were making something of a breakthrough. The recent single 'In The Name Of Love', featured on the second LP, is currently high in the US disco chart. "I know a lot of people think we're crazy jacking it in at this point," says Pete Dodd, "but it really seemed for the best." Along with Roog and Bailey, Dodd was an original member of the early four-piece formed in Chesterfield.

One final single, 'Runaway', made by the complete line-up, is due out on May 14, although it's likely that Bailey & Co will continue to use the Thompsons name. Drummer Chris Bell is now looking for a new band, guitarists Roog and Dodd and planning solo projects, while bass-player Seligman is working with American outfit Peking Robots. And Thompson triplets Bailey, Leeway and Currie, meanwhile, are getting away from it all — in Egypt.

Manager John Hade, for his part, welcomes the shake-up as "a positive move — at least now the whole group can sit on one sofa."

THE MO-DETTES introduce their new lead singer Sue Slack when they host their third birthday party at the Zig-Zag Club in West London on Friday, May 7. Sue, who replaces Ramona, has never previously performed with the band in the UK — though she sang on their recent European tour. And a second personnel change brings in Melissa Ritter on guitar and vocals, taking over from Kate Corris. The party gig, with Tenpole Tudor and The Barracudas as special guests, will be The Mo-dettes' only date until the release of their new single on June 1.

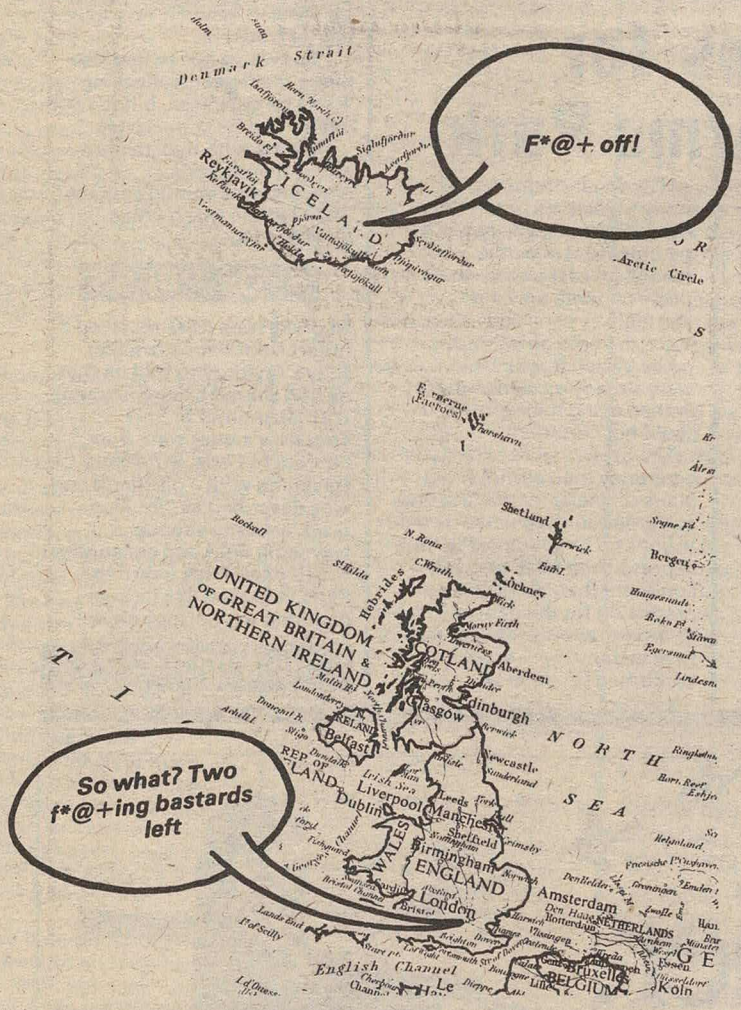
"Exhausted by two years on the road"

NINE BELOW K.O.

NINE BELOW ZERO have split up. Although a record company spokesman said they had thoroughly enjoyed working together, sources close to the band suggest that in fact Nine Below were all suffering from nervous exhaustion after two years of continuous gigging — and this had led to disharmony within their ranks.

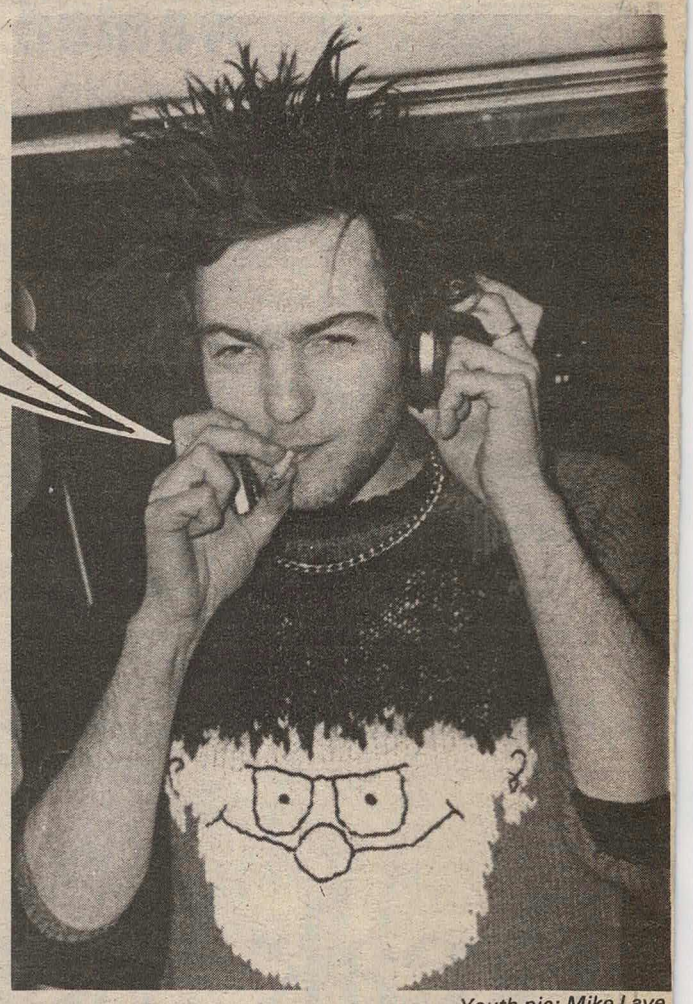
The band's disintegration follows the completion of an extensive UK tour to promote their new LP 'Third Degree' — and has resulted in a European tour being cancelled. But any chance of giving the band themselves the third degree as to why they should 'amicably' disband a successful working unit, were stymied when manager Micky Modern refused to allow the group to comment.

The official line is that they now intend to "develop individual projects". Singer and guitarist Dennis Greaves plans to form a new band, while harmonica player Mark Feltham shortly begins his own recording sessions. Nine Below Zero's final single 'Sugarbeat' / 'East St-Se17' will be issued by A&M on May 14, both tracks lifted from 'Third Degree'.



AND THE WAR DRAGS ON

PAUL DU NOYER hears Youth and Paul give their side of the Killing Joke saga



Youth pic: Mike Laye

BLEAK AND REMOTE Atlantic islands, nothing to fight over but a couple of penguins — aren't you sick of them? Ever since the Killing Joke task force of Jaz and Geordie staged their successful invasion, it's been Iceland-this and Iceland-that in the *NME*. But what of the guys they left behind?

I spoke to Paul Ferguson and 'Youth' Martin — the two remaining members of Killing Joke — to hear *their* side of the split-story that shook the world. Were they, I wondered, still in a state of shock?

"There *was* shock," says drummer Paul. "But now it's 'So what? Two bastards fucked off!' He shrugs.

Just to recap, Paul recalls how it was singer Jaz's non-showing for a *Riverside* TV filming that first indicated he was leaving. Later reports had it that he'd gone to Iceland, prompted by an abiding fascination for all things occult, and was working there with a like-minded local band called Peyr. Had Jaz given any hint of these plans before?

"No, not at all. From some of the lyrics that he's written on the new album ('Revelations', KJ's third LP), on reflection it's quite obvious. But at the time, no . . . Then we received a message, very much as *NME* did: 'I've left Killing Joke, I'm not coming back'. So from there we were prepared to get another vocalist, and start in a new direction. Which obviously was too much for Geordie (KJ guitarist) to bear, and he felt he'd be safer going with Jaz."

Is that what he told you?

"No, *he* didn't tell us anything either. But from his whole attitude over that period it was apparent to us that he might make a move that way."

Jaz and Geordie, says Youth, have stopped all contact with him and Paul, and with the KJ company Malicious Damage. On a brief return trip to the UK, the two defectors did discuss money matters with record company EG, but other than that and some statements to *NME* in previous weeks, not a dickie bird.

"Egoism" is Youth's opinion of Jaz and Geordie's behaviour. But was that the only reason they left? Paul is reluctant to say, or to guess: "It's not the only reason, but we can only speculate — and I don't think we should. If you really want to know, you'll have to ask them. In a way it was fair enough, we all wanted a change, and it was time to do something different.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

RICHARD THOMPSON

SINGLES

Great Balls Of Fire ..... Jerry Lee Lewis
Caravan ..... Les Paul (78 r.p.m.)
I Can't Explain ..... The Who
Clean Up Woman ..... Betty Wright
McGinty's Meal And Ale ..... Willie Kemp (78 r.pm.

ALBUMS

All Of My Appointed Time (acapella '40s gospels)
Ascension ..... John Coltrane
Comedian Harmonists (2-LP collection)
Sound Sound Your Instruments Of Joy ..... Watersons
Zip A Dee Doo Dah ..... Bob B. Soxx & The Blue Jeans
La Mer ..... Debussy
The Border Minstrel ..... Billy Pigg
The Essential ..... Hank Williams
Tawhid ..... Pharoah Saunders
The Shangri-las' Greatest Hits

TEA SHOPS

Byways Cafe — Bakewell
Laigh Kitchen — Edinburgh
Pump Room — Bath
Fortnum's Fountain — London

MOVIES

Seven Samurai ..... Kurosawa (1954)
Stalker ..... Tarkovsky (1980)
Sanjuro ..... Kurosawa (1962)
Yojimbo ..... Kurosawa (1961)
Apocalypse Now ..... Coppola (1979)
Orphee ..... Cocteau (1949)
Solaris ..... Tarkovsky (1972)
Charley Varrick ..... Siegel (1973)
Night Moves ..... A. Penn (1975)
Dersu Uzala ..... Kurosawa (1974)

BOOKS

The Qur'an
The Way Of Muhammed — As. Sufi
Shakespeare — the lot
Jane Austen — the lot
John Donne Collection
Concise Oxford Dictionary
Sunday Times Atlas Of The World
Graham Green — the lot
Ross McDonald — anything
Ursula le Guin — anything

TV PROGRAMMES

World About Us
Old films
Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy
Sgt. Bilko
The Prisoner — Patrick McGoohan

But it was something that could've been discussed, we could have reached some understanding about what we were going to do."

Do you feel let down by the other two?

Youth: "Well we do, in the fact that the only thing we know of what they're doing is what we read in the *NME* —"

Paul: "When they *say* that they don't want to speak to the *NME*."

This abrupt severing of communications, it seems, has soured relations as much as the initial split itself. So, Youth, is there no prospect of a reunion?

"No."

Paul: "It's left us with nothing but the future, and we're very enthusiastic about that, and we've already started recording together, with a new band. It's great, because it's inspired us to actually do what we want to do."

The new group's line-up isn't finalised just yet — and neither is its name, with both factions in the break-up claiming rights to the Killing Joke moniker, an issue still to be settled. As Paul says: "At the moment Killing Joke, and what Killing Joke stood for, is very dear to our hearts, and what has happened has *been* a huge Killing Joke, and what *will* happen is going to be another one. As far as I personally am concerned, the idea behind that name is still totally valid."

Legalities aside, do you think Jaz and Geordie still have a fair claim to that name?

"Not in the way they're abusing it," counters Youth.

WHERE DO YOU go from here?

Paul: "Firstly we get our single out, and then we want to tour. I think that might have been one of our differences, in that whereas Youth and I were looking forward to going on the road again, the other two didn't want to. Basically our plan is just to build on what we feel that we've gained out of the experience. And also we're in a stronger position to bring people in that we can work with, without the sterile arguments we were getting into as Killing Joke."

Arguments about what?

"Well Jaz was totally into his philosophy or whatever —"

Youth: "And he wanted to put the emphasis more on that than the actual music, whereas to us the music was very important."

How much do you two share Jaz's interest in the occult?

Youth: "It's an interest (shrugs) . . . but our priorities always lie with the music."

Clearly, Youth and Paul are keener to discuss the future, with special reference to their new group. According to Paul, the new stuff has KJ's "intensity of rhythm, but the mood of the music is different."

Youth: "It's much more dancey. It's still very heavy music, but at the same time dancey. When Killing Joke started, we tried to create our own sound — then there were lots of bands that we were constantly grouped with who developed a similar sound, which used to annoy us. So what we're doing now is creating *another* sound which hasn't been done before."

(In fact the one newly-taped track I heard, 'What Good Friends Are For', bears out Paul's observation that "the feeling you get off it is much lighter, but the actual sound is still heavy". A highly promising foretaste.)

Final reflections on the Killing Joke of old?

Paul: "It was almost settling down to be a secure job, and security tends to lead to staleness, and so we split. Wonderful. It means we can become involved in real living again, instead of in that institution."

Youth: "It does inevitably end up as institution with time. It does get into a structure which you feel like breaking away from. And since it's happened, we feel this surge of excitement."

And yet for Paul, who co-founded Killing Joke with Jaz, and for Youth, who shared a flat with Jaz for two years, the break-up isn't without some measure of personal regret. Both maintain they're pleased with 'Revelations', the third and final group album (out this week). They're sceptical of Jaz's prospects in Iceland. The local group Peyr, as Youth recalls, were "basically in awe" of KJ, and would be for Jaz a sort of personal fan-club (although *NME's* latest information is that Peyr are somewhat disillusioned already), and neither believes that Jaz has come up with any genuinely new music.

"I find it sad," says Youth, "that if he really wanted to get away from everything, that he should just try and continue in the same way."

Paul, meanwhile, signs off with a more conciliatory message for his lost colleague: "Good luck. I just hope they find what they're looking for . . ."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"*Sounds* asked me for an interview but my son said they were rubbish."

— Tony Benn, at the end of his *NME* interview. For further words of wisdom, see page 19.

Tom returns

TOM VERLAINE pays a rare visit to Britain in June. In fact, his show at London Victoria The Venue on June 10 marks his first live appearance here for five years, when he was on tour with Television — and, incidentally, they were supported by a little known band called Blondie.

On this occasion, Verlaine will be fronting a new band comprising former Television cohort Fred Smith, ex-Patti Smith drummer Jay Dee Daugherty and sometime Kid Creole guitarist Jimmy Rip. It's expected that further dates will be added to their schedule, and they'll also be appearing in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test*.

As a prelude to the visit, Verlaine has a batch of new releases scheduled by Virgin. His seven-inch single 'Postcard From Waterloo'/'Clear It Away' comes out on May 7, and the following week sees the release of his double A-side 12-incher 'Days On The Mountain'/'Postcard From Waterloo'. And his new album 'Words From The Front' also appears on May 14.

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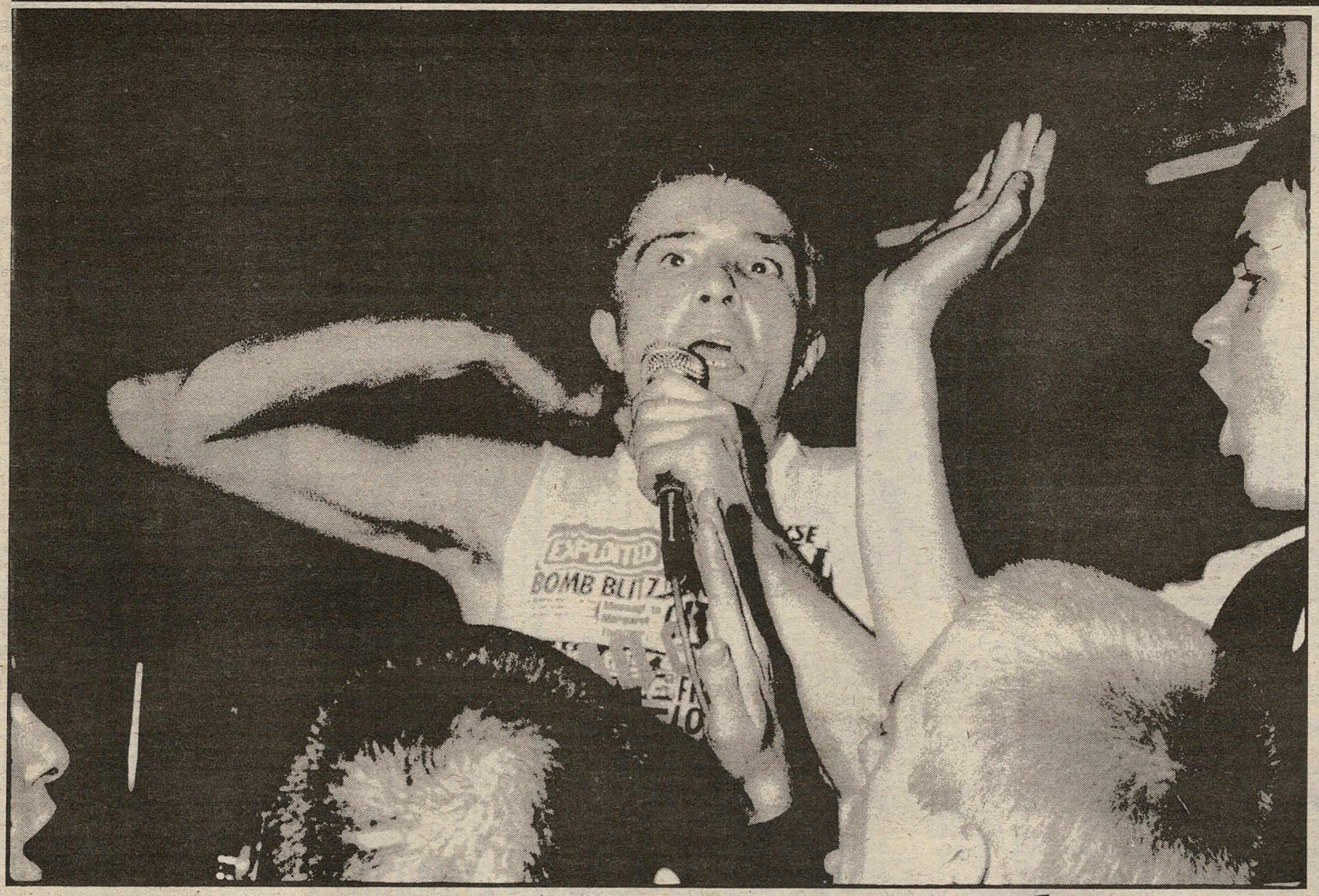

STILL OUT OF ORDER

Infa-Riot reckon real punk is the only good thing to come out of the recession — and X. MOORE reckons Infa-Riot are one of the best things to come out of new punk. Pictures: PETER ANDERSON

"I feel a purge coming on!" — Joe Stalin

HOLD STILL. The old punks are still perfecting their chord and all the new ones play curled lip-service to the First Rule ("The punk audience of today is the support band for next Monday") but tho' urchins everywhere are scraping yet more acrid names for themselves out of '76's rejection bin before lining up the band's first single (and half-inching a CND pamphlet from the library so's they can write the bleedin' thing). The time for a slow purge is approaching. You can smell it in the air.

It's time the neat was separated from the naff. And look, here's Infa-Riot, a band who represent everything you despise about punk, a band who are brash, crude and extreme — a band who have all the ingredients.

I first caught Infa-Riot on vinyl, seven inches of sweet anger (hey, like whatever happened to hate and war?) devoted to the kids of the '80s, stars of many a concerned documentary on the migrant punks who flood the capital and rent their bodies not a bedsit before snuffing from glue-sniffing.

Barry Damery, nonplussed of North London, Lee Wilson and brother Floyd, bored of Wood Green, and Mark Reynolds, disgusted of Tunbridge Wells or somewhere (not N. London), are but four of the '60s baby boom who have opted for drums and wires in favour of petrol bombs.

Barry plays guitar, started the band and keeps his mouth shut. Floyd plays the bass, sits close to the mike and winds his brother up. Lee's been bellowing all evening but after the gig he's still doing the yapping. Mark, the drummer, doesn't seem so keen on doing interviews and does a bunk instead.

"Our drummers are always disappearing," says Floyd. "We had the Exploited tour coming up and a week before it started our drummer — this was the last one — said his granddad was ill and so he wouldn't play. He left the band because of his grandad."

What's been tonight's 'drummer problem'?

"Nothing really cos Mark's really good, he'll stick, but the support band have smashed a cymbal stand, bent a cymbal or something, probably tried to eat it . . ."

The gig itself wasn't so impressive. The Infas started the set with Girlschool's 'Emergency', played so-so and finished with 'Still Out Of Order'. Nothing special?

"Nothing special," agrees Floyd. "It's what you'd expect for London. If we'd done a gig tonight same size as this up North it'd be packed out solid, it'd be miles better. Or if it'd been Scotland . . . Scotland's brill!"

"London's no good at all', says Barry. "There's so many places bands can play, compared to up north, that people in London are spoilt."

Lee and Floyd don't come from spoilt London but from Plymouth and so, like most of us, were kicking and posing in the wrong high streets come '76. While the West Country's brashest daughter was speedwriting in London, Plymouth and Yeovil and the rest of the steel toe-cap of England were dozing. The punks out West only woke up later. As Lee points out, punk has gone from capital fashion to provincial obsession.

"A lot of the people punk was supposed to be for are only now getting into it. The difference is that punk is now a genuine street movement and a genuine youth movement; the bands are getting younger and younger.

"There's not a lot of difference musically. With a four-piece punk band you've got guitar, bass, drums, vocals and you're pretty limited really so you're working on the same basic sound. But then a lot of the kids were too young to see the Upstarts or whoever anyway."

The Infas are almost unique in Oi's first division in taking their cue not from Sham but from Mensi's crew, and the first

The Lone Groover — Benyon

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JAP SAVE US

single was, accordingly, a racket in true 'I'm An Upstart' style. Luckily it had enough edge to be more than just a re-run, and 'Kids Of The '80s' was a winner. God knows why but, like 'Complete Control', 'Let's Groove', 'This Sporting Life' . . . it's just one of those records.

Given that the single is, however, derivative and the four-piece punk-scope is limited, then why the hell Infa-Riot?

Lee explains: "When I go and watch bands I'll watch bands like Killing Joke with maybe a touch of originality but I wouldn't play like that because I wouldn't get a kick out of it. If I played that I'd get bored to tears.

"I know how intelligent our music is — it's not exactly A1 intelligence" ("Isn't it?" asks Floyd worriedly) "but there's no way I'm gonna change our music cos I like doing it and so do the rest of the band."

Infa-Riot exist because they like playing — not because they like the idea of being a pop group (which they are as well).

"If we wanted to cash in," says Lee patiently, West Country vowels creeping in, "we wouldn't be playing this music, we wouldn't be Infa-Riot, would we? 'Course we wouldn't — we'd all be playing with synths and haircuts over one eye."

As it is, Lee has chosen a crop and the Infas have gone for a following, not a fringe. Punk, like Presley, Lennon and The Rolling Stones, may be dead but it still sells records. Lee points the finger:

"Blame punk on the recession. Three million unemployed is the reason punk's had an after-life — it's the only good thing to come out of it all."

The theory goes like this: '76 was a summer holiday compared to '82. Now with real chronic unemployment comes real punk . . . What is certainly true is that everywhere in the little box called 'Music' the new slogan is 'Revive To Survive' — and forget all this 'challenge' lark and wallow in '72, '74 or Chic Tip pop.

The '76 revival doesn't shock so much now that the mohicans have been seen on *TOTP* and Woy Jenkins has been seen wearing tartan strides in Hillhead, but the '76 revivalists are still getting slammed, banned and arrested.

Someone comes in and interrupts Lee to tell us there's cops outside. "Watch yerselves as you go, lads." Peroxide may be *passe* but spiky tops are still easy targets for the boys in blue and the truth is skins and punks get nicked for their clothes — Haircut fans have to break the law first. Both pop factions can argue their importance, it's just that the suburban wazzocks haven't the Infas' sense of style . . .

. . . Or politics. Infa-Riot will survive the punk purge because they're harder than the rest. Whereas the '76 summer holidaymakers were quick to line up on the right side, too many of the latest punk batch have pussyfooted around. Infa-Riot wanted to do anti-racist gigs from the start, did them and got predictably slagged for it.

"We got a lot of shit from people. Like on the street people would come up to me and hassle and someone came round to Barry's house and said: 'What's all this shit about you doing anti-racist gigs?' like we'd betrayed them. It's stupid — they're kidding themselves."

There was the usual moron brigade in the crowd tonight, siegheiling in between numbers. Lee pinpoints the absurdity:

"When they sieg heil they haven't got a clue what it means. If the Nazis were in power d'you think they'd be allowed punk rock bands? 'Course not. People have got a bit more suss up North but in London, 'sieg heil', 'sieg heil' — it's right fuckin' hassle."

So how to knack the Nazis, Lee?

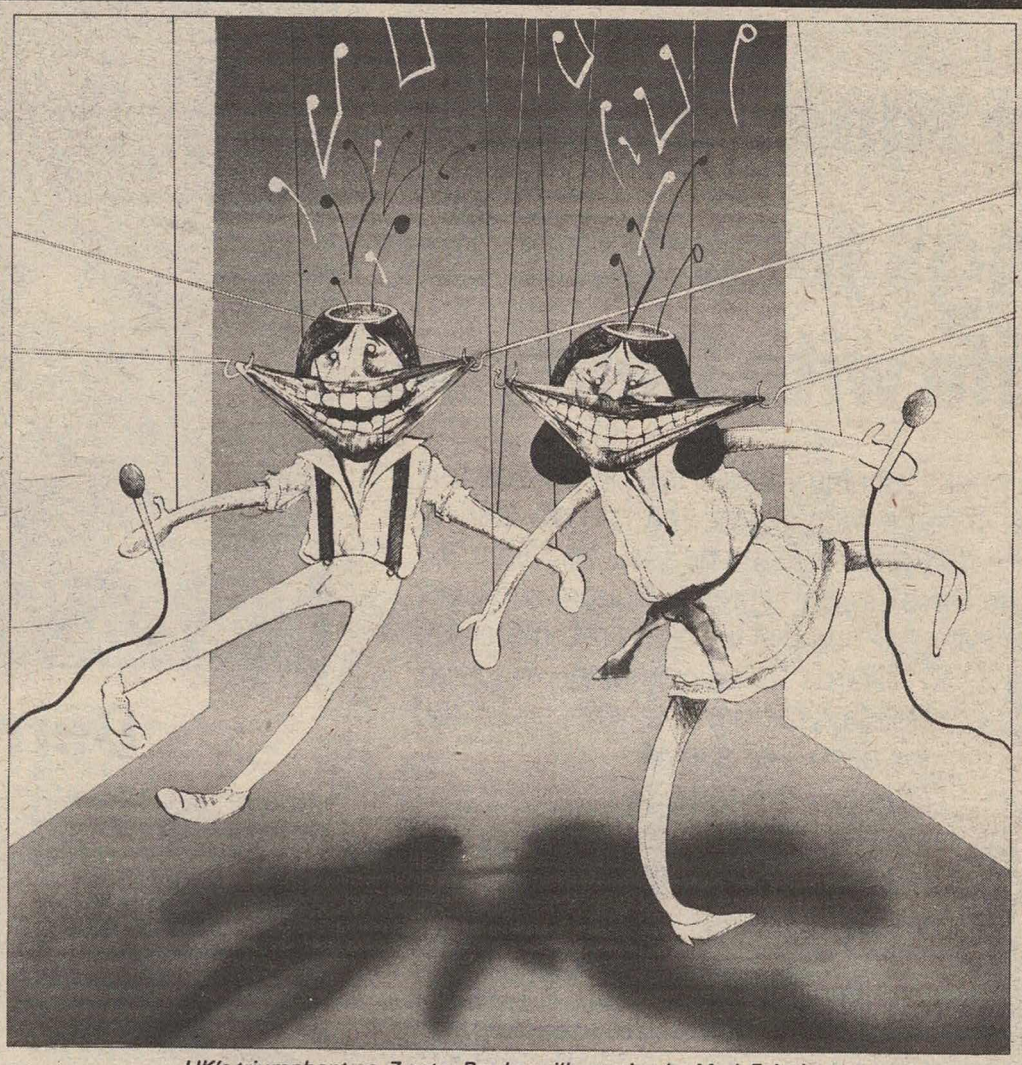
"Our tactics is doing anti-racist gigs and we'll keep doing them. That's pretty strong stuff for us to say cos those kids there tonight are our bread 'n butter and now I've spoken against them but I feel that strongly about it.

"Listen, they can shout about immigrants for the next hundred years but they're here to stay, y'know. They're all British really, it's just the colour of their skin. I'm not into one side or the other — really I'm the observer commenting on it — like, I don't get into politics really deep, but that's the truth."

This crew picked on 'Infa-Riot' because they want to stay part of the non-music real world. Lee's not surprised by others who flirted with punk and now play not for themselves but for the leisure process — the sprayed-leather slogans of the cult become the acceptable pop-slogans of the chart.

"I mean, a name like Adam & The Ants you can get away with but not Infa-Riot."

No twee connotations here; a name that spells "In For A Riot" roots them outside of the biz. Mind, Infa-Riot aren't self-righteous martyrs. Their new single 'The Winner' will crack the top of the indie charts and their album probably will as well — while the purge claims other punk bands, Infa-Riot will find success and stick.



UK's triumphant no. 7 entry Bardo — illustration by Mark Fairnington

We surrender!

—Britain waves the white knickers

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By PAUL MORLEY

THE HEARTLESS British people were treated like naughty children by this year's **Eurovision Song Contest** (BBC1), and smacked hard on their collective bardos.

As the British tried to compare songs with their 'friends' by flashing a pair of white knickers into the eyes of Europe and beyond, the politically planted judges of 17 nations looked on with sad, stern eyes. Britain was completely humbled by the startling verdict that 1982's Euro-song was the German entry 'A Little Bit Of Peace' sung with nauseous delicacy by a tearful German nun whose last contact with the outside world was at a Melanie concert in Munich.

The judges were obviously (paid to be) disgusted that at a time of grievous national turbulence the British entry was a zippy-zi-zestful celebration of incaution. To make matters worse, Bardo hoped to dislocate the judges' concentration by repetitively revealing that Jill Juliet was wearing daz-zling, omo-ing, squaredealing white knickers.

Her boyfriend Jack Romeo didn't seem at all bothered that she wanted to show all of Europe her knickers. Last year the Fizz-y female dwarves had their minis ripped off, undoubtedly Malcolm McLaren advised them — and uncorrupted Euro-judges wisely said that the legs have it. Their perception has been justified: look at what Buck's Fizz have done since!

Bardo took it one step further: it seemed an irresistible idea. But all Europe wanted to know this year was *how we could be so frivolous*? I thought I had an answer, but it seems that I don't.

Germany told us that we should be thinking of peace and not sex and scored 161 votes out of a possible 204. Only Austria, halfway through the voting, rejected the idea of turning the contest into a political peace-bath. They alone didn't choose 'A Little Bit Of Peace' as one of their three top songs. By then the sensitive Terry Wogan was aware that the meeting had been tragically turned into a political event. "Germany will now invade Austria," he quipped, with his customary knack of saying much more than it seems.

The Eurovision Song Contest has always been one of those excuses for ravishing complacency, and as soon as the poison of the outside world seeps into its system it begins to have some meaning — which is the last thing that must happen. Bardo bounded into the nonsense with their hearts held in the right place and their smiles beautifully broad, and they were cruelly treated as amoral, mindless puppets. Has *anyone* the right to say that this is the case?

Their performance of 'One Step Further' was perfectly daft and plastic, and yet they came seventh. Some countries didn't even put the song amongst their top ten favourites! What a swindle. If the thing had been judged as a SONG contest, Bardo would have romped it. Instead, politics was dragged into music. It was very upsetting.

The credits rolled and rolled. Europe was obviously feeling smug that they had made Britain feel terribly small-minded. It was left to Wogan The Irishman to quote Beckett.

"In the meantime nothing happened."

"You find it tedious?"

"Somewhat."

"And you, sir?"

"I've been better entertained."

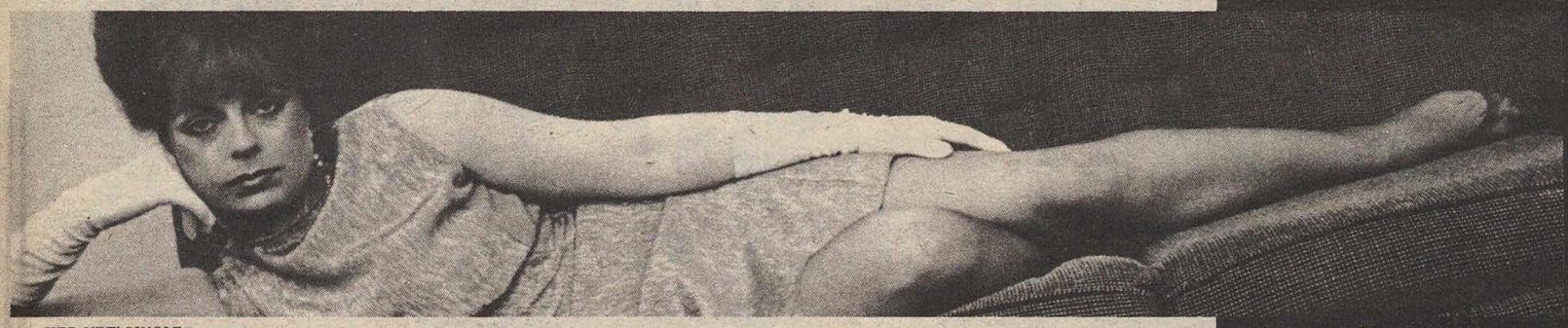
In Bardo's dressing room all that remained was a solitary pair of spotless white knickers.

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

GOD, THE WAR DRAGS ON - GROWN MEN WEEP FOR A SLICE OF HONEST CORNED BEEF, LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHMS ARE BANNED FROM THE AIRWAVES (HI, ROBERT!!), TEE SHIRT MAGNATES SMIRK ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK...
DAGO ONE
ARGIE BARGY
FINALLY, EVEN THE SLUMBERING POP INDUSTRY (DECEASED) COTTONS ON...
IDEA!!
S WATTS
SNIFF SNORT!! SNOGGLE..
COKE DISPENSER
THE BIZ NEWS
DO YOU REMEMBER ALL THOSE YEARS AGO WHEN THE POP INDUSTRY (DECEASED) WAS MORE THAN FLASH AND VIDEO, BEFORE PETER POWELL AND FLICK COLBY'S ZOO?..
NO..?
NO..
NO..?
WE, AS AN INDUSTRY (DECEASED) MUST RESPOND TO THE CRISIS!!
SOMETHING THAT'LL UNITE THE NATION!!
COUNTRY'S DARKEST HOUR!!
DIGNIFIED BUT ENTERTAINING
SQUAB!!
SQUAB?
FINALLY, AFTER MONTHS OF TOIL AND SWEAT....
IT'S NUMBER ONE! IT'S "CONGRATULATIONS, WE'RE MAKING OUR MINDS UP THAT IF THEY GO ONE STEP FURTHER, IT'S BOOM-BANGA-BANG FOR THE ARGIES!!"
PETER POWELL (DECEASED)
YIP!
YIP!!
YIP!!!
YIP!! YIII!!
YIHAAA!!
BEATS OUT 'MASTERS OF WAR' DOESN'T IT?.

THE COMPACT ORGANIZATION PRESENTS

MARI WILSON



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MAY	5TH	MALVERN, Winter Gardens
MAY	6TH	MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
MAY	7TH	BRADFORD, University
MAY	8TH	GLASGOW, Strathclyde University
MAY	9TH	EDINBURGH, Valentino's
MAY	10TH	DUNDEE, University
MAY	11TH	ABERDEEN, The Venue
MAY	12TH	STIRLING, The Avant Garde
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Prizes will be awarded to those entrants who most closely mark the centre of the sun, as determined by an independent panel of judges.

NOTE The holiday prizes must be taken prior to 31 October 1983. They are subject to availability, not transferable, must be taken as offered and not open to any amendment by prize winners. Vouchers redeemable only on Wings holidays taken before 31 October 1983. In the event of a tie, a separate eliminating contest will be held. Winners will be notified by 21 August 1982, and a complete list of winners and results will be available from the competition address after this date. Where a holiday prize is won by a person under 18 years old, parent's/guardian's consent will be required.

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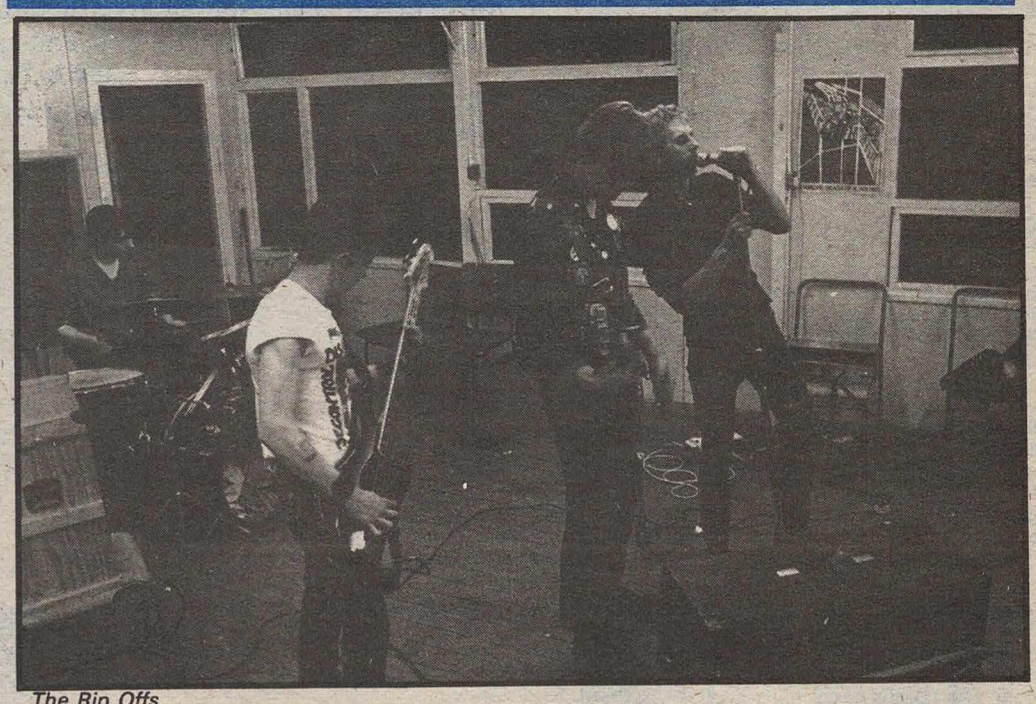


The Rip Offs

Derry fights back

MUST BE the Londonderry air. The town that's one of the top European centres in the connurbial carnage league hasn't been resting on its laurels since local boys The Undertones and Moondogs made good, and it certainly hasn't been defeated by its seemingly unending social chaos and murderous sectarianism. Not a bit-youth activity and fight back is at a blessed high even as the very word 'Londonderry' fast becomes a synonym for unemployment.

The main road leading to the city through the splendid Sperrin mountains is lined for a mile or two with makeshift H-block information centres and slogans and black flags hanging from telephone wires announcing the rollcall for each new dead participant. The day I went to Derry a bus station toilet was blown up; half an hour after I'd just been washing my hands there. *(Dirty work, journalism — Ed.)* Obviously there's a damsight more dreadful things going on round the province, but incidents like that, without trowelling on the sensationalism, are about par for the course in the city.

But what's going on now musically is strikingly optimistic and out of all reasonable proportion to the miserable collapse that eats into Derry. Let me give you a brief postcard rundown, with the hope it'll become a trailer for a main event. . .

The most important activity can be seen in the background to a soon to be released 12-track Derry compilation LP 'Postcard From Abroad', that's being funded by the Arts Council and is in aid of the spina bifida charity appeal. It's a four-band rush exercise, recorded at a new studio set up in the town at Colm Arbuckle's house, an up-and-coming name in the Terri Hooley mantle stakes. The bands contributing (Derry's crucial four) are Idol Threats, Rip Offs, Sect and Graffiti.

Idol Threats are a four-piece spawned during the 'Teenage Kicks' summer fever. They broke with the Good Vibes power pop tribe to research into J. Div, Cure territories tempered with a Postcard feel. Their 'Ghost Stories' is a cracker, featured in several TV documentary musical backdrops. They're a serious song band.

Rip Offs are a garage rumble that's fast and steady — anti-war, anti-fascism and anti-etiquette.

Sect are TV and radio stars. Beeb sessions, Dury and Nine Below Zero support slots.

Pat of Graffiti

Going about things the new wave 'right' way.

But perhaps Graffiti are the best. Formed because there was nothing else to do, they sing about growing up in Derry, sex, drugs and nuclearism. Bedevilled by lack of rehearsal facilities and a slowly expanding ration of pub venues, their most ambitious step outside the sampler has been their 'Jefferson Tape', named after the first female mayor of Derry. The tape slogan "We created it, let's take it over" should be splashed in dayglo on the famous city walls.

A recent Graffiti development has been ex-Moondog Jerry McCandless's joining the band on synthesizer after that trio acrimoniously split following Muriel Young megastardom.

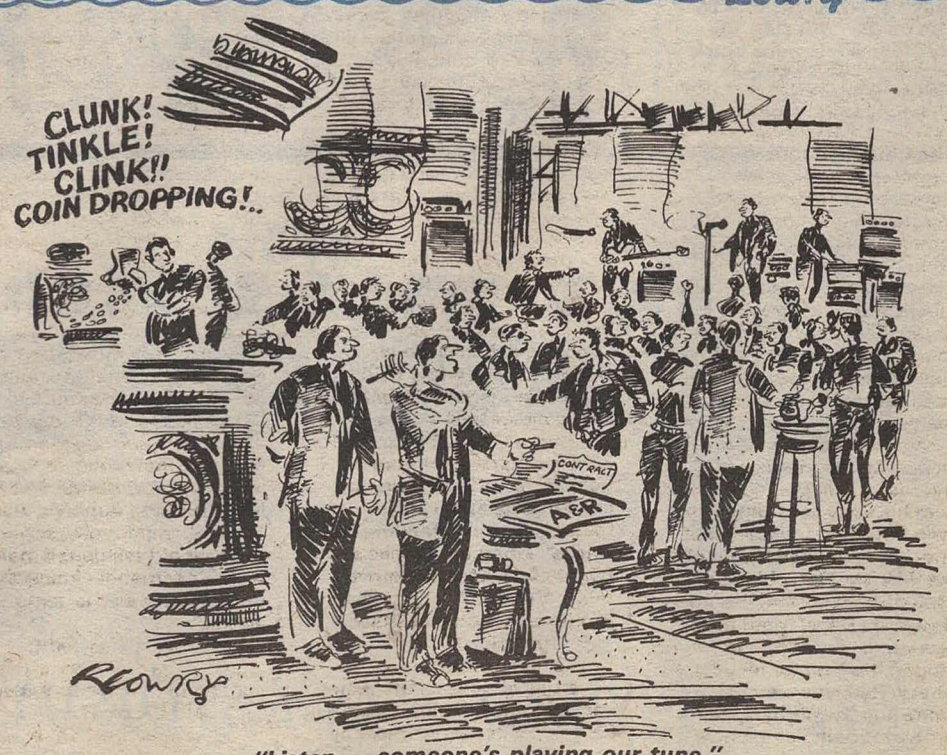
Also involved closely with this current fertile renaissance are pacemakers The Undertones. Their efforts in the long haul mainly centre round their building of a professional studio in the town — an exercise which it is rumoured has cemented the group's resolve to remain together after a particularly sticky patch. It's heartening to see that the 'Tones are getting on with it and being useful in the current atmosphere of limp musical gimcracks, and their regular concerts in the area serve as an example to the fearful mainlanders avoiding Ulster in droves (no excuse now men, the Belfast/Liverpool ferry run re-opens at the end of the month.)

As it was Bishop Peel who initially played midwife to the towering 'Tones, perhaps a sessionwise revisit to these fertile outcrops might be well in order.

It's going to happen. Again?

— ADRIAN MADDOX

Lowry



"Listen — someone's playing our tune."

Kevin Coyne steers **GRAHAM LOCK** through one mental breakdown and two conversions — from anti-religion to Eastern mysticism and back, and on to male liberation.
Schizophotographics: **PETER ANDERSON**

IT TAKES A WORRIED MAN

EIGHTEEN MONTHS ago, Kevin Coyne was born again — and then again a few months after that.

"I was feeling very despairing and confused at the time and I became, very temporarily, rather religious," he explains, puffing edgily on a cigarette in the front room of his Wandsworth home. "It was a latent hippy phase, I suppose. I got into mysticism, the Eastern element, guru figures . . . but I should mention that I did have a nervous breakdown at this time, which went on for three or four months. I *was* extremely ill as well."

Coyne's slightly apologetic tone recognises the ironies at play here. His songs have always taken a caustically *anti*-religious line, the result of a Catholic upbringing whose malign influence he reckons he's still trying to shake off. Even more darkly piquant is the fact that Coyne once worked in a mental hospital and has written several songs — notably 'House On The Hill' — about madness. Yet when it was happening to him, he didn't realise it.

"When you actually go mad yourself, you *don't* know that you're mad," he chuckles sadly. "I wasn't aware at all, it was really strange. And when it finally ended, it was almost as if it ended one morning and I woke up from a sort of sleep. I had incredible obsessions — apart from the religious thing — and went through manifestations of every form of schizophrenia. How I managed to carry on, I don't really know."

Kevin Coyne has, in pop terms, been carrying on now for a long time — over a decade: a determined and discomfiting figure on the peripheries of popular acceptance. In Europe, his reputation and commercial appeal remain high. But British audiences have tended to shun him — perhaps the pop climate here is less sympathetic to Coyne's emphasis on lyrics, his theatrical overtones, and his rudimentary music, often just acoustic guitar or a rough and ready rock'n'roll band.

His talents *are* in his writing. He admits that he sees his records as a kind of diary: and from his early recordings on John Peel's Dandelion label, through acclaimed Virgin LPs like 'Marjory Razorblade', 'Matching Head And Feet' and 'Dynamite Daze', right up to last year's 'Pointing The Finger', his first for new label Cherry Red, you can see the same handful of themes and problems being constantly explored, worried over, shuffled around.

His work displays much humour, plus a penchant for engagingly warm love songs — but the bulk of it does focus, often with harrowing detail, on loneliness, madness, the breakdown of relationships: on, basically, individuals in trouble.

Recent LPs, from 1979's 'Babble' onwards, have been confused and patchy, possibly a result of his own gradual slide into inner turmoil. But with his health and scepticism now happily restored, it's no surprise that his new LP 'Politics' marks at least a partial return to form — and includes two potentially significant developments.

One is an extensive use of synthesisers, evident on the LP's second side: though, to these ears, the result is a peculiarly arid music — Coyne emoting frantically over syndrums and a few coldly repetitive synth riffs that twang away inexorably.

But the LP's other innovation, a new emphasis on sexual politics, is both exciting and challenging, and inspires the record's two outstanding tracks: 'Liberation' looks at the plight of a battered woman, while 'Fun Flesh' charts the atrophied emotional life of a pornographer.

This awareness of the varieties of male chauvinism has become a major concern of Coyne's, a topic on which he keenly expands in a nervous rush of words.

"I quite positively wanted to write something for women. I feel really deeply that the only real war being fought is between men and women, and 99 times out of 100 the conflict exists because men haven't come to terms with themselves — they resort to physical strength to resolve things that are rooted in their past, their childhood, or whatever.

"It's something I *have* been working towards. I mean, if you go back to some of the things I did in the late '60s, I was singing 'baby' and all the usual mid-Atlantic cliches, but I gradually got rid of that and nearer to my own voice. But there was still something missing, I wasn't digging deep enough. The last three or four LPs I've done, albums like 'Millionaires And Teddy Bears', 'Babble', I *was* questioning the role, this male role, but I was still too *comfortable*. And then, like, 'Bursting Bubbles' was just straight angst really, squeezing out that old-fashioned male role — I somehow knew things would never be the same again."

So 'Politics', as its title implies, is a deliberate shift of perspective towards wider political contexts?

"Very much so. There are these broader issues, like the treatment of women, which I've *got* to get into. It's a cause, really, a just cause — to talk about things which are affecting people very deeply.

"I mean, I don't see in women any contentment or satisfaction with what's gone on in the past. I just see something that could, and does, turn into extreme bitterness, and if the myths continue . . . Well, a song like 'Liberation' is about the liberation of *men* as much as women, cos I mean, I do get tired of chauvinism, that hidden bullying thing, and I'm endlessly sick of all the cliches about women. Those myths have *got* to stop.

"I don't know how. There doesn't seem to be a lot of effort on men's part to organise and talk honestly about the situation. I don't think *I've* talked enough about it, I should've written more songs. Maybe on the next LP . . ."

And with a worried frown, Kevin Coyne, struggler after truth, sighs, shrugs, and lights another cigarette.

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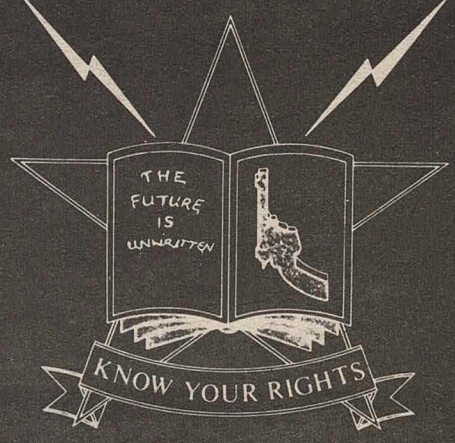

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AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.

Electronic music and the devices that make it have come a long way in the last twenty years.

In the late 60s the synthesizer was the crowning glory of the band-who-had-everything: a gleaming bank of expensive technology, arrayed with flickering meters, lights, switches and buttons.

It looked important and it was played on that assumption.

The keyboard specialist would sit amongst it like a NASA flight engineer, dispensing sudden whoops, shrieks, unearthly rumbles and extracts of Bach in order to dazzle the easily impressed (of whom there were many).

Very little actual music was played and the whole charade could not be discredited too quickly.

Brian Eno of Roxy Music indicated a more fruitful direction.

A self-confessed non-musician, he would play tapes on stage (the heresy!), helping to assemble the group's music and generally staking his claim to some respect as an ideas man.

It was a species that had more in common with the back-room boys at Motown or the pop mechanics of the pre-psychedelic era than the caped crusaders of "progressive" rock.

10. ELECTRONIC

Eno's subsequent electro-plated adventures with David Bowie provided inspiration for post-punk beginners like The Human League who brought to their circuitry a saving sense of humour, a fascination with bubblegum and a healthy distaste for both art and guitars, the latter because "they hurt your fingers." True enough.

The Human League were one of a number of groups who effectively closed the gap between theory and practice.

Their first record, 'Being Boiled', was reputedly made for £2.50, a startling economy which didn't stop it making the Top Ten when reissued recently.

Disco producers had long rejected authenticity in favour of pure effect.

Hits like Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love' or Sylvester's 'Mighty Real' were unashamedly synthetic, built around shimmering pre-programmed rhythms provided by sequencers and drum machines.

The marriage of pop's concern with personality and disco's ruthless drive for further efficiency gave birth to much that is brightest and best in current pop: the slick euphoric drive of Blondie, the infectious clean chorus lines of The Human League, the pastel melodies of Orchestral Manoeuvres and even the high-tech pomp of Ultravox, Visage and Spandau Ballet.

Kraftwerk's ship came in at last.

The consequences of this chart revolution are profound.

As bands have sought to control their presentation with the same care that they programme their rhythm sections, live performance has declined in importance.

But most important of all, the advent of cheap easy-to-operate electronic instruments have made it easy for a bunch of kids with the minimum of conventional know-how to take a good idea, record it and watch it hit big.

Anybody can do it.
Of course, not everybody can do it well.

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BEAT & BEASTS BEAUTY & BOLSHEVISM

"In The Blitz two years ago everyone that you talked to was either a fashion designer or a hairdresser. Now you go into a club like the Beat Route and everyone that you talk to seems to be in a band again. Things really have come full circle." — **Andy Polaris**

The party members: Andy Polaris (male vocals), Leah Seresin and Egidio 'Frenchie' Newton (The Animalettes, female vocals), Nigel Vidal (drums), Steve Shanley (bass), Steve 'Flid' Brown (guitar), Declan John Barclay (trumpet), Billy Chapman (sax), Mac (congas).

The conventions: Animal Nightlife were formed as long ago as January 1981 but played live for the first time only last October, supppporting punk band Praxis in Dartford. They have since returned to the stage 16 times, playing Lazers, The Rox, The Barracuda and The Fridge in London as well as visiting provincial towns from Birmingham to Bournemouth.

The contents: 'Love Is Just The Great Pretender', 'Girl At Large', 'Basic Ingredients', 'Masquerade', 'Insomniaz', 'Breathless', 'Shark Fin Soup' and a cover of Julie London's 'C'mon A My House', the eight songs that survive from what was once a more expansive set. 'Pretender' is already earmarked as the debut single, even though the group have yet to clinch a recording contract.

The party secretary: the group are managed by Steve Lewis, lathe turner and alternative cloakroom attendant on a Friday night at Le Beat Route and, to these ears, the finest DJ in London. His belief in the band is total — when he claims that they will have a top five single by the end of the summer, it is a genuine expectation, not just an idle boast.

The spring congress: the propaganda process is set in motion in Steve's Westbourne Park flat one balmy Friday evening when I pop in to meet five members of the ensemble — Andy, Leah, Frenchie, Mac and John — and their manager. Our interview is completed only at the second time of asking: at the first attempt I arrived home to find that the cassette had recorded two hours of Radio One gloss rather than the boisterous Nightlife manifesto and a second meeting had to be hastily arranged.

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE make music for late night drinkers and nocturnal thinkers, a dissonant symphony that embraces jazz, swing and soul without veering too heavily in one single direction.

Their musical vigour and visual splendour — all boots, belts, jerkins, vests and waistcoats, with plenty of leather and suede — is what one would expect from their freewheeling club-going roots, although their awareness of the importance of 'style' does not preclude them from a collective concern for wider worldly problems.

With the exception of guitarist Flid and singer Frenchie, who had both flitted in and out of bands in the past, none of the nine had any real musical experience before Animal Nightlife rehearsals began in earnest last summer. A raw enthusiasm compensated for any technical shortcomings, some of which have still to be fully ironed out.

Mac: "Our early rehearsals were completely anarchic. We weren't really playing funk, partly because we simply weren't good enough to. It was more along the lines of the stuff that James White used to do. There are a lot of different things in there, never just one single influence. We don't even really know where we're going ourselves. We'll just have to see what comes out."

Frenchie: "I really envy the thrill that people like Mac and John get out of being musicians. I have been at it a little bit longer so I don't quite get the same buzz that they do when they come up with something new."

Do they feel a bond with any of the other new jazz-influenced music, The Pop Group offshoots and their ilk?

Andy: "The trouble with a lot of those groups is that they do take themselves too seriously. The Pop Group were great, but their offsprings are just too indulgent. There are no real *songs* in the sort of stuff that Pigbag and Rip Rig & Panic are doing. That's why so many of those groups are purely instrumental, which I find a bit boring."

The group, and particularly lyricist Andy, emphasise the strength of their songs. In 'Love Is Just The Great Pretender' they certainly already possess one of the year's undoubted masterpieces, although it may be folly to pin too many of their hopes on a single song.

Andy: "We put so much emphasis on that because it is the most memorable song, the one that people always pick up on. Everyone seems to like it. When we played to punks in Dartford, they all loved it. When we played to a load of bikers in Chelmsford, they were all jiving to it!

"The song was intended as a pastiche on all those Hollywood love songs about the ideal love affair, but the perfect love affair just doesn't exist. In some ways I have always been really obsessed with Hollywood, Fred Astaire and all the old musicals. I like the classic songs from the old days, the sort of timeless songs that someone like Irving Berlin would write.

"People might think that I'm just being nostalgic, but it's not that. Those songs have simply lasted for years. The ultimate thing has got to be songs that last for years, not songs that were just part of some particular fad. I'm not into that thing about music being disposable. I mean, most of it is totally disposable, but I wouldn't want people to think of our stuff along those lines.

"With us it is durability, not disposability that counts."

"I think our songs are very contemporary. They're about what's going on now, the things that face young people. One of the best things about the new British bands that have emerged since punk is that they sing about reality, whether it is the problems with relationships or social things, and not the old '70s trip of fairytales and moonage daydreams."

ALWAYS SEEKING the simple solution, many of the armchair pop watchers of the music press have painted a contemporary picture based largely on non-existent stereotypes from the street-fighting rock rebel to the cocktail-sipping habituee of the nightclubs. Animal Nightlife, more than most, completely confound and contradict such ignorance.

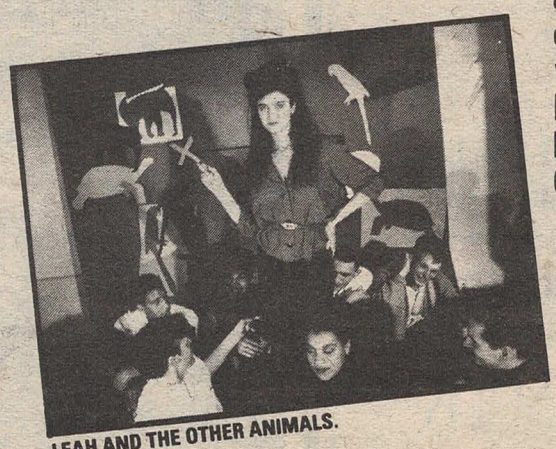
Without ramming politics down the throat of their audience by preaching through their songs, they still leave the listener in no doubt as to their strong, broadly left-wing stance.

Mac: "The people that write all that stuff about the people who go to clubs being escapists as far as politics is concerned are just really stupid. They think that the people that went to the Blitz and go to the Beat Route are only bothered about getting pissed, which is ridiculous. You'd be amazed at some of their opinions!

"I think that bands that become big should never forget the environment that they came from. You get some people that will say that they come from a working class background and then they end up living in LA. To me that is just totally patronising!

"If this band ever did become massive, and I'm not saying that we will, I'd honestly love to try and change things, use the position that I was in. It would be pathetic not to even try, not even to lift a finger. And the only way that you are going to change things, the injustices of the class system and everything, is through politics. Otherwise you're just one man against the system.

LEAH SERESIN, A NIGHTLIFE STAR.



LEAH AND THE OTHER ANIMALS.

Chelmsford bikers and Dartford punks agree — Animal Nightlife are exciting! Adrian Thrills, that well-known West Hampstead futurist, listens to their pop and politics. Photos by Peter Anderson, Glaswegian hooligan.

CONTINUES OVER

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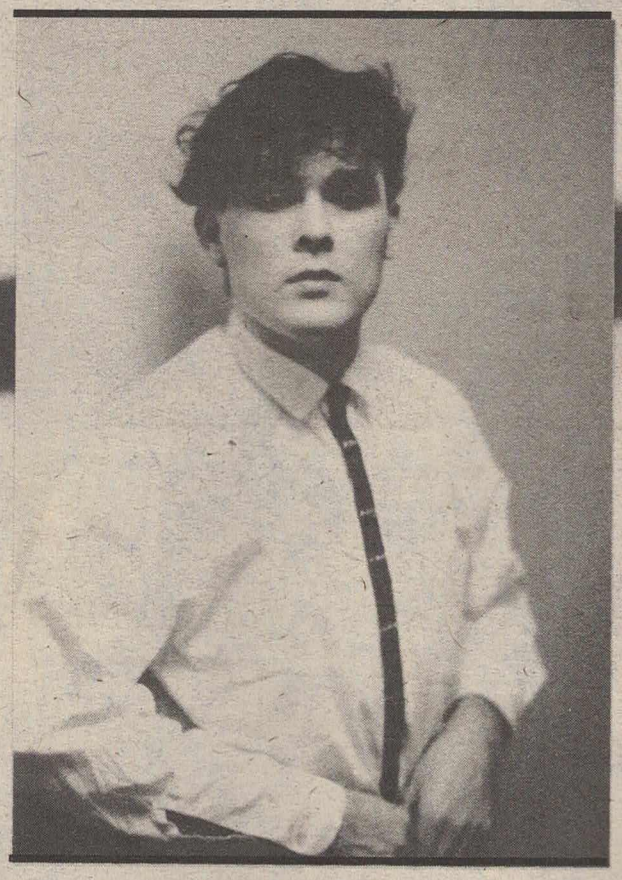
Club Country



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ANIMALISMS

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"The reason that this country is in such a state is that too many people just sit on the fence. You might as well just be a little bee letting the world pass you by. If we're ever lucky enough to get into a position to do anything about it, I'd like to think that we would."

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE articulate their political concern in a subtle and effective manner. Rather than regale their audience with rants about the world situation, they state their case via the Red Flag which hangs behind them every time they venture onstage.

There are times, though, when they seem to be more interested in political images for their shock value than for their substance. One case of this was the two 'Bolshevik style' fashion spreads which appeared recently in *New Sounds New Styles* and *The Face*, showcasing the group as little more than another crass and convenient package deal, another tribe complete with their uniforms.

And didn't the Malcolm McLaren-managed New York Dolls — hardly the most radical political thinkers of the modern era — also play in front of the Red Flag?

Steve: "To us, the Red Flag thing has been picked up in the wrong way by some people. We're not trying to tell everybody that we're communists. The idea is that it represents the band as populists, a people's band. We're a pop band as in populist and the people's flag is deepest red. I think the Red Flag sums up a lot of people's attitudes."

Mac: "We've never really had a chance to say what we feel in print so the Red Flag is just a way of representing our views visually. It could go tomorrow and we'd still feel the same way. It causes arguments in the band sometimes because there are some of us that feel more strongly than others and some that are worried about the possible repercussions, but it is literally just the way that we feel."

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE got their name through a well-earned reputation for hedonistic excess that stretches back long before they began rehearsing. Like Spandau Ballet and Blue Rondo a la Turk, their roots are in the current London club scene and the mid-'70s soul scene that preceded it. The East London origins of most of the band meant that they tended to gravitate towards the Essex soul clubs like Ilford's infamous Lacy Lady before they moved on to the more cosmopolitan delights of the West End.

Andy: "For me the Lacy Lady was *the* place to go before I got into punk. My brother used to take me there when I was really young, about 14. I had to rub some dirt on my chin so that it looked as if I had some growth, otherwise they wouldn't let me in. But it was a really good time.

"It really annoys me to a hear everyone going on about being different and individual these days. The real originals, as far as fashion goes, were those people that were dressing up outrageously in 1975 and 1976. If you were dressing up in those days, then you really did risk getting beaten up for it.

"One evening me and my brother got arrested in Brentwood High Road on the way to the Lacy. We were wearing plastic trousers, silk scarves, hot pants and safety pins and carrying plastic satchels. The police thought that we were a pair of transvestites! They got the dogs out and everything! They couldn't believe that we were just on our way to a disco. That was a real inventive time for fashion and music."

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE want the chance to stand or fall on their own terms, not by the prejudices and preferences by which their contemporaries Spandau and Rondo are often judged. They are almost going out of their way to avoid any suspicion of a hype, building up their reputation through a healthy series of live dates before they begin to talk seriously to any record labels, although Island are already showing a keen interest.

Their press coverage, too, has been relatively minimal, as if the group were deliberately holding back for fear of winding up with egg on their faces.

Mac: "I'm sure we could have quite easily instigated a big build up for ourselves, but it would have probably killed the group by now. At first we got a bit frustrated because we never saw our name in the paper when all our friends were getting plastered everywhere. But we didn't want to be seen as a hype and, anyway, we haven't really done anything to warrant it yet."

For all that, they have still attracted hints of a backlash for their tenuous links with some of this year's whipping boys.

Steve: "I think we set ourselves up for a lot of slating before we'd even done a thing, just because of who our friends are. I mean, *Time Out* have already started calling us futurists, which is the last thing we are."

Andy: "A lot of people associate us with Blue Rondo and Spandau, and so they don't quite know how to react when they see us. We're probably one of the most available, accessible, non-elitist bands there is but people still tend not to react naturally when they see us, especially in London. They all stand there thinking whether it is the done thing to act cool or to dance and end up doing neither.

"But Spandau opened a lot of doors and I don't think they really received credit for everything that they have done, like always making sure that they play decent clubs rather than somewhere where the audience are treated like shit. A lot of bands, even established ones, have cashed in on what Spandau started without giving them the credit that they deserve."

With the Red Flag behind them on stage as a signal of their pride and intent, Animal Nightlife are not going to be anybody's fall guys and nobody's fools.

Leah: "I don't want anybody to be able to put a label on us. No one can really say what we are at the moment, so we can do what we want without affecting people's expectations. The day we get labelled is the beginning of the end."

LEAH, ANDY POLARIS & FRENCHIE NEWTON STUDY AN ELEPHANT.

ALTERED IMAGES

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FB3

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SWEET AS A NUT AND SO'S THE PRICE

SINGLES

Reviewed by Charles Shaar Murray

GOSH! This is the most exciting time in the entire history of the popular arts, as I'm sure you've noticed. You don't need me to tell you that, of course, since I'm sure you meet people who tell you that very thing at least three or four times a week, just as I do. Each and every single week, we are deluged with shiny yellow wonder pop, a sort of musical equivalent of Pernod-flavoured chewing gum, and I personally feel that it's really, *really* exciting. I mean, I used to think Buck's Fizz' records were mindless drivel, but now I'm wised up. I've seen the error of my ways and so I thought I'd do a singles column so that I could pay my own personal tribute to the new era.

But here I am — warmed up, softened up and utterly, utterly ready — and the shiny yellow wonder pop isn't. Here, I mean. It isn't here. Instead, I am surrounded by what could only be described (apres Sayle, anyway) as Cack. Or — to go further — CACK! CACK! BLOODY CACK! SHINY BLOODY YELLOW CACK!

However (he continued, lowering his voice to a more reasonable level) once sifted, a certain quantity of items of interest have emerged from the general silt, but I was very upset for a while. I had a good mind to go to a night club and beat you over the head with it . . .

Illustration Serge Clerc

STRICTLY FOR THE DANCE

FAT LARRY'S BAND: Act Like You Know (WMOT/Virgin)
BRANDI WELLS: What Goes Around Comes Around (WMOT/Virgin)
CARRIE LUCAS: Show Me Where You're Coming From (Solar)

One, two and three for the floor. Brandi Wells appears on the cover of her 12" looking as though she's been photographed by her worst enemy, but she sounds impeccably autonomous on the vinyl, preaching recognition of the principle that — in general — life is set up in such manner as to guarantee that what you get is what you give. Meantime, the beat is there, swung along by a superb bass line that actually is A Bass Line and not simply a series of hot licks designed to intimidate other bass players. There's also an incredibly exciting conflagration for muted trumpet towards the end of the long version.

Plump Laurence and his colleagues have also generated something which should cause pleasurable surges when played in public dancing-type situations: the instrumental version just about has the edge, but ultimately either side will do. It fits in between the pulse of the Brandi Wells single and the sheer *crunch* of 'Show Me Where You're Coming From', in which Carrie Lucas — whose name invariably makes me think of *Star Wars* rather than Solar Records — features in a Leon Sylvers production so limpidly keyed towards setting up that moment when eyes will meet across the floor that its success would seem fairly thoroughly assured. Again, someone's cooked up a knuckle-busting bass line which — despite its intricacy — supports the song rather than performing handstands in the middle of the studio. Slinky isn't the word. I feel better already . . .

POP STARS, IDOLS OF CONTEMPORARY YOUTH

BLONDIE: Island Of Lost Souls (Chrysalis)
DEPECHE MODE: The Meaning Of Love (Mute)
HAZEL O'CONNOR: That's Life (Albion)

Ah yes, this is the stuff Thursday nights are made of. Blondie reunite with so much panache that you'd almost think that they'd been incredibly successful while they were apart, and this time the magic word is CALYPSO. There have been suggestions that calypso could well be The Next Thing in the shiny yellow world, so be prepared for an onslaught of people announcing that they've Always Been Into Calypso, but somehow never got around to mentioning it before (I love hearing about what people have always really been into, don't you? Thought so). Stylishly inoffensive in the classic Harristein manner, this should be a large hitlet even thought it's more of a can of warm Lilt than a genuine Caribbean Fizz.

Meanwhile, the youth of Basildon present their least shiny record so far. It bounces along like a pinball machine, but a voice so matter-of-fact as to be virtually inaudible can tell us little more than that it doesn't know what 'The Meaning Of Love' really is. Well, philosphers have been chewing this little item over for rather a long time so it's probably somewhat unreasonable to expect a pop group to be able to tell us. Similarly, Purple Haze can tell us little more (in Droopy Ballad form) that Life consists of quixotic defeats, and that if she had to do it all over again, she'd do it all over the person to whom she is 'singing'. The handout informs me that this is an 'official' Hazel O'Connor single, unlike one of the others. I myself have always been unable to tell the difference.

SOME BOYS HAVE ALL THE FUN

FUN BOY THREE: The Telephone Always Rings (Chrysalis)

Who'd've thought that Terry Hall plays a more than fair pub piano? 'The Telephone Always Rings' switches (Un)easily back and forth from a fairly civil singalong to a darkly gleaming alarum and excursion on the trumpet, which means that the rhythm and the piano carry a different message according to what's going on in front. Meanwhile, the 'phone rings in an empty house, someone's in for a shock when they get back . . . 'Telephone' is the most ambitious Fun Boy 45 thus far, and a genuine chiller (can't wait for the video, unless of course it's dreadful, in which case I shall of course be delighted to wait for as long as is necessary).

A.P.B.: Palace Filled With Love (Oily)

Well snappy! Aberdonian four-piece lay on uncluttered light funk (bass, drums, guitar and percussion) behind a song with a singularly nice chorus. They've successfully resisted the temptation to overdub, overplay or over-produce, which goes against the current grain — which calls for large bands making rather crowded records — and they deserve attention, airplay and — if they're sufficiently level-headed — maybe even MONEY.

CATCH MY DRIFT?

JAZZ INSECTS: Elephants (Rococo)
SCRITTI POLITTI: Faithless (Rough Trade)

And the cry goes out: longer lines! In this case, the longer lines are melodic, and Jazz Insects — benefiting enormously from a production by the very eminent Dennis Bovell, who gets his name on the sleeve in VERY BIG LETTERS — turn and drift with an exquisitely elegant laziness through a tune which meanders irresolutely but charmingly. The lead vocalist's tonality, by the way, could very easily redefine the term 'deadpan'.

Scritti Politti, however, continue their irresistable upward surge with a single packaged in a sleeve got up to resemble the carton containing a bottle of expensive perfume (how unlike our battered but prized relic 'Skank Bloc Bologna'). Built on a swaying gospel progression embellished with vocoder interventions and jabbing bass, 'Faithless' is a singularly tasty blue stew, uncatchy but mesmeric.

AH! SOMETHING SHINY!

THE ASSOCIATES: Club Country (Associates/Beggars Banquet)

I must confess that the somewhat robust charm of Mr Billy MacKenzie and his legendary voice has thus far failed to enrol me in the admiring hordes of his followers, but this is undeniably a serious character failing on my part. On this particular opus, Bellowing Bill does his stuff in suitably athletic fashion over a backdrop which sets him off to a tee (whatever that is). I am shaken but not stirred, which — presumably — makes me a Zombie.

CULTURE CLUB: White Boy (Virgin)

There's a word for this, and that's 'impeccable'. Culture Club appear to know a groove when they bang it down, and this is — for what it's worth — just about the slickest piece of white soul this week. 'White' is of course the operative term, because of the title and because Boy George — Culture Club's frontispiece — is made up to look even whiter than nature made him (he's tricked out as a more than passable representation of a geisha with dreadlocks, as it goes), but if there's anything racist about this record, it's rather too subtle for me. Small prizes should be awarded to Roy Hay for the way he uses the guitar as a texturing instrument, and to Steve Levine for the production. *"White boy/dance like an enemy,"* they say. I wonder why.

AND THE CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD

B.E.F. PRESENTS TINA TURNER: Ball Of Confusion (Virgin)

Like everthing else on the 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' album, this track works better on paper. Where else do you get the matchless conceptual and technical wizardry of Marsh and Ware, the blasting, poking Beggar & Co horns, the dazzling modern guitar of John McGeoch, the piercing, wailing blues harp of Paul Jones plus TINA TURNER — old-fashioned soul excitement personified — working out on a BRILLIANT, CLASSIC Whitfield-Tempts number? IT'S HERE! IT'S RIGHT HERE! IT'S REALLY DODGY! (Still the best thing on the album, though.)

NO CRIME LIKE THE PLEASANT

NICK LOWE: My Heart Hurts (F-Beat)

Some more Nick Lowe songs just like many other Nick Lowe songs. After a rather lengthy period of retreat and revivification, this rather likeable old lag returns with nothing that evinces any particular ambition to be anything other than pleasantly old-fashioned pop-rock. No particularly strong feelings are aroused, except a desire to go out and have a drink. Or a pizza. Or to see a film. Or something other than playing 'My Heart Hurts' again.

HEY! LET'S ROCK! (NO, LET'S NOT)

ALICE COOPER: Under My Wheels Live (Warner Bros)
GAMMA: Right The First Time (Elektra)
UFO: Back Into My Life (Chrysalis)
MIDNIGHT FLYER: Waiting For You (Swan Song)
WILLIAM MYSTERIOUS & ALASTAIR DONALDSON: Security Of Noise (Mezzanine)
GB ROCKERS: Sheree Sheree (Runaway)

For the record, these are all the Rock (in the debased modern usage of the term) singles released this week. Also for the record, they are all cack. The Mysterious-Donaldson opus, however, comes closest to pinpointing what's going on: over a Ramonic/Rezilloid chainsaw racket, they intone their desire for the 'Security Of Noise'. The others clearly crave the same thing — in a far less appealing manner, in this case the horrific mode of the HM neanderthal ballad — but could never admit it so charmingly.

GET DOWN AND GET PUNKY (I'M ALREADY DOWN, SO . . .)

THE SUBHUMANZ: Big City (Spider Leg)
DEAD WRETCHED: No Hope For Anyone (Inferno)
MAD SOCIETY: Riot Squad (Hit And Run)

An old fart writes: Way back in late '76 and early '77, it was considered faintly amusing in certain quarters to construct rudimentary parodies of the then-burgeoning phenomenon generally referred to as 'punk rock'. A group called Dead Wretched singing songs like 'No Hope For The Wretched', 'Time To Die', 'No Justice' and 'Recession' and featuring a singer called Bill Idiot would have gotten you tons of laughs back then had you invented them as a spoof. And now in 1982 here they are for real! The only item their EP lacks is a note on the back saying 'Many thanks to Garry Bushell'. The Subhumanz' contribution, can at least claim Rough Trade distribution, and an improved version of the basic graphic idea (collages of Oppression, Misery, etc.) but it's still a ghastly parody of 1977, when a few of the urban youth got up on their hind legs and roared. This generation of punks do nothing but whine, not even taking advantage of the many new methods of whining created since punk (of which more later). Mad Society, who are from Los Angeles, can at least claim extreme youth as an excuse: their lead singer is eleven, and he already knocks spots off Bill Idiot.

MEANWHILE, IN A CARDBOARD REPLICA OF THE 1950's . . .

SHAKIN' STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS: Frantic (Magnum Force)
MATCHBOX: One More Saturday Night (Magnet)
CATWAX AXE CO: Waxwalk (Rondolet)
LEVI DEXTER & THE RIPCHORDS: I Get So Excited (Fresh)

Whatabilly? This regurgitated chunk of pre-megastardom Shaky at least lives up to its title, being taken at the fastest tempo that all the musicians can handle without falling off the rollercoaster. Unfortunately, they do little more than hang on, while Matchbox simply bounce along, making Saturday night sound like prime time for staying in and putting up shelves. The felicitously named Catwax crew deal in a lovably cacophonous form of psychobilly, and Levi — who, for his sins, was playing this sort of music when it wasn't remotely hip — threatens the world with dire consequences if — by some mischance — he is not permitted to rock.

DAYS OF WHINE AND ROSES

THE MOOD: Paris Is One Day Away (RCA)
PHILIP JAP: Save Us (A&M)
DANIEL ASH & GLEN CAMPLING: Tones On Tail (4 A.D.)
MEN WITHOUT HATS: Antarctica (Statik)
WASTED YOUTH: Wildlife (Bridge House)
COMSAT ANGELS: It's History (Polydor)

Poor Mood! Judging by the sleeve and sound of their single, they obviously think they're Japan. Maybe RCA thought they were Japan when they signed them, or else they figured that some significant section of the populace could be convinced that they were Japan. Philip Jap has undoubtedly spent a certain amount of time thinking that he was David Bowie and Men

☐ *Continues page 57*

IN THE PRIVACY OF MY HOME

'Ello John! Got A New Motor?	Alexei Sayle (Springtime)
Sound d'Afrique	Various (Island)
Sanford	Sparrow (Charlie's)
New Chapter Of Dub	Aswad (Simba)
Was (Not Was)	Was (Not Was) (ZE)
Freedom Express	Dudu Pukwana (Freedom)
Two Bad DJ	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)
Radio (Dub)	The Members (Genetic)
Greatest Hits	Sly And The Family Stone (Epic)
Soon Forward	Gregory Isaacs (African Musuem)

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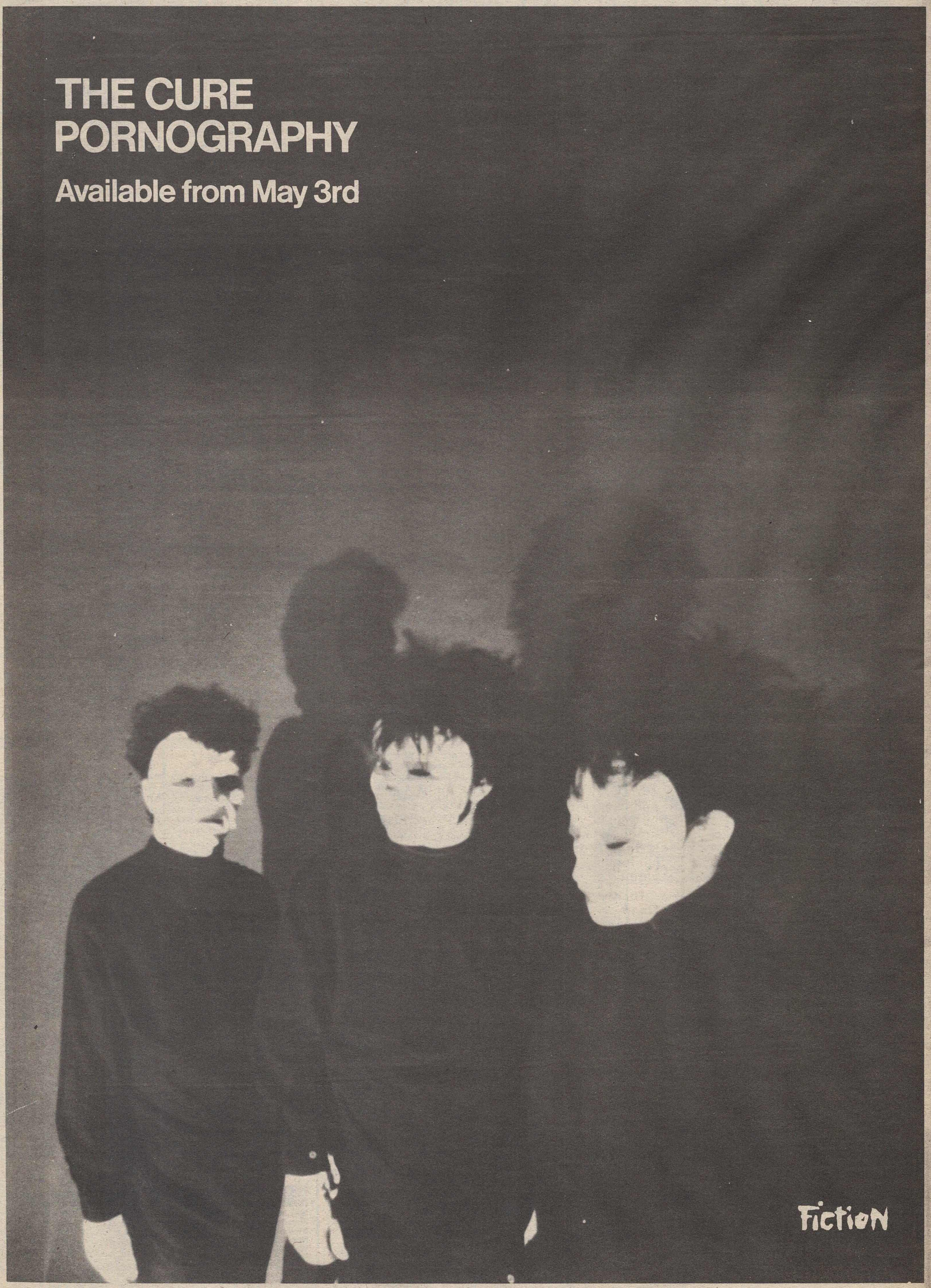


JOBS, PEACE, AND OTHER PIPE DREAMS

An interview with Tony Benn by Nick Martin, with pictures by Kevin Cummins

Tony Benn is both Britain's best-loved and most-reviled politician. Where other speakers draw crowds of dozens, he regularly attracts hundreds — and his audiences are predominantly young. So when Benn went to Bridlington a fortnight ago to address the Young Socialists' national conference, his radical rhetoric was greeted with a fervour verging on hero-worship.

Nick Martin is a 19-year-old Young Socialist. Unemployed, ex-public school ("That doesn't seem to be helping me much"), he came to us last month with a plan for an interview with Tony Benn — the man who, in his and many others' eyes, embodies the spirit of the Left today. You spell Bridlington right, we said, and the job's yours. . .

THE TRAIN pulls in at 'sunny Bridlington'. It starts to rain.

"What time do the trains run on Sunday?" I ask the stout Yorkshire ticket inspector. "No trains from Brid on Sunday, lad. . ."

I make off in the direction of the conference hall along streets lined with fish and chips shops and the usual seaside paraphernalia. The atmosphere is remarkably depressed considering there are 2000 Young Socialists in town to thrash out their 1982 programme.

The locals appear rather suspicious of the groups of young people who sit in coffee bars talking motions, amendents, and the National Front. "Who are all these young'uns?" "Some bloody Young Communists I think. . ."

As the hall appears around a bend, the cries of the paper sellers grow louder. *Militant, Revolution, Socialist Challenge, Spartacist* — they're all on sale, each with a different policy, each a different sales pitch.

The interview is arranged with the press officer. "Didn't I throw you out at the Brighton Labour Party Conference? Who are you pretending to work for this time?"

"The *New Musical Express*. Honestly. . ."

The conference hall begins to charge up. The news that Benn is on his way has got around, and soon he arrives. "Oooh, in't he lovely," chirps a young girl to her friend. Tall, elegant, weathered, he is a good-looking man — and still fresh, despite a punishing schedule which would beat most men of 30, let alone the 60 figure Tony Benn will shortly clock up.

The 'mad' starey eyes glow warmly as he walks rather unsurely towards me. His recent illness by rights should have left him out of action for quite some time, but he was back again after a few weeks. The strain seems to be telling though.

The Independent Radio News lady grabs him before I can get in, and starts to question him on the 'split' in Labour over the Falkland Islands. She presses the point over and over again.

"Why do you want to know about a split in the Labour Party?" Benn replies angrily. "Why not a split in the Tory Party? Please make sure that when you send your report down the phone, you tell the truth." The IRN lady hurries off with her microphone lead between her legs.

After initial greetings, Kevin takes his photographs of the man sitting in an area of empty seats. "You can get rather isolated, you know," says Benn, anticipating the caption. I sit down next to him and we simultaneously turn on our tape recorders — his to "make sure I'm not misquoted".

The pipe is primed and the mad starey eyes water in the clouds of dense blue smoke that pour out after each suck. The awesome power that this man may one day hold hits me at the same time as the smokescreen. But a broad smile revealing those bent old teeth reassures me, and the interview begins.

WHAT WAS YOUR reaction to the scenes of near hysteria we saw at Portsmouth as the fleet sailed out for the Falklands?

Well, let me say this. I can well understand the emotional shock of people when territory which has been our own for a long time is attacked. Secondly I can well understand people who may have sons or daughters going away being upset at the very real danger of them being killed. But what is very crude is the way the Government exploit this feeling to back up their own policy.

I heard one young soldier say on the television that he felt lucky to be going to war for his country. What do you make of this kind of patriotism?

I don't think it's patriotism really. Here is a young man who seems to think that going to war is a great adventure, but it's not, it's a tragedy. People get killed and maimed. I think this presentation of war as something exciting may well be a product of the media coverage of war. Nobody who has ever seen it in any shape or form can ever look at it in that way. If I hear a quote like that I feel sad for the lad and his family. It just isn't like that.

Where do you stand on conventional weapons?

I'm not a pacifist. The Labour Party view, which I share, is that nuclear weapons are quite useless. You can't use them in Argentina, Carter couldn't use them to save the hostages. But I'm not a pacifist because I do believe that if someone tries to invade you it is a very natural reaction to try and protect your homeland.

A third of the British youth are out of work. What do you see as the consequences for the future in terms of social problems for the country and the youths themselves?

It's not just that, because people are entitled to expect work. We are a very rich country; we have 200 years of industrial experience, all the energy that we need —

Are you saying that you are a believer in the work ethic?

No, it's not a matter of the work ethic, I'm not saying that people should do blinding, back-breaking work to make a profit for somebody else, but people are entitled to an outlet for their talents. It doesn't necessarily have to be industrial work, what about looking

■ *Continues over*

BENN

■ *From previous page*

after old people? Is that the Protestant work ethic?

Do you think that we are now stuck with unemployment due to new technology and decline in world markets?

No, I don't believe that at all. This new pessimism is spread by people who don't want to deal with the problem and are going around saying "We don't want work or the Protestant work ethic, we want unemployment renamed as leisure". It *can* be dealt with, because if you take a pencil and paper and walk half a mile around your home, you can make a list as long as your arm of the things to be done — and there are the people to do it.

But yes, let's have a shorter working week, let's have years off and sabbaticals and earlier retirement. We cannot accept unemployment as a permanent feature of our society. Before the war we solved the question by rearmament; the challenge to us is to do it without rearmament and the threat of nuclear war.

Do you think that three million unemployed is going to be three million votes for Labour?

Oh, unemployment frightens people and drives them to the right. There were six million unemployed in Germany before the war and it produced Hitler. We've got to be absolutely sure about this, the purpose of unemployment is to frighten people so they become more suspicious (of socialism). The higher the unemployment, certainly in the short run, the more the government thinks it helps them.

What do you think would be the best form of protest for the YOPS workers when they are forced onto the Tebbit £15 per week scheme?

These things have to come out of the circumstances of the time, but the YOPS rally at the Royal Festival Hall with several thousand people there was extremely effective, and the organisation of YOPS workers into the Trade Union movement. The organisation of the young into political action in relation to their own experience of the YOPS scheme, which is just naked exploitation, is very important indeed.

Would the Labour Party be willing to support a day of action over the YOPS scheme?

What we do as a party is we support things that have been proposed. We don't actually call strikes, that's up to the trade unions —

But would it support a day of action?

Well I would have thought you had your answer to that, in the sense that when there was the YOPS campaign for Trade Union rights the NEC of the Labour Party did support it, and I would be very surprised if that support wouldn't go on being given against this exploitation.

You do accept that there must be a protest?

Oh yes, without any doubt, because the way public opinion is shifted is by people expressing that opinion clearly in an organised way — like the present Peace Movement, which has already had a profound effect on government defence policy, and even Reagan has had to shift now because of the Peace Movement in the USA. These campaigns *are* effective, and extra-Parliamentary activity is the way historically we have won our rights.

You visited Greenham Common air base during the peace festival there a few weeks ago. What was your reaction to the women's groups living in tee-pees?

I thought it was great. I have been in touch with them from the beginning, but it was the first time I had been able to go there. I think it has been the most momentous testimony to peace.

What do you think of the hippy lifestyle and way of thinking of the protesters?

Well, everyone's got to do it their own way. They were using Greenham Common to educate people; I do think protest and days of action is a profoundly educational thing.

WHAT WAS YOUR reaction to the summer violence last year?

There were many people that predicted it. If you blank out hope for young people and if you have policing that is not under proper local control and if you have a government that is so obviously hostile to young people, there is an element of inevitability about it all. I don't believe that type of action produces results.

Were you with the rioters in heart even if their method of protest was in your opinion wrong?

I don't believe it was a conscious riot, and I don't believe rioting is the way forward. It was just a pain for that community and many people got hurt. No, the right way is consistent public campaigning and action to replace a government with a government which is going to do something about it.

In Toxteth they did get results though, didn't they?

Well you've got to be very careful of suggesting —

They have got financial aid, haven't they?

Have they? I thought that Heseltine said "Let the businessmen invest in Toxteth" and he took them around in a bus and they were horrified by what they saw.

You wonder why the media didn't describe the crisis in Toxteth and Brixton and Bristol. The real condemnation is against the media for ignoring the problem until there is violence, then plastering the pages with horror pictures and horror stories and endless television programmes.

Do you see firmer parental control as a realistic method of controlling the riot situation?

No, that is just another example of the Tory Party trying to escape its responsibility, which is to offer young people as they come out of school some hope for the future. Obviously we want some kind of, as you put it, parental or community responsibility, but what do you do when maybe the father's out of work, there are no proper books at the school, they put up the rent, put up the TV licence and then they say "It's all due to a lack of parental responsibility"?

Perhaps thirty years ago parents would have been able to control their kids?

There are many factors involved, I don't think you can say any one is responsible. Television and the exploitation of violence is one, the utter hopelessness of society is another, the belief that profit is the ultimate good is another, and the kind of materialism which has permeated through the whole of society.

WHERE GROUPS such as CND and Rock Against Racism have been so successful in picking up enthusiasm from young people, why is it that there can be a Young Socialist meeting like this and only a few thousand people turn up?

How many people can afford to come to Bridlington? I think groups such as the ones you have mentioned and the Anti Nazi League and the black movement have been successful because they have been about issues. The way politics is presented by the media is about personalities and personalities turn people off. People are not interested in politics as if it were some kind of Hollywood superstar system, they're interested in issues.

But the Labour Party is about issues, isn't it? Why aren't young people turning to the Labour Party in large numbers?

I think they are. The Young Socialists and their organisation of the YOPS campaign has been extremely successful. But you know it is very difficult when the media — and by that I include the *Mirror* and the *Guardian* — are absolutely united in the same policies: they're anti-union, anti-socialist, they are pro-Common Market and pro-nuclear weapons. One of our problems is getting across — and when we do you find our policies are popular. Most people want to return to full employment and a growing number want to get rid of nuclear weapons.

So you're predicting a very large Labour vote from the youth?

No, I'm not predicting anything at all. I'm only saying that the media have to work seven days a week, 52 weeks a year to prevent the public from realising that the policy that the Labour Party is putting out is a policy that they want and that meets their needs.

It could be argued that the Labour Party is rather antiquated in its approach to youth culture —

No, I don't think so. If you say we are living in a commercial culture, that is true; if you're saying that the Labour Party is not concerned with these questions then you are wrong, because the Labour Party from the very earliest days has had a vision of society free from exploitation, where people are able to develop their talents to the full — this includes music and play-making and the rest of it — and to live a life in accordance with their own deepest needs. That is the Labour Party. The fact that we haven't got a record label is irrelevant.

What do you think when you see a punk walking down the street?

I've met many of them, and they write to me, but I'm an old man now and there is an age problem, but I do my best to maintain such contact as I can.

Do you find it offensive in any way?

Not at all, I believe everyone is entitled to do their own thing. I find it far more offensive to think that the country is run by people in pinstripe suits and bowler hats, if you want to know the truth.

YOU SAID on *Nationwide* the other night that the CND movement had been growing on you over the last few years. Why is it that now it has become such a strong influence for you?

Well it's not new. I was one of the founders of the hydrogen bomb national petition in 1954 which is, er, 28 years ago. I resigned as defence spokesman in 1958 because I was opposed to nuclear weapons, I opposed the modernisation of Polaris in 1974. I think several things have happened since then, one of them being the election of Thatcher here and Reagan in America.

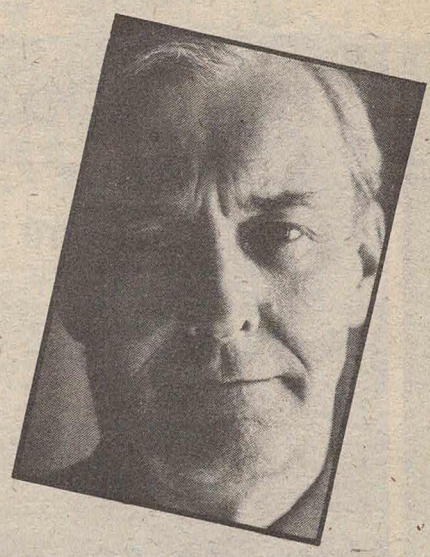
It could be said that any man who remains in the political scene for over thirty years could be accused of situationism?

I don't think that's very sensible really, it would be a very foolish man who went through life and said "My opinions at the beginning are the same as they are at the end". I've tried to learn by my experience and be guided by it.

What have been the most radical changes in your attitude that you have experienced?

Well if I was to identify two things, they would be the battle of the House of Lords and the way I was thrown out of the House of Commons — and most of all trying to run a sort of SDP policy as Minister of Technology in the '60s.

How do you resolve the fact that Marx believed that religion was an invention of the ruling class to repress the people, with your own religious convictions?



I think that some of the most interesting conversations are taking place between Marxists and Christians. Marxism is a world faith, and he is often described as being the last of the Old Testament prophets. Many of the priests in South America are Marxists. I don't think anything needs to be resolved at all.

Have you ever had any problems coming to terms with the working class?

I don't think class origins have got anything to do with it. My grandfather went to work at the age of eleven in his mother's boots as an office boy —

I was talking more about working class ways.

Look, I'm a very hard-working guy and I get on perfectly well with other hard-working people.

COULD YOU EVER support violence as a means of attaining political change?

Well I'll be quite clear about it, if there is no scope for peaceful political change then the only way of winning your freedom is by force. That's why I supported Mugabe (in Zimbabwe), that is why I support the African National Congress. The argument is not whether violence is ever right, the argument is whether violence is ever right against the democratic process, and I don't believe it is.

How would a socialist government prevent finance from flooding out of the country, as has happened in France in the past few months?

We would have to introduce exchange controls, you would have to protect the economy. I think it is very likely that there will be considerable extra-Parliamentary pressures brought against a Labour government. I think very strong measures would have to be taken to make sure it doesn't happen, without any doubt.

I think would-be socialists are worried that we don't see a socialist country anywhere in the world that is working perfectly. Does that worry you?

We're not looking for perfection, are we? Can you name one capitalist country that is working well? If you want to see where socialism is, it's in a comprehensive school and in the health service where people are dealt with without regard to their wealth.

What can you say to people when they are so frightened of socialism? They see the Russian example, the abuse of human rights and —

Why aren't they frightened of Protestants and Catholics killing each other in Northern Ireland? The truth is they are frightened by what the mass media tell them all the time. The mass media are the mouthpiece of the big business. The biggest of all is IPC (owners of *NME* and the *Daily Mirror)* which runs a violently anti-socialist newspaper. I don't say it can never be overcome but it is a very big problem. I'd like to see if you print that.

How do you think we would best avoid the Russian example of socialism?

Who's proposing it? First of all why did the Russians have a revolution — because they didn't have a parliamentary system, they were invaded three times, once by the British and twice by the Germans, they've never had a tradition of parliamentary democracy. Russia's got nothing to do with it. You may as well ask why Thatcher doesn't reproduce Chile — which is also monetarist — where 5,000 trade unionists were rounded up in the sports stadium in San Diego and shot.

There is no parallel. This is an argument put forward because people cannot answer the simple questions. Let me repeat them: people want jobs, they want homes and good health and dignity in retirement. Anyone who asks these questions, they answer you're a Marxist, you're a Trotskyite, you're a Communist ...

Would you fear a military intervention if a socialist government took office?

I don't think the military *could* take over this country, but there is a discussion about it — after all, it's happened in Spain, Greece, Turkey and many other places. I can't say I lose any sleep about it though.

To finish, what would you say is your greatest personal fear?

I don't really have one in that sense. I suppose my greatest anxiety is that the human race will be obliterated by nuclear weapons, perhaps by accident, perhaps on purpose. I think the Peace Movement is growing in much the same way, as I would put disarmament at the top of my list. I fear that if we do not get control of our own military we will be blown to smithereens and that will be the end to civilisation as we know it for us, our children, and our grandchildren.

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"Then she forgot about him, for the jukebox in the corner started playing 'Swing It, Sister'. The big mirror in front of her made the Junto bar an enormous room. It reflected the lights in the ceiling and added a rosy radiance to the men and women at the bar; it pushed the world of other people's kitchen sinks back where it belonged and destroyed the existence of dirty streets and small, shadowed rooms. She finished the beer in one long gulp. I'll have another one, she said softly."

This action takes place on *The Street*, an avenue in Harlem that leads to nowhere, one where "the rent is payable in courage and heartbreak." It was constructed by one Ann Petry (formerly a Harlem journalist) in 1946 and it's as entertaining now as the day it was published. A little stilted, sure, a bit kitsch, of course. But also extremely cost-effective when you can get in hours of adventure and low-life excitement from a relatively safe distance and for only *10p*.

The hard-boiled pulp is a genre whose romantic, existential visions of the city and its victims are a big influence again — films as diverse as the lavish *Pennies From Heaven* and the lowbrow *Body Heat* have drawn directly on pulp covers for visual inspiration.

Yet the great cover artists of the genre — Stanley Zuckerberg, James Avanti, the *Playboy*-bosom-minded Rodolph Belarski — have never received the attention lavished on the writers whose wares they decorated (Cain, Richard Wright, Spillane, Hammett, Chandler). Now, with last year's publication of *Hard-boiled America: The Lurid Years Of Paperbacks*, which traces the pulp from its debut in '39 through its eternal pursuit of "a buck, a Buick, a blonde and a steak dinner" (the words of author Geoffrey O'Brien), they get a look-in.

Of equal interest, however, is the way pulp may have affected their more well-known consumers. Albert Goldman pointed out how Elvis Presley's personal 'image' (which preceded his music by some years) was quite possibly due to the Movie-of-the-Book of one such pulp: *The Amboy Dukes*. Speculation arose when Elvis dashed out for what he called a "Tony Curtis cut" and everyone about him called a DA, after Curtis had caused something of sensation in what was only his second screen role.

This was 'Frank', hero / anti-hero of 1949's *Across The River*, a film version of Irving Shulman's *The Amboy Dukes*, a juvenile-delinquency novel about a Jewish gang from Brooklyn who accidentally off a schoolteacher in a scuffle. The Curtis character *"was only a boy who had the normal urges of youth but these urges had been perverted until he became delinquent"* (his Dad expects him to *"die young"*). Yet the Dukes' sworn enemies, the police, shake their heads in near-admiration: *"They sure are slick kids!"* (Another fellow who couldn't help being intrigued was Motor City Madman Ted Nugent, who of course had named his early punk outfit after the same gang as late as '68).

What *was* the outward image of an Amboy Duke (the gang is named after Amboy Street), which might have struck a chord in Elvis? *"The first and most lasting impression of Frank's appearance was one of sullenness . . . His face was a bitter challenge, a pugnacious invitation to an attempt to kick him and in his slight, medium frame there was the hardness of muscle and bone which is the heritage of those who do not succumb to the threadbareness of poverty."*

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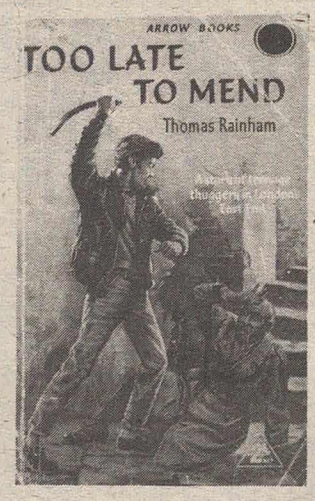


Even what some see as the most potentially perplexing conundrum of all rock history was most succinctly summed up in the title of a pulp *(Elvis: What Happened?)*. But for the answer, I'd suggest venturing out of this genre into a paperback of another ilk. It's called *You Can't Keep A Good Woman Down* and it was written by Alice Walker, a black American feminist poet, novelist, and critic. In the main, it's a collection of short stories — some good, some a little over-didactic. But the first story, 'Nineteen Fifty-five' is a piece of fascinating, musical vision with nary a word awry. Written in the first person, it tells the story of Gracie Mae Still, a black woman R&B singer whose placid life is interrupted one day during a TV ballgame by 'Traynor', who is *"about five feet nine with real dark white skin and red pouting mouth. His hair is black and curly and he looks like a Loosianna creole."* He's accompanied in his brand-new red Thunderbird convertible by *"an older gentleman dressed like a Baptist deacon."*

'Nineteen Fifty-five' is a vision — by a black woman — of what the dealings between Elvis Presley and Willie Mae 'Big Mama' Thornton (with whose Leiber-Stoller credited R&B hit 'Hound Dog' Elvis swept the boards) *might* have been like. It's too funny, incisive, and moving to describe or analyse here. But the central thesis that Elvis never could figure out what his hit song was really about (while 'Gracie Mae' never *needed* to articulate it), as well as its sub-thesis of the pair's shared battle with the bathroom scales, is wonderful.

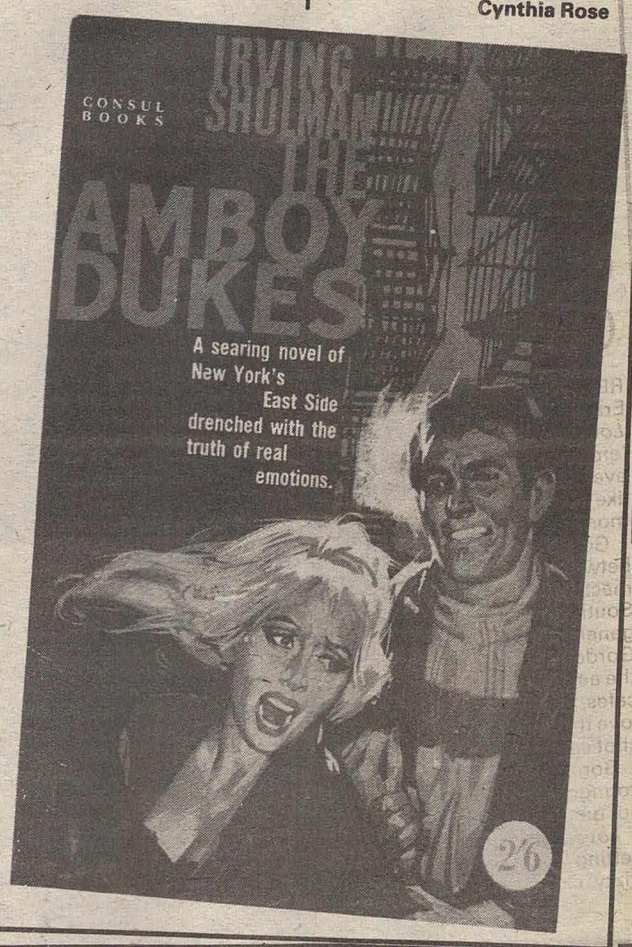
In the end, it provides a genuine epiphany about Elvis and his world. This one story dwarfs the rest of the collection, too, thanks to the sheer beauty with which it is constructed.

You Can't Keep A Good Woman Down by Alice Walker, costs £2.50, from Sisterwrite Bookshop, 190 Upper St, London N1 or from its publisher, The Women's Press, 124 Shoreditch High St, London E1. (Price does not include postage).

Hard-boiled America: The Lurid Years Of Paperbacks by Geoffrey O'Brien is published by the Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, New York. Best bet: place your order with a bookstore which specialises in imports.

Pulps such as *The Street*, *The Amboy Dukes* and a huge range of others are to be found in thrift shops, secondhand book bins, church fete stalls, and Popular Book Centres all over the UK; usual prices vary between 10 and 40p.

Cynthia Rose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Pic: Claude Gassian

Gordon: Rockabilious character portrayal

SLOW HAND IN THE FAST LANE

Cult Rocker Meets Cult Celluloid

RETRO-ROCKER Robert Gordon has had to sacrifice his famous Eraserhead quiff coiff — but in the good cause of a lead role in *Loveless,* a remarkable re-make of the biker epic that's packing 'em in on America's West Coast. Described by viewers as everything from "kind of a Tennessee Williams play" to "sort of like *The Chase* by Arthur Penn", to "the *ultimate* cult movie", most viewers seen to find their peepers fazed and amazed.

Gordon plays a Lee Marvin-style guy: a nasty, snarling cross between Dean and Brando. Set in a full-colour '50s world of macho sleaze, where five bikers descend on a small, sleepy Southern town and arouse the usual (incest, homosexuality, generation gap-confrontations), it's the perfect vehicle for Gordon who apparently CAN ACT. This may be because most of the action centres round spots he's always idolised: truck stops, cafes, motels. (People who liked Terence Malick's 'Badlands' love the Chandleresque moodiness of *Loveless,* where every shot could be an Edward Hopper painting).

Gordon also co-scored *Loveless* — with John Lurie of The Lounge Lizards. The result is that obscure '50s-style jazz battles it out on the soundtrack with authentic radio ads of the era.

Loveless was directed by one Doyle Smith — responsible for getting Gordon to call it quits with the quiff in favour of a short, frizzy, close-to-the-head cut almost West African style.

Beverly Hills

BAD VIBRATIONS

THREE MORAL TALES. Another sad legal chapter in the Brian Wilson-Beach Boys saga was filed at the end of March in Santa Monica, California. According to the *LA Times,* handsome drummer Dennis Wilson and his cousin Stanley Love (brother of Beach Boys singer Mike and their former manager Stephen) have agreed to abide by a 'mutual restraining order'; that means they are legally bound not to harass, molest or generally beat the shit out of one another.

A long feud peaked in a January incident when Dennis Wilson claims Stanley entered his house and beat him till he lost consciousness. While striking him with a telephone (!) demands were apparently made that the Beach Boys drop a law-suit against Love and his manager-brother over mishandling of funds.

Stanley has a different story. He claims he only pursued Dennis "to prevent (him) from providing cocaine and other dangerous drugs to my first cousin, Brian Wilson, with whom I am close as a brother."

Alleging that "Brian Wilson has spend in excess of $10,000 on cocaine within the last two months", Love stated that Dennis Wilson flaunted the use of heroin and cocaine "despite the fact that these drugs were severely damaging Brian Wilson's physical, psychological and mental health." On that note Stanley further claims that Brian's health has "deteriorated substantially within the last year".

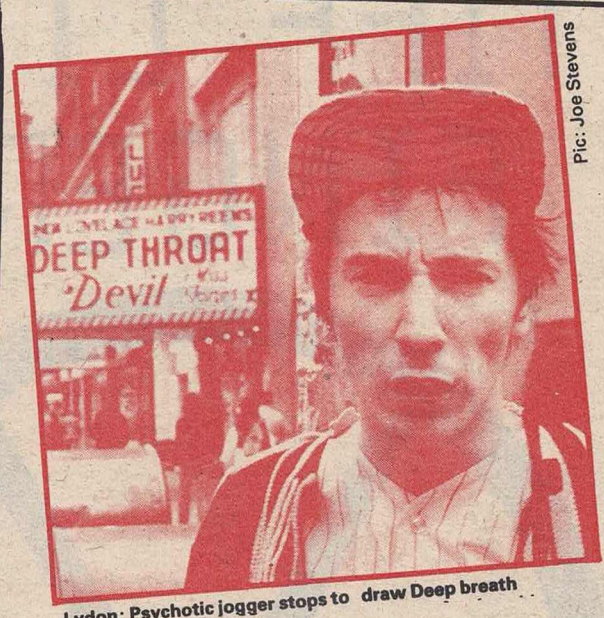
Despite Stanley's zealous care for Brian's welfare, Dennis Wilson stated he and the other Beach Boys now live "in constant fear of attack". (The court granted him an injunction to keep Stanley more than 100 yards from his home).

That other fun-loving guy, Blues Brother John Belushi, was in disgustingly deteriorated condition when they opened him up — according to the recent LA autopsy. The *Animal House* star had congested lungs, liver and spleen, a brain swelling and an enlarged heart. The coroner said Belushi's acute cocaine and heroin intoxication followed a four day binge of drugs and alcohol. He was 33.

Full marks then for life preservation to the Mississippi police dog who sniffed out cocaine in the car of country singer George Jones, former husband of Tammy Wynette. Stopped for a speeding ticket, Jones was also busted for public drunkenness. Well George, you may thank that dog yet.

Art Donovan

Belushi: Out for a big autopsy count



Pic: Joe Stevens

Lydon: Psychotic jogger stops to draw Deep breath

KEITEL KOs LYDON

JOHN LYDON makes his motion picture acting debut this week when he goes in front of the camera in New York City, for a film in which he will co-star with Harvey Keitel. Tentatively entitled *Psycho Jogger,* this is supposedly to be shot under the auspices of an Italian producer and director "from a screenplay of this book by an English guy". *NME* lensman Joe Stevens was belaboured with both introduction and details in Danceteria late t'other eve.

Lydon did spend a week or two of this year in Rome where he discussed the role of the "psychopathic killer" he's taken on. Mr Keitel, whose qualifications include a pimp in *Taxi Driver* and an Indian in Altman's *Buffalo Bill, etc,* has of course just opened with Jack Nicholson in *The Border.*

In the forthcoming opus, JL has a "brutal fight to the death" with Keitel in which *one* of them (nobody's telling) gets snuffed and John told Our Man that he's "been having nightmares ever since doing the screen test opposite Keitel". Apparently Harve gets right into his roles and nearly throttled his 'opponent'.

***Psycho Jogger* — working title — will be shooting in Central Park this week before switching to Rome for interior scenes. PiL have taken on the job of providing a score for the celluloid and one New York studio is already receiving deliveries of computer equipment by which the appropriate toons will be produced.**

All this is good news for PiL watchers, as it's been almost a year since the 'company's' one-off debacle at the Ritz.

Beverly Hills

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THE

PAUL MORLEY MEETS A BOY CALLED GEORGE — FORMER MODEL, BOW WOW WOW SINGER AND NOW FOUNDER OF A NEW MUSICAL EXPERIENCE, THE CULTURE CLUB. POSES: PENNIE SMITH

GEORGE ON . . . BITCHINESS

I AM A bitch yeah, but I'm not a bitch for the sake of being bitchy.

I'm not nasty! I don't think so anyway, I know I'm not vindictive. I just have a laugh. . .

I'm sure people slag me off! They always do. I've caught people talking about me loads of times. When Bow Wow Wow played St. Albans I heard a skinhead say to his mate, Oh that queer guy's going to come on for the encore, he looks a real state. And when you talk to some girls they try to be real clever, they say, Oh yes duckie, and I just rip them to shreds. It's so obvious to do that.

Y'know, I'm not a queer, not that sort of queer anyway. I'm as camp as you are, or as anyone is. I'm not camp in a gay sense. Do you think I am?

GEORGE ON . . . HIS APPEARANCE

OBVIOUSLY I'M into myself, but I'm not walking around just saying, Oh everybody look at me, look at me. I wear make-up and dress this way because it makes me look better. I'm not doing it to get people to stare at me. If I wanted to do that I could just put a pot on my head, wear a wedding dress and scream down the High Street. It's easy just to get attention.

That's what people think they're doing, just that, but that's a load of shit. People also think that if you look like this you're running away from something, and that's a load of rubbish as well. I'm not hiding. It's a long way from hiding. I really don't think that there's anything wrong with wanting to make yourself look as good as possible. I'm not just a person who wears make up. There is a lot more that goes into it.

I tell you, I really hate decadence. I hate risque people who go around with their tits hanging out, or people who try to have sex in public. I hate people who really think they're risque and daring.

GEORGE ON . . . STEVE STRANGE

I THINK Steve Strange could have been a lot more successful and respected if he'd just been a bit human about it all. People look at Steve Strange and the general opinion is that he's a prat, and they look at me and see that I wear make-up so they think I'm a prat as well. When I'm interviewed I'm always asked, Do you see yourself in comparison to Steve Strange? What do you say? I don't want to be rude about him. As far as I'm concerned he's doing what he wants to do and he's enjoying it and it's just nothing to do with me. He's there. He exists. So what?! It doesn't matter what anyone says to him or about him.

GEORGE ON . . . LAUGHTER

I BELIEVE you've got to have a sense of humour. So many people involved in like all of this don't have a sense of humour. I don't know how they can do what they do without laughing at themselves and saying it's a real joke. I do it all the time. I go home and look at myself in the mirror and laugh at myself. Sometimes I just go home and cry. I look at myself and think, you fucking wanker! When you're really pissed off it does yourself a lot of good to laugh at yourself. To think, what a prat. Pull all the shit off your face and just laugh. Sometimes I look at myself in the mirror and just talk to myself . . . *'should I compare you to a summer's day'* . . . hahahahaha!

"I'M JUST a peasant," The Boy George tells me, "I'm really quite ordinary, but I can also be quite exciting as well."

There is something lonely and unromantic about The Boy George: more than that there's a peculiar strength and excellence that sneaks up on you or into you, something arrogant and exasperating, and ultimately a beautiful, unconditional directness.

George doesn't ramble, he doesn't soft soap, and he doesn't make excuses. George says that he's probably apologised for something that he's said or done just twice in his life. The Boy has no time for stagey politeness, he's incredibly impatient, and he's convinced that a lively blessed honesty is something of more than passing importance.

His fast and funny conversation bites into the backs of snivelling sycophants and bores. Every sentence The Boy George utters or whips at you is framed by a disgusted snort or a delighted titter, or both. If he doesn't like you — and he'll make up his mind straight away — you'll feel his snap. George is shamelessly *common*, yet he talks a rare, formidable commonsense. If you want to get anything done you have to concentrate hard when you're talking with him. As soon as he spots the off-white lack of imagination of a fool he *snaps*.

I risk a snap.

What's your favourite sexual position, George?

The restless eyes react first, and then . . . "Cuddling, with all my clothes on. Embracing, that's my favourite sexual position. What's yours?"

I'm turning the spotlight on you George.

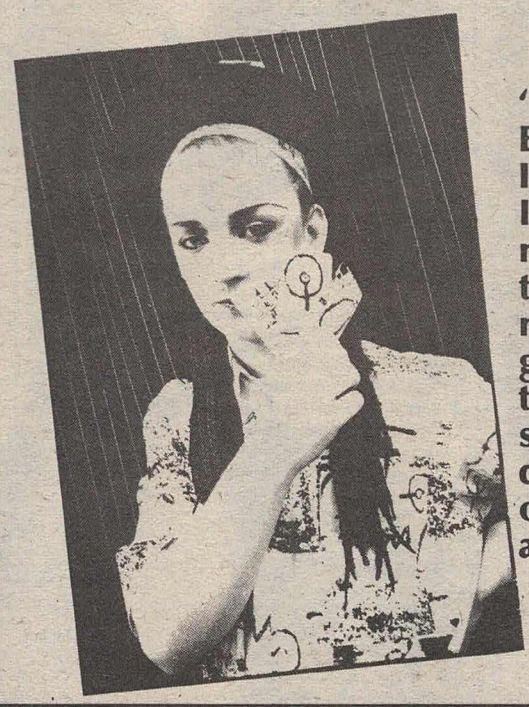
"Well, come on then. Ask some questions."

How honest are you going to be in this interview?

"I don't know. I might say something completely different in two days time; which is why it doesn't matter. I've got no illusions. I know that I haven't got a brilliant mind that needs to be poured onto the pages."

What did you want to be when you were a little boy?

"A little girl!!! That's a joke, by the way. I'm not a transvestite. Everyone thinks I am, but I'm not. I wear Y-fronts! I'm a man! I'm quite manly, actually. I don't think I'm as puffy as I'm made out to be. I'm not a gay or anything like that."



"I'm not a transvestite. Everyone thinks I am, but I'm not. I wear Y-fronts! I'm a man! I'm quite manly, actually. I don't think I'm as puffy as I'm made out to be. I'm not a gay or anything like that . . . People don't seem to want to hit me. I don't know why! They sort of look at me and say, Is it a geezer or a woman?"

BOY'S OWN CLUB

What do you feel about people who are hostile because of your appearance?

"I think it's really stupid. But people don't hassle me that much. People don't seem to want to hit me. I don't know why! They sort of look at me and say, Is it a geezer or a woman? And then they don't bother hitting you, they're like mesmerised. And you can shut people down when you've got the gab like me. Unless they're really insane, and then you just run away. Don't stay where you're not wanted."

The restaurant where we're sat taking afternoon tea is decorated with mirrors and plants: a bright sun streams through large windows. It all combines to enhance George's crisp, clean appearance. There is a thoughtful, delightfully unconventional practicality about the way Boy George compiles and measures his appearance: mingling and juxtaposing and layering to create an innocent, informative quality. Dramatically plucked eyebrows supply the only hard lines.

We meet to celebrate and consider Boy George's liberating new 'legitimacy'.

After smirking and lurking on the inside and outside of this, that and the other for the past few years — making a name for himself if only because the face didn't suit the name — George has ended up in a position where he will be smart, smack at the centre of a lot of attention.

He's going to be a pop singer: and for a number of valid reasons he's very capable of being very good.

With his customary cheerfulness he recalls a brief time he spent as guest singer with Bow Wow Wow.

"The first gig I did was at the Rainbow in front of loads of people and it was brilliant. I'd never been on a stage in my life before then and I really got turned on by it. Malcolm just gave me a hunger for it all. He made me really desperate to do it. I hadn't done anything ever apart from dress up and walk around getting pissed. I'd had my pictures in the paper but I was getting bored with the whole thing. I mean Malcolm really just used me to keep Annabella. I didn't realise that at the beginning . . . But I don't suppose I'd have got my band together if it hadn't have been for Malcolm.

I'd started the band before I met Malcolm but after a while I just couldn't be bothered. Once they threw me out of Bow Wow Wow I got really pissed off and first of all I just wanted revenge, and to be exactly like them but better. Just rip them off. Then I decided I had to do something of my own. Because I'm a good singer!"

George grins happily and serves up gallons of seedy, sordid Bow Wow Wow gossip. He's in his element. Yap, snap, titter, snort.

GEORGE ON . . . SCANDAL

I'M NOT A scandalous person. I would never ever sell my sex life to the papers. Everyone I've ever loved I'll love till I die! The people that I love, I wouldn't talk about them explicitly because there's no need. And most of the people I've been out with would be really embarrassed if it became known because they're considered to be really straight. Nobody's perfectly straight, you know. What a boring way to be if you're perfectly straight!

GEORGE ON . . . BOREDOM

IT'S BOREDOM that makes me still want to go out to clubs. Who wants to stay in? I go to bed sometimes and then get up to go out. I go to bed and I lie there and I think, hell I can't stand it, I'll get up and go out. I'll get drunk. I'm not going to get drunk to relieve myself in some way; I'm going out to get drunk so I'll fall asleep when I get back home. I lead a really silly life!

GEORGE ON . . . MONEY

WITH THE PUNK thing everyone was making impractical attacks on being rich or having money, y'know, but they all wanted to be rich. You have to be. I've got plenty of money, well, quite a lot. I'm not a millionaire or a thousandaire or anything. But I've got enough. And I worked for it, really hard, with the shop and modelling and everything. You can't just take things. I just want money so that I can be really irresponsible.

GEORGE ON . . . DAVID BOWIE

HE CAME down to Blitz, to get people for the 'Ashes' video, and he sent this girl down to get people who looked 'weird' and I was one of them y'know, and she said DB wants to see you upstairs! And I said, Who's that? And she whispered in my ear, David Bowie. And I just went, oh yeah. . .

I went upstairs and there was this table full of people just grinning blankly surrounded by stupid girls looking dead uncool. I don't know how he can stand it. He must think they're all a load of wankers . . . he must. It must really frighten him, he must have to treat the whole thing like a game of chess.

A lot of people want to be like David Bowie, they want to be David Bowie. I don't. I think he's had it really. I think he's great, brilliant, but he's just THERE like Harrods or Frank Sinatra. I wasn't asked to do the video. I'm pleased. I wouldn't have done it anyway.

"I'M STILL really childish," The Boy George tells me. "I've never really grown up. I think that's a good thing. I don't make things a problem for me."

Boy George's completely up-to-date group Culture Club release their first Virgin single next week: 'White Boy' is already causing a stir.

The Boy and his boys John Moss (drums-percussion), Roy Hay (guitars-keyboards-piano), Michael Craig (bass) have the best look of a pop group since Japan or The Fire Engines or D.A.F. or Stimulin, and their sweetly spiced, correctly sexed sound spins new shades and tints and blurs out into the current colour-motion.

Culture Club are a breeze: their advances are welcome, their caresses not vulgar. 'White Boy' sounds best when the sun is shining: it's a surprise to hear Boy George sound so lyrical.

George has not thought once about the general 'rock' barriers: he's not even reacting against them, like some of his precessors. The natural extension of the post-rock events is a . . . naturalness.

"We want to work at what we do, not analyse it, just get better. Culture Club are real amateurs and that's it for now . . . The whole idea of the group is to work at it and get better. There are things we want to learn . . . oh, fuck the music, I don't want to talk about music anyway."

Is it a career, so to speak?

"Well, that remains to be seen. It is a career in the sense that I've signed up for five years."

No!!!

"I have! But I'm happy about it."

It's ludicrous!

"I'm capable!"

What were you doing five years ago?

"I was living in suburbia. Look at me now!"

So where will you be in five years time? Back in suburbia?

"I won't. I've got a lot of go ahead. I have! I mean, listen, we didn't get a record deal just by sending photographs to Virgin. We actually did gigs and got shouted at and called queers. I think it's good how we've done it. We haven't said expect this, expect that, we've not claimed to be anything. So you get what you want out of it in the end. If you like it you like it. My little sister loves the record and that's all I'm interested in."

George titters, and looks for something else to talk about.

GEORGE ON . . . LOVE AND SEX

"I FALL IN love all the time. 24 hours a day. I fall in love with people for really silly reasons. I think people should fall in love a lot. It's great. Wonderful. I think it's good and healthy to be in love with people. I always go out with very nice people and I really love all of them. Not mentioning any names. . ."

What's the type of person you're likely to fall in love with?

"The lorry driver's mate . . . cos they're oppressed. I don't go out with people just for the sake of having sex. It's too messy to have people like that in your life. They always hang around you and never go away. People never go at 3a.m. after you've had sex with them. They just won't go away, will they? I used to do all that years ago. I thought I was fulfilling some need in me but I wasn't. Now, I just can't be bothered."

Did you lose your virginity to a boy?

"No, I did not! I went off with loads of girls at school. I used to be THE person to go out with at school, because I was such a puff. I did think I was David Bowie then. I had big hairy eyebrows. . ."

GEORGE ON . . . ANDY WARHOL, ALBERT EINSTEIN AND MARILYN MONROE

"I HATE ANDY Warhol. I really hate him. Malcolm's much funnier. Andy Warhol really takes himself seriously. It's just

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David Hemmings checks his lines on his shirt cuff in Beyond Reasonable Doubt

Beyond Reasonable Doubt

Directed by John Laing
Starring David Hemmings and John Hargreaves
(Enterprise)

BEYOND REASONABLE DOUBT is a film in which any resemblance of characters to persons living or dead is exactly intentional, and the names of the innocent and the guilty are named, not changed to protect.

With purposeful clarity it actually does dissolve the distinctions still observed by floundering reactionaries everywhere between 'theoretical discourse' and 'literature' (in this mode, between 'documentary' and 'feature film'); actually *does it* as opposed to just talking about it. It's a tenacious film which has *something to say.*

And successfully. Because as a result of the book by David Yallop, from which the screenplay was adapted, Arthur Allan Thomas, after serving nine years of a life sentence for a murder he did not commit, was finally pardoned and compensated financially for the interruption of his life in New Zealand. Not a hollow victory, but the best that could be done in the circumstances.

Thomas, a farmer, was fitted-up (FACT beyond reasonable doubt) by Inspector Bruce Hutton — played by a rotund, oily David Hemmings, now Blow*n* up, and in perfect shape for a Harold Wilson bio-pic — for reasons of vanity, vindictiveness and others which must remain mysterious. Hutton was cited, commended, honoured, and Thomas suffered through two trials and through six years of determined and fruitless legal appeals. His life was interrupted, his wife divorced and remarried.

Most of Thomas' family were involved in the production of this film, and the underlying sense of trauma is pervasively claustrophobic. The final sense is of magnificently coherent rage. Thomas — as played by John Hargreaves — is a naive victim in that he can't make any connections with Hutton's manouevres, can't possibly conceive that he is being framed.

Of central and engaging importance throughout is Hemmings' performance as the sadistic Hutton; a brilliant representation of the QUIET VIOLENCE of the bourgeoisie, against which Joe Orton, for another instance, raged spectacularly in his life in general and in *Loot* in particular.

This film's skills are not the deconstructive appreciation of absurdity which was Orton's Nietschean rage in laughter, but it does have, I hope, an effective lucidity in the increasingly desparate debate on the widening of police powers, and aginst the distracting murmurs of the lunatics for the restoration of capital punishment.

It protests enough, beyond reasonable doubt.

Mark Cordery

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THE FILMS OF
ORSON WELLES

AN APPRECIATION BY ANDY GILL

Banging on his old tin drum

Chris Bohn talks to Volker Schlondorff about Circle Of Deceit and The Tin Drum

THOUGH TWO DECADES separate the present from the '60s, that era's flowery idealism hasn't been forgotten entirely. Or, indeed, altogether wasted. Especially not in Germany, where certain soured idealists turned terrorist and carved the facile equation of youth unrest and radical violence across the face of their prosperous state.

However, the livid scars left by the Baader Meinhof gang haven't deterred those activists, and / or interested parties who stayed legit, from continuing a running reassessment of the German evils that promoted the terrorist reaction.

Film-maker Volker Schlondorff has always been an acute observer of the modern German sickness of action and over-reaction. Unlike most of his contemporaries — first, the witty film theorist Kluge and the arid experimentalist Straub, later Herzog, Wenders and Fassbinder — Schlondorff has invariably channelled his commentaries into the commercial mainstream. He has dealt with touchy themes like terrorism and '60s Kinder sobering up during the disillusioning '70s more directly — not to mention more obviously — than they.

Consequently he's scored box office successes with taboo topics like the yellow press treatment of terrorist sympathisers in *The Lost*

Volker Schlondorff *Pic: Peter Anderson*

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End of the Pia show

Butterfly

Directed by Matt Cimber
Starring Stacy Keach, Pia Zadora, Orson Welles and Edward Albert (New Realm)

JAMES M. CAIN was a genius of transfusion. Writing without shame in an accessible pulp format, he sawed through the shifting social strata of '30-'40s America with a distinctly individual X-rated vision. His short, sharp stories contained both Freud and dirty flintstone dialogue. His isolated characters represented not so much the American Dream as its backwoods unconscious.

Cain's — dare I say it — able merger of psychology and pruned narrative gave Hollywood a lot to tinker with: *The Postman Always Rings Twice, Double Indemnity, Mildred Pierce* were landmarks for *film noir* not just through the director's deployment of shadow lighting, for Cain had rethought how passion got spoke and its subjects splattered. Ironically, Cain himself was vaguely repulsed not just by Hollywood but movies in general, and only ever provided the raw material, failing whenever he tried to write directly for an art he secretly abhorred.

But he knew what he was doing when it came to sin, and the sinews of faithless speech. No stage directions prefaced his blasphemy — "with quotes around it would they be gargling it?" — and his stories still shock because transgression is timeless. And we *still* have grave difficulties getting the resonance of sex onto the screen. Ah, *Butterfly*. . .

Butterfly is a great film to go to if you haven't read Cain's book — *The* Butterfly — because the narrative and its fuse of suggestions are a devil's delight.

Director Cimber and screenwriter John Goff have shifted the scandal from Kentucky to Nevada, simplified some of the structural course, but overall remain stuffily faithful to the original text: A decade or so after his marriage split, honest and God fearin' Jess Tyler — who lives alone with pious thoughts and a farmyard to tend — is confronted with a pushy, pouting young girl/woman who claims to be his daughter Kady.

The tension in the tale is the possibility of incest, although the plot develops outrageous twists, and turns into a classic of its kind. That is, the kind where at one penultimate moment your vision is cluttered with so many kin and blood-bonds and lies and dusty skeletons that it's perfectly plausible the goat in the backyard was the father of the twice-removed nephew who started all this fuss.

This is what makes *Butterfly* smart, but it's also what seems to have poleaxed Cimber; like the distressed Tyler, he wavers between solemn sensual pangs and a highly nervous laugh.

The patches of moody desolation break off into high farce, largely with the help of a ludicrous (and of course irresistible) cameo from Orson Welles as the red-faced parish judge. But seeing as *The Butterfly* is all about law and contract — symbolic and legal taboos — the courtroom scenes are hardly the place for cheap gags.

Pia Zadora as Kady — or, given the feeling one receives from *Butterfly's* media build-up, Kady as showcase for Pia Zadora — is adequately languid, but thoroughly one-dimensional. She sashays well in moth-eaten skirts, but from my privileged critical position I will just hint that Natassia Kinski in Schrader's *Cat People* alludes to the tightrope of adolescent sexuality far, far better.

Stacy Keach, though, is great. As with Nicholson in *The Border*, he's wasted on a ragbag — and, like Jack's Charlie Smith, plays this one so low you're frightened he'll be swallowed up whole by one of his own supressed tremors, rather than by the temptation that should surround him.

Keach's bruised presence summons up the demons Cain had playing about his disgraceful little mind. *Butterly* could have been an aetheist's Godsend of humid gaze and trapdoor gambit — soap opera as a chess game of lurid symbolic value. As it is, it's only inadvertently entertaining.

Ian Penman

Stacy Keach and his hat, two of the few things worth bothering about in Butterfly

Orson tart: Mr Welles and Ms Zadova

The Gods Must Be Crazy

Directed by Jamie Uys
Starring Xao, Marius Weyers, Sandra Prinsloo and Michael Thys (New Realm)

THE GODS Must Be Crazy is the first fruit of a new business deal in which we send South Africa over-the-hill cricketers and they send us the inept, half-assed products of their moribund film industry.

Given a year or two, the cinemas of Britain could be swamped with curious accents and "comical" blacks — but then, we might be rid of cricket once and for all. Have to take the rough with the smooth, I suppose.

TGMBC is a "family film" — i.e. it's dumb enough to satisfy both your parents and your baby brother — which mixes leaden wild-life travelogue with slapstick of the crassest kind. Basically, any object in a hurry, be it man, beast or jeep, is speeded-up in imitation of old silent movies. As there are rather a lot of running men, charging beasts and runaway jeeps, this gets to be more than a little tiresome after the first fifteen minutes.

The plot, a tale of innocence abroad, revolves around the antics of a Kalahari bushman, Xi (Xao), travelling to the edge of the earth to throw off an empty Coke bottle (which has brought misfortune on his tribe) and encountering civilisation along the way, if white South Africans can be thought of as answering to that description.

To trace the threads of racism running through the film would take up an entire issue of *Screen*, but the general ratio of silly-comic whites to blacks is of the order of one to infinity — why, even the black terrorists are comforting cartoons, bungling naughty silly-billies, and the one funny white man is actually studying for his PhD . . .

Bloody horrible . . .

Andy Gill

***Honour Of Katherine Blum*, and the Nazi period in *The Tin Drum*. They were both assured adaptations of Germany's most notorious novelists Heinrich Boll and Gunter Grass, who share Schlondorff's concerns and obsessions.**

In his latest film *Circle Of Deceit* Schlondorff acknowledges the paradox of a committed observer working in a commercial medium by focusing on a war correspondent Georg Laschen (Bruno Ganz), who suffers severe self-doubts about a journalist's ability to convey any truth from the front — in this case the civil war in Beirut, Lebanon.

Over here to promote the film, Schlondorff comments on the contradictions inherent in both his own profession and Laschen's thus:

"I am aware of the inhibitions of commercial cinema and I assume the responsibility for them." He laughs. "Nevertheless, I still believe that these forms are not so worn out that it's impossible to work within them.

"I think you can use film or journalism, all the means you want, to express yourself. But, of course, you must be aware of certain inner distortions within the medium you're dealing with. Otherwise you'll end up as paralysed as Laschen, sitting in his car, not getting out. That's the end of expressing yourself. He's at a dead end, almost dead ..."

LASCHEN MOVES through Beirut's shattered streets like a ghost, trying to feel again, but without much success despite all the pain around him. He finds journalese an inadequate language for conveying the truth of the war. His fellow writers, however, have no such scruples; watching the war from the bar of a surviving palace of a hotel, they easily churn out the required body counts laced with lurid description.

Perhaps Lashen is in the wrong job. Schlondorff thinks otherwise.

"I would like to read his articles, actually. They would be a lot more interesting than the stuff written without his scruples or difficulties. I mean, I appreciate his refusal of facility. He knows he can sit down and write anything, and that's why he mistrusts himself so much. I think it's honourable for a journalist to have these self-doubts. I don't think this speaks against journalism."

Except he's presented as the exception, not the rule.

"Yes," smiles Schlondorff.

Given the hostile treatment he was dealt by the German Springer press empire, which labelled him a terrorist sympathiser after *Katherine Blum*, his mistrust of the medium wouldn't be surprising. Whatever, this doesn't really explain Laschen's crippling internal criticism. If *Circle Of Deceit* has one flaw — I counted two actually — it offers no real clue as to the source of Laschen's despair.

Schlondorff belatedly provides a key:

"Now, Laschen belongs to the generation which, like myself, in the late '60s thought a lot of things were going to change and we were going to change them, and all that. Now 20 years on you realise nothing such is happening at all and most efforts were in vain. So how can you go on living and working without becoming a cynic? This is something Laschen is refusing. He'd rather expose himself to danger, make himself more

■ *continues over*

Circle Of Deceit: Bruno Ganz joins the Lebanon generation

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VOLKER

■ from previous page

and more vulnerable ..."

Though it's set in the Middle East, it doesn't contradict Schlondorff's claim to be the maker of specifically German films. Laschen's doubts, he says smiling, are European intellectual, if not specifically German.

Another Schlondorff speculation suggested a sequel to *The Tin Drum*. Will there be a *Tin Drum 11*?

"That's very serious," he laughs. "The novel has three parts and we only took the one section ending in '45. The novel goes on to '56 at least. We stopped the film when Oscar" (the wily child / dwarf at its centre) "all of a sudden gets older by 10 years. Another of his miracles. We didn't want to achieve the transformation in make-up, so I said to David Bennent, the 12 year old who played Oscar, 'Let's wait for 10 years.'

"It's a kind of moral commitment between David, Gunter Grass and myself, but we shall have to wait and see if we're still around. But as I was born in '39, the years between '45 and the early '60s covered by the novel are a period I can relate to."

With the current interest in '50s Germany — c.f. Fassbinder's *Maria Braun* and *Lola* — it would appear that the time is right now. Too right, concurs Schlondorff.

"The '50s are in, which is another reason why I don't want to go immediately with it.

"Anyway," he says, "We didn't want to make a sequel after a success. We're always looking for difficulties. Or else we wouldn't go to Beirut to make a film!"

The World Of Gilbert And George

Directed by and starring Gilbert and George (Arts Council)

GILBERT AND George's visual autobiography is pleasing to the eye and, thank God, professional with it. Taking the present as epitome of their long time devotion to living (as) Art, it is both diary and documentary. And, following their vector, their world is by extension their dilapidated East End locale, postcard London and politically itinerant Great Britain.

In some quarters — even the more liberal Leftish outposts of our cultural press — this *World* has been evaluated as index, even apotheosis, of Brittanica's 'New Right'; this is a loud and rather meaningless shield to protect uneasiness over the duo's coy, clever and ultimately critical web of allusions and ellipses and densities.

It *is* a political film — perhaps as implicitly political an operation of personalised art I have seen recently.

Gilbert and George's experience as Art world professionals benefits the film; it is very well made, bound both by their self-confessed glorification of Art ideology, and a respect for the movie medium ... it pays unabashed, extremely sensual, near-religious respect to the viewer's eye.

They make icons of the everyday, whether it is a rainy drab London alley or their own hourly minutiae mixed into a halting comedy of manners. They don't deny what they term "highmindedness" — but then again, such terms are a part of a high-cultural game they admit anything can be read into. It is this frank and funny avoidance of definition that many obviously find offputting.

G & G find aesthetics in everything — "the richness and fabric of our world" — in all Political emblems and postures, and find some kind of miniature politics in the texture and tone of the most prosiac instance: their own linguistic and sensual sketches; interviews with passerbys in Spitalfields; views and inversions of the outside world.

The interviews are especially revealing — East End tough guys (that 'New Right') reduced to silly grins, embarrassed silence and chatty admission. Because G & G let these 'dead end kids' speak for themselves, and don't plaster them with condescending middle class labels, it is automatically a show of sympathy with the Right? Poppycock.

At the height of the flightiness, they intrude with their own drinking views, Gilbert's voice awkwardly European, George's mockingly aristocratic: "This is a lot of bloody bollocks . . . He's just a silly old queen!"

They compose tender loving odes to drink and drunkenness, to sham and shabbiness. Whatever else they are, they are not indifferent — their 'art' is that they have decided to love (and code) the world and all the contradictions in it.

If the ambiguity of the reflection paralyses, it only does so to worldviews where everything has to be resolved, explicitly stated. Object to their preciousness if you will, but think twice before getting ideological.

Ian Penman

Papa Three Card in Countryman: "You better obey the obeah man!" "Who do?" "Voodoo!"

Mild in the country

Countryman

Directed by Dickie Jobson
Starring Countryman, Carl Bradshaw and Hiram Keller (Island)

THE JAMAICAN reggae film comes rather too gracefully of age with *Countryman*.

Maybe displacing the trenchtown rowdyism of *Rockers* with a smoother palette of baking beaches and idyllic communion with nature by the eponymous hero grooms a path to the pockets of orthodox moviegoers (whoever *they* are); or maybe I'm just slumming in a celluloid skidrow snobbery, but I didn't chuckle overmuch at the film. As adventure or drama it definitely misses the beat.

That the story's improbable — CIA man and girlfriend crash on illicit flight over coast, mystical fisherman Countryman rescues them, keeps them hidden and outwits gormless security force in helping them escape — isn't a problem in an area where niceties like plot credibility run a sloppy second to characterful exaggeration and a way of life where troubled minds are unloosed by the 'erb.

Alas for a director's pretensions, then, as Dickie Jobson tries to drag his project into a finer art. This is not achieved, as I would say, by the moon forever peering enigmatically from behind clouds of silent confrontations where the whites of the eyes are meant to speak volumes.

In a film photographed in such brilliant colours, the artless playing is shown up for unintended scrutiny and found wanting. Countryman himself undermines proceedings still further by refusing to take much of it very seriously — the price tag on naturalism, maybe. I would guess his triumphal grin at the close of a ludicrous kung fu episode where a surly crew of heavies are gymnastically routed is one we're intended to share.

I don't like to be negative. I just wonder what sort of film this is meant to be — location melopic spiced with a touch of voodoo (yes) and a cartload of air-that-I-breathe philosophising, or moralistic parable of police politics outdone by the honest joe? Ah, now that's an old, old story in the movies.

Excellent score, though, if a bit obvious at points. Marley's 'Three O'Clock Road Block' accompanies . . . a road block? You don't say.

Richard Cook

What happened to him should happen to you!

Private Lessons

Starring
SYLVIA KRISTEL
HOWARD HESSEMAN
ERIC BROWN
Produced by R. BEN EFRAIM
Executive Producers
JACK BARRY & DAN ENRIGHT
Based on the novel "PHILLY" by DAN GREENBURG
Co-Executive Producer IRVING OSHMAN
Screenplay by DAN GREENBURG
Directed by ALAN MYERSON
Music Performed by
ROD STEWART
ERIC CLAPTON
EARTH, WIND AND FIRE
AIR SUPPLY
and many others
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EALING ABC 567 1333
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Monty Smith squares up to the small screen

Friday April 30

Leo The Last (Directed by John Boorman 1969). Beneath the self-consciously arty sheen there beats a heart of pure . . . artifice, actually. Because it's extremely difficult to take seriously the funny-sad exploits of a jaded Italian aristocrat (played by jaded Italian Marcello Mastroianni) in a Notting Hill that's suspiciously similar to Antonioni's *Blow Up* Brixton — "Everything's so *surreal*, man!" Brilliant photography, though, by Peter Suschitsky. **(BBC1)**

College (James W. Horne 1927). Even though it's not exactly *The Navigator*, and certainly not *The General*, this (newly restored) Buster Keaton feature is still stuffed with enough comic invention to ensure the best set of (silent) belly laughs since the Beeb's estimable Harold Lloyd season at the turn of the year. **(BBC2)**

Saturday May 1

The Last Of Sheila (Herbert Ross 1973). Big, bitchy star-cast whodunnit, a would-be pastiche of Dame Agatha's ponderous style, here jazzed-up into all-American in-joking. Suspects include James Coburn, Dyan Cannon, Raquel Welch and Richard Benjamin, but the most curious revelation comes with the identification of the scriptwriters: Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins. **(ITV network)**

The Lady From Shanghai (Orson Welles 1948). Mesmerising thriller, shot and cut with scant regard for the banal tastes of the literalists. Welles himself is the wayward hero, his then wife Rita Hayward the object of his affectations. Try to watch it sober. **(BBC2)**

Sunday May 2

Macbeth (Orson Welles 1948). Never the Thane shall meet such a bastard interpretation. More fun than Polanski's bloodbath, that's for sure, but the cardboard sets are as hard to take as the weird Scottish accents. **(BBC2)**

Monday May 3

The Disorderly Orderly (Frank Tashlin 1964). Manic slapstick as Jerry Lewis runs completely amuck in a viciously cartoon-like comedy from ex-animator Tashlin. **(BBC1)**

Nicholas And Alexandra (Franklin J. Schaffner 1971). Manager Nick Rasputin's desperate battle against re-election at Crewe. Actually, this film is so long and so boring you could fit *two* Arsenal-Leeds 0-0 draws into it and still come out with three hefty minutes to play with. Quite enough time for Liverpool to sneak nine more championship points. **(BBC2)**

The Big Bus (James Frawley 1976). Intermittently hilarious disaster-movie pastiche, not as anarchic as *Airplane!* but frequently as funny. Joseph Bologna and John Beck are the co-drivers of the world's first nuclear bus, and the accident-prone passengers include Richard Mulligan, Sally Kellerman, Ruth Gordon, Richard B. Shull, Lynn Redgrave and, as the excruciatingly banal cocktail pianist, Murphy Dunne. **(BBC1)**

Monty Smith sorts out circuit releases

The Border (Tony Richardson). Illegal immigrant trafficking along the Tex-Mex border is played off against the serio-comic soap opera of Jack Nicholson's existence in a duplex 'dream house' stuffed to bursting point with wife Valerie Perrine's superfluous acquisitions. Sociological critique takes a back seat to rousing romantic melodrama, and Nicholson's in top form. **(UIP)**

The Gods Must Be Crazy (Jamie Uys). South African slapstick? Could there exist such a possibility? Reviewed this week. **(New Realm)**

Reds (Warren Beatty). John Reed, the first American Communist to come out of the closet, and his *Ten Days That Shook The World* reduced to three and a half hours of Hollywood romance, done with enough panache to appease the Manhattan liberals. **(UIP)**

Sharky's Machine (Burt Reynolds). Vigorous vice squad thriller that handles its careworn corruption theme with commendable brashness. Mr Reynolds is a credit to his professions on both sides of the camera, and there's the bonus of some very funny buddy-buddy stuff from Brian Keith, Charles Durning and Bernie Casey. **(Warner Bros)**

Victor Victoria (Balke Edwards). Julie Andrews is remarkably convincing as the transvestite toast of Paris in the '30s in an elegant farce that is further bolstered by strong comic performances from James Garner (his features frozen somewhere between a sneer and a leer), Robert Preston (relishing the vulgarities of his "old queen" role) and Lesley Ann Warren (who manages a fair impersonation of Judy Holliday's brassy Brooklynese blonde). Lots of gags, verbal and visual. **(UIP)**

BOOK NOW — THERE'S NOT MUSHROOM LEFT

THROUGHOUT MAY London's ICA is running a short season of atomic age melodramas under the less than appetising title 'Nukes In May'. Nothing unusual in that, you may think: the usual clutch of crummy B features flung together under a 'hey wow' heading.

Think again, film fan! Because four of the five films really are very good and, even more exceptionally, in an adventurous piece of programming the ICA are showing them in their Children's Cinema. It's sound thinking, since these are the kind of clearly delineated, vividly drawn movies which live long in the youthful memory. They're being shown on Saturdays and Sundays at 3pm and this is the line-up:

May 1 and 2

The Bedford Incident (Directed by James B. Harris 1965). Richard Widmark's the martinet in charge of an American destroyer playing cat-and-mouse with an eerily anonymous Soviet submarine, Sidney Poitier the goody-goody journalist horrified by the risks being taken. Directed with clinical efficiency by Harris, a long-time associate of Stanley Kubrick.

May 8 and 9

Damnation Alley (Jack Smight 1977). Horribly crude — full of completely unconvincing mutant creatures and clumsy process shots in garish colour — but undeniably entertaining post-holocaust rubbish, George Peppard leading the handful of survivors across the American wasteland.

May 15 and 16

The Most Dangerous Man Alive (Allan Dwan 1961). Nuclear experiment goes wrong — quelle surprise! — so Ron Randell is turned into a gigantic iron. Sorry, gigantic iron man (damn these typos) who wreaks suitable revenge on society (ie he bashes it up).

May 22 and 23

The Day The Earth Caught Fire (Val Guest 1961). Now this is what I call realistic: Edward Judd and his *Daily Express* colleagues save the world — in between Fleet St watering hole sessions — from plunging into the sun. Terrific suspense (will William Hickey buy a round?) and excellent Wolf Mankiewicz script. A great British film.

May 29 and 30

Them! (Gordon Douglas 1954). Giant ants gobble up America. One of the finest B-features ever made, with entirely credible suspense and special effects (in black and white) that have no need to hang their mandibles in shame.

Monty Smith

PS West End releases are the reward for two recent revivals originally consigned to smaller London venues. Joseph Mankiewicz's musical **Guys And Dolls** (starring Marlon Brando and Frank Sinatra) is now at the Film Centre, Charing Cross Road and William Wyler's **The Little Foxes** (starring Bette Davis) is now playing on a double bill with **Wuthering Heights** (Laurence Olivier as Heathcliffe) at the Sherlock Holmes Centa, Baker St. Personally, I put down the success of these films to Ian Penman's astonishingly acute appraisals in these very pages (cont. p73 of *Liars Du Cinema*)

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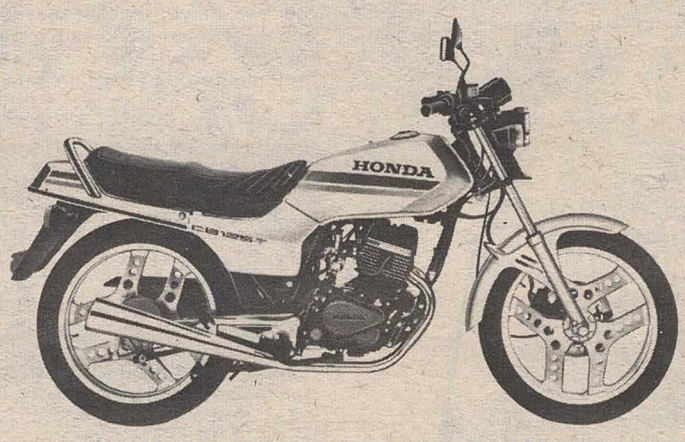

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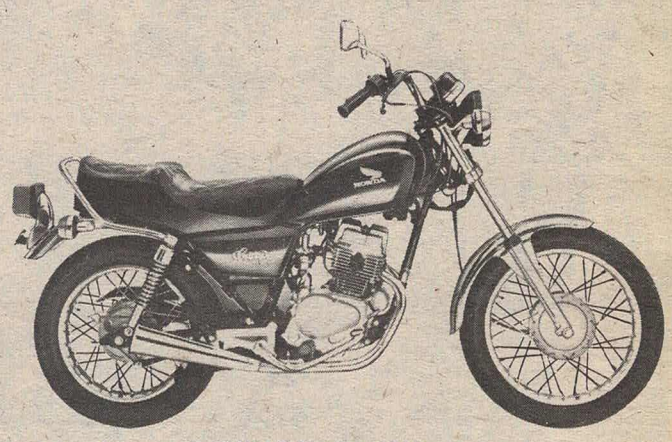

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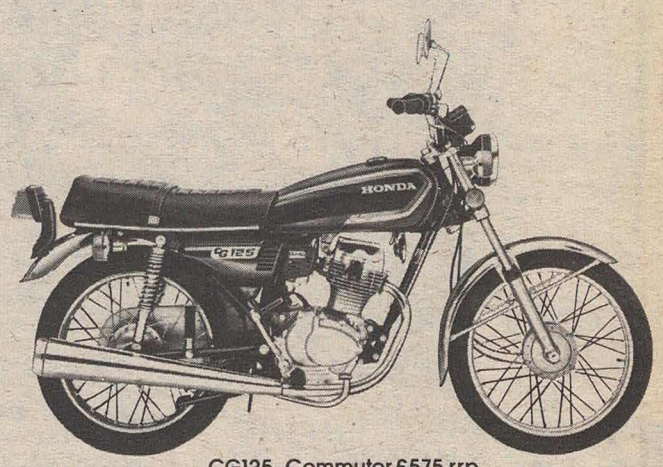

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by gavin martin

MADNESS

MIRTH, MAYHEM AND MANIAC

B-B-B-BAAEEUUUUGH! He'd been trying to fool himself that he was made of stronger stuff, but for the journalist the moment of truth had come.

It came in a cold sweat, a green face and clenched teeth. He fought to hold it down then he gulped, realising the only place it could go was back into the churning pit of his stomach. Well, if you've ever even thought of trying to swallow a mouthful of regurgitated aeroplane food you'll know that the very idea sets the technicolour tidal wave in motion.

So there was no stopping the evidence that two nights on the town drinking cheap gut-rot vodka with bits and fits of Madness had been all too much and it came spraying out between the teeth and through the fingers all over the coach and the journalist's new, clean trousers.

It's when something like that happens you know that you've had a good time and you try to remember: the clubs, the false noses, the crazy dancing, the joy of release, the jokes — visual, literal and practical. And you ask yourself, where were we? Why were we there?

WE'LL START AT the beginning. Madness are in Spain to work and have a holiday. They aren't particularly big in Spain so rather than waste time banging their heads against the touring slog they line up a few press and radio interviews and a four song TV appearance. Remembering what happened last time, they find it hard to take the whole thing completely seriously.

Suggs: "We were playing this club and five minutes before we were due to go on they produced a synthesizer instead of a piano. They couldn't speak English and we couldn't speak Spanish — all we could do was make wind noises and fart noises on this bleedin' synthesizer.

"We went on and it was an absolute shambles. I mean it's good to take the message abroad and all that but you can only do so much of it. You can become really anonymous if you start touring round Europe and doing this every night would dull the brain. Anyway, it's true you can get through to more people by doing TV."

On our first night out we're brought to a club where a radio interview is meant to be broadcast but is later cancelled due to technical problems. Instead a Spanish DJ (anyone with the slightest connection with the music world in Spain is, it seems, a DJ) who has written books on visits to Spain by The Rolling Stones and The Beatles — something like Ray Connolly in a sombrero — is presented with an award for services rendered. The DJ is evidently regarded as a wit (one imagines he'd have to be to write a book on Spanish influences on the Stones and The Beatles). After several chortles the epilogue to his acceptance speech is greeted with whopping hollers and massed cheers.

Bassist Mark Bedford, the group's youngest member, guesses the English translation: "He's just announced that Spain have declared war on England."

Saxophonist Lee Thompson spots his cue and he's up onto the podium, shaking the DJ — a gangling Woody Allen lookalike with long strands of wiry hair brushed back from his receding forehead — by the hand, slapping him on the back and grinning for all the flashbulbs.

Why are Madness here? Madness are here to have fun, defy conformity and get noticed.

Madness may not be performing *as such* in Spain but really they're naturals, so every moment of the day there's some ludicrous scheme being hatched — the same explosive mixture of energy and interplay of character that produces their judicious pop music and entertaining videos.

Take El Tommo, f'rinstance. The last time I was around Madness he was being touted as some sort of reclusive figure, a mystery man. At the time, maybe, but like the rest of Madness will agree their new sensible approach to touring — a few selected dates rather than a nationwide tour — has done them all a power of good. In Spain, away from the pushbike, North London greaseball cafes and his video, Lee finds himself at the side of the disco floor with a false nose and a straw boater, so he takes his position and gets ready to take over.

Onto the dancefloor he goes, one hand on his stomach and the other arm outstretched, mock-Travolta style, but the dance is a bit different. Head out, chest in and arse out, he goes into a doodley squat duck-dance then, clicking his fingers flamenco style, he sidles around the ladies. From one end of the dancefloor to the other, we all take it in turns to don the nose and take part in the dance relay.

Carl Smythe, aka Chas Smash, the most successful stage invader in pop music history, lets me into a secret: "I never went near a dancefloor until I was 17; I was always shit scared and nervous. I still find it really hard to dance but when you've had a few bevvies you have to move about, don't you?"

But tonight Lee Thompson is the star of the show, closely followed by Anton Corbijn who takes the place of Mike Barson in a photo session for a big Spanish daily. Back at the hotel Thompson drunkenly berates The Co Co Brothers (Chas and Suggs) from behind their locked door begging for clemency and demanding that the door be opened. "Fucking hell, I don't remember any of it," he tells me the next day. The banging on the door goes on for a considerable time, it's only when combined with a strange scratching sound that Chas finally relents and opens the door.

Once inside, Tommo locks himself in the bathroom singing at the top of his voice. Not a man who likes to be woken at 4 o'clock in the morning, guitarist Chris Foreman takes drastic action and breaks the door down and hauls Tommo off to bed.

It was just one of those nights.

The next day the group pay out a total of £120 for damage to two doors and Thompson joins me in taking the temperance pledge; Hail Marys rather than bloody marys from here on in.

"It's totally out of character I assure you," he tells me, perhaps not too convincingly.

Still he insists that times have changed since Madness were only a partyband, their ambitions frustrated. Now Thompson, who took up playing the saxophone at 16, spellbound by the weirdness of the Kilburns, the wonder of Roxy Music and the brashness of early Motown, can take his place alongside his heroes like Davey Payne and Andy MacKay. It's one of the many diverse strands that make up the maverick animation of Madness.

"I think we've all mellowed out a lot more. What's given me the most pleasure in this group is that I'm a lot more peaceful now that I've been around the world. Before I could never really get on with people, and if someone disagreed with me I couldn't hold an argument because I wouldn't be able to express myself, so I'd just blow my top. But now I can control it a lot better."

MADNESS HAVE been written about oddly, comprehensively, incisively, boringly and imaginatively. There doesn't seem much point in breaking down their history, examining and defining them any longer.

To bring it up to date — Madness are three LPs old, and they've just released their first Greatest Hits along with a compilation of their videos. They've also made a feature film, admittedly not a particularly entertaining one. But together, it still comprises an impressive body of work, more evidence of their determination and energy while so many of their counterparts — Selecter, The Specials and the original Dexys Midnight Runners — have fallen apart.

Their last LP 'Seven' sold less than expected, but the follow-up single 'It Must Be Love' demonstrated that their spontaneity and insight is still vibrant and alive. They've reached a stage where their patter, humour and concern give a bird's eye view of this eccentric and endearing isle but serves many more serious, funny and entertaining functions than most of the glib throwaway pap that fills the national chart or the dour social-worker polemic in the independent listings.

Their videos have the same surreal inventiveness of some of the best animators; the mayhem beneath a facade of day-to-day normality illustrates the roots of their humour — from Music Hall, through Ealing comedy and the wit and irony of the best '60s Brit pop writers. Yet there's still simple reality inherent, a similar understanding that you get from reading George Orwell — nothing explicit, everything is absorbed and organised into an entertaining whole.

Madness aren't slaves to any specific tradition but they are the result of many. I like them a lot because whatever they do they do it with an eye for detail and an ear to the ground, and produce something that is rarely less than uplifting and exuberant.

SPANISH RADIO stations are weird; few consist of more than a simple school-desk with a few microphones on top. At the desk there is a DJ, and in a small control room someone else cues up the records. The last time Lee was here he arrived tired and confused, confounded by a Spanish girl who kept phoning in to make animal noises over the air.

This time there's a budding Sacha Distel who intermittently interrupts the phone-in to whisper an out-of-tune song over the air. So naturally Chas, Suggs, Chris and Mark find it hard to take it all seriously.

Caller: "Hello, my name is Adolfo. In England I am hearing your song 'It Must Be Love' but in Spain I buy your latest LP 'Seven' and the song is not on the LP."

Chris: "It's not on the LP in England either. So don't worry about it, man. Next caller please."

Suggs: "Do you like the song, Adolfo?"

Adolfo: "Of course I like it, not only that but all your songs."

Chas: "What do you do when you listen to Madness?"

Adolfo: "I must move."

Chas: "I hope you get a girl to move to, Adolfo. Thank you, next caller please."

Caller: "Hello, my name is Augustine."

Chas: "I see what you mean Augustine, how did you learn to speak English?"

Augustine: "I deal with American people many times."

Chas: "That's OK, as long as you clean yourself up afterwards."

Augustine: "I've been to England . . ."

Chris: "And you went to the Electric Ballroom and got beaten up, don't worry it's a common problem."

Augustine: "What about the music in England? You like the punks?"

Chris: "The punks are OK, I wouldn't let my daughter marry one, but they're OK."

Augustine: "I was talking to some German punks last week, they went to London . . ."

Chris: "And they got beaten up in the Electric Ballroom."

Chas: "We are recording our next LP in Madrid, it's going to be totally in Spanish."

Augustine: "Really? That is very good. You know there are many people who are very good to singing in Spain."

Suggs: "Next caller please."

Chris: "What's your favourite record of all time?"

Augustine: "I like a lot of the German punk bands."

Chris: "Well, I'm sorry we don't have any of their records here because we smashed them all."

OLÉ

CS IN MADRID

photos anton corbijn

Caller: "Do you like Sting?"

Chas: "Well, he's got quite a nice body, flaunts it, flaunts it mind you but he's a nice boy."

Caller: "What do you think of Peter Townshend?"

Chas: "He's always out on the clubs, enjoys a drop of vino, a regular piss artist."

Caller: "What are you going to do next?"

Chas: "We're gonna concentrate on something. No, first we're really going to concentrate, then we're going to do something."

Caller: "Are you happy with mod or happy with ska?"

Chas: "We used to be mods, we've just gone through the rockabilly phase and now we're going . . . we're just going."

Chris: "Nah, we're just gone. Solid gone."

CHRIS FOREMAN is a Madness founder member along with Lee and Mike. He's the oldest person in the band and he has a six-year-old son. He also does a lot of the financial work in Madness. Tell us something about the rest of the group, Chris.

"Well, someone asked me if we work hard and I told him there's seven of us, we share all the work. It's Woody's job to do most of the sleeping."

Woody: "It's true. I didn't even know we were coming to Madrid until yesterday. I just go to sleep, someone wakes me up and I go along."

Mike Barson, the group's lofty keyboard player, comes to Spain with his wife. He seems to be a lot quieter than the others.

Chris: "Mike's my best friend in the band. He can be a bit too blunt with people if he doesn't like them at first. I can't figure out quite what it is with him but he's basically easy going and good natured."

Over dinner Mike tells a joke: "Why do farts smell, Woody?"

"For the benefit of the deaf," replies Woody, and then he orders a few drinks. "Can I have a half of lager, followed by a quart of whisky, some nitro-glycerine and a tin of brake fluid, just to slow me down a bit."

"Come on, let's get it into the culture, does anyone know any Spanish jokes?" asks Chas.

"Yeah, our last record only sold three copies," replies Chris.

Apart from Lee, who you've already met and Chas and Suggs, who you're going to meet, the other member of Madness is Mark Bedford. As well as playing bass for Madness, he's done some production work — early material for 23 Skidoo and more recently a new group called Bonzai Forest.

"We were going to use the geezer out of 23 Skidoo on percussion on the last tour and girl singers as well, but it was all thought of at the last minute so it didn't come together. But it's something we hope to do in the future, keep expanding.

"As far as production is concerned, the whole thing fascinates me really, especially coming out of Britain, because I think with records like ABC, Dollar and even that new Bucks Fizz song, Britain's got what must be the best producers in the world."

I GO UP and down and all around the town with Chas and Suggs, smoking, dancing, meeting Heaven 17 in a local disco, blagging umpteen free drinks (holiday tip — should you ever be in Spain at the same time as a famous English group you should be able to get as drunk as a lord for nothing. We met two guys who'd had a free night out by telling DJs that they were from the soon to be in Madrid Theatre of Hate).

The next day I come to their hotel room, to find them in a friendly, reflective mood. They have calmed down in their extra curricular activities: a year or so ago they were doing a lot of speed but now they eschew its usage. These days Carl reads Tolkein and watches what he eats. There's talk of them doing an advert in Britain like they did in Japan for Honda cars.

"I'll have to think carefully about it," he jokes. "I might get into Buddha in a few years and I don't want any karma like that hanging round my neck."

A proud Irish passport holder, the weekend before going to Spain, Chas had been in the West End when an Orange procession protesting against Pope John Paul's British visit came by.

"The place was crowded with police so I had to find an empty corner and wait 'till they came into view. I shouted *Fenians!* and then ran like hell."

Chas and Suggs are the public face of Madness, sometimes called The Co Co Brothers — a modern day version of Flanagan and Allen brought up on Spaceage fiction and comic psychedelia. For such young guys they've handled their success level-headedly, and it's refreshing to see that people who genuinely deserve to survive in the music business can still do so.

Everyone in the group places a great emphasis on spontaneity as the crucial factor in all areas of your work. Is it something that is still easy to achieve?

Chas: "Sometimes, but not if it's expected of me. Like sometimes I'll meet old friends and they'll introduce me to someone and say this is the one who does the nutty dances in Madness and they half expect you to do a little dance and I sort of think — should I or shouldn't I? Would I have done it six months ago? But, fuck it, I think you can think too much about a lot of things."

What gives you the most pleasure out of being in Madness?

"Shit, where do you start? The music, my friends, everything. We really enjoy each other's company; it's great y'know?"

Suggs: "People say the best part about being in a group is the music but really it's just a small part of the whole thing. The good thing is that you're doing it; you're not doing it for any goal or end, just for enjoyment."

The body of work you've amassed over the past four years is not only considerable but it seems to be getting more expansive and adventurous all the time.

Suggs: "I think it's good that people want us to do things. The fact that we're in demand for so many things apart from music seems to acknowledge that we've got a lot to offer."

Chas: "I think everyone wants recognition for what they do, don't they? Tell me, I don't know, this is my first life. As far as I know it's the only one I've got and I'm living it for the first time round."

Can Madness last forever?

Chas: "I'm only 23 and he's only 20 I mean, fucking hell, we're young men, we've got a lot in front of us. I can't imagine us splitting up, there's no reason for it. We've structured it so that there's no dirty linen in the closet, everything is out in the open. What I mean is there's nothing to get your back up. We're all honest and fair with each other, everyone knows everyone else's limitations."

Suggs: "Because everyone contributes, your energies are always channelled to thinking of things that Madness can do."

Chas: "Yeah, I mean, you don't sit down and think I'll do this on the video and I'll look good. You sit down and think, I'll do that but fucking hell, yeah — *that's* for Tommo and oh yeah, *that's* for Barso. It automatically draws us together because each person is just as pleased at someone else doing something that's going to look good as they are to have

continues

MADNESS

continued

themselves do it. That's always what we've been about.

"Ah, fucking hell, y'know I've said it all before but it's fucking magic really that we get on so well, because we've had so many people around us that we can't get on with."

Suggs: "Also there's a cynicism about the group that can be quite off-putting to people who encounter us. I mean, there's so many people in this business who we've come across who we don't dislike, but we can't get on with."

Do you see yourself as part of any tradition?

Chas: "When I think about bands I always wonder what they think about what they do. Has everyone got their own idea of life and they're out to explain it? Maybe they've all got a different way of doing it. Like, are Bucks Fizz genuine? I might think no but Suggs might think yes and Bucks Fizz might say the same.

"For me, I think we're doing what we want to do. But I think that we're part of something, part of a lot of unwritten codes and unwritten laws."

Suggs: "Definitely. You get a buzzing feeling sometimes, you become aware of a feeling that you are part of something. It's more than being in a pop group for the sake of being in a pop group. I think of the tradition of English groups being more aware, more cynical of the whole music business thing than American groups. There's a certain section of English groups, like The Kinks and The Beatles, who've always been sharper — perhaps not musically, but in their attitude — than other bands."

Chas: "A lot of truths came from those bands first. Like there's so much conning and falseness in the whole set up; like when you go on TV there's certain things you don't say. You're forced to draw the line, you're not going to turn around to Jimmy Savile in front of 15 million viewers and ask have you got any gear, any good 16-year-olds up at Stoke Mandeville Hospital."

Suggs: "Probably, boys."

Chas: "Yeah, whatever. But it's a pity because bands are just people, but in a different way I suppose. You're not really part of life any more once you're in a band."

Suggs: "Musicians are no different than anybody else. They're a pretty regular cross-section of the population, so their ideas and attitudes are pretty representative of everyone else's. But some of them seem to think that theirs have been ingeniously created from out of the blue, but that's just because their ideas get studied a lot more closely than other people's."

Chas: "The fans put you there and they probably put you there in the first place because they're identifying with you. They identify with you at the beginning and then you start to see them turning off you.

"But they've put you in a different fucking life; you see a helluva lot more because of them but because you're who you are now, they can't relate to you like they did before because they separate you from themselves.

"We used to go out and have a good crack after a performance, now you go out, go out anywhere and it's pathetic — about 100 people breathing down your neck. Everyone wants a quiet pint sometime in their life, maybe even every day. You have to separate yourself sometimes, otherwise you would go mad, you really would."

Still, you must be grateful to them for putting you where you are.

Chas: "Shit, yeah of course. I'd just be scribbling ideas in a book for the rest of my life. Christ, who knows? I'd probably still be sitting in a silly old pub when I'm 90."

Suggs: "You probably still will . . ."

WHAT WAS THE intention behind your film *Take It Or Leave It?*

Chas: "Ahh, I wouldn't read too much into it. Basically it was just a good idea and we all wanted to do it."

Suggs: "I think the strongest reason was that we wanted to make a film, a film that shows what it actually means to be in a group without glamorising it."

For sheer entertainment value, I prefer the imaginative visuals of your videos. Would you ever write a song with a video in mind?

Chas: "Yeah, definitely. I'm trying to do that now, trying to do that much more because we want to get into video a lot more. Now you've got video juke boxes; at the minute there's only 20 but in 18 months there's going to be about another 20,000 which is a helluva lot. It's going to open up a whole new market; over the next 18 months it's going to become a completely new thing. Far more people are going to want videos because they'll be far more accessible and people will be able to see what's available.

"Obviously it's a big plus, another dimension for us. On the plastic you're trying to project what you're dreaming, what's going on in your imagination. It's like a book, you read a book and you make a film in your head. What we're doing is bringing those things to life, getting it all onto the screen as a mini-epic, showing everyone what's going on in our little boxes. *Wheeeeee!*"

How did you find Labi Siffre for the video of 'It Must Be Love'?

Suggs: "We phoned his manager and he was round in a flash."

Chas: "He's great, a right old trouper. It sounds weird calling him a professional, but it just means he's lasted. He can smile, sit there and still enjoy it. He wants us to write a song for him now, which I reckon would be good."

It was their zany sense of organisation, that caused Honda to approach them to make an ad for Japan.

Chas: "We went down and they presented us with this really dire song to sing. We wanted to do the advert but we didn't want to do the song, so we said we'd write our own. It was frantic. Because all the clients were there going doolalley, we had to knock something out in ten minutes, so Barso got us round the piano and we did it. Not bad as it turned out."

When you see the effect and power of your image in that context, it must seem really weird?

Chas: "It does. You automatically think, shit would we do that at home? Could we release that song at home? But we wouldn't 'cause we don't want to. We had a goal: we wanted to be popular in Japan and that was a way of doing it, it opened up doors for us."

Suggs: "Doing that advert may not have been the most credible thing possible, but it certainly was better than touring Japan for six months."

Chas: "We've spent over £50,000 trying to break America and you get sick of it. Not everyone likes going away to America for a month; you miss your home, your friends, your family and your country."

Is there a Britishness about Madness that wouldn't get across in America?

Chas: "No I don't think so. Music is the same everywhere. People say to us all the time that we should write more American words; maybe we should, but personally I think it's just bullshit. If we had a bigger TV satellite we could broadcast to every American home and we'd be big, because that's what the Americans like. You advertise and it sells. You could put dogshit in bags and say it's good for your face, stick it on TV and it sells."

Do you get enough time to do everything you want to?

Chas: "Time is so precious, but by having so little of it, it hurts a lot of things: it hurts a lot of friendships. You see someone and you go — *phssst* — I have to go. A lot of people don't understand it."

Suggs: "Yeah like it's 6 o'clock and all your mates are just off work and they're all going for a pint and they say, c'mon you've got time for a swift one. But you haven't really because you have to be in the studio for the rest of the evening."

Chas: "Yeah, if you made a film about what it's really like it would be like an Andy Warhol film — five hours of watching seven people sitting in the studio listening to the same record over and over again. It's a brain drain, it really is."

What's next after the release of the video cassette and your Greatest Hits LP?

Suggs: "Well, that sort of seals the jar on one stage. But we keep telling ourselves that; like we did 'One Step Beyond' and we all said that seals the lid on the old ska thing, no one's going to talk about ska anymore. Then you go, right this is the new album, this is the serious one. You know what I mean? It's always another seal on the jar.

"This time it probably is, though we don't realise it. Time marches on. The more involved you get in music, the more you talk about it; the more you think about it you find out there's far more to it. In the beginning you didn't really understand it. But there's only so much you can say, just doing it is more important.

"Like in interviews you often start talking about the music business, which in itself isn't very interesting. You can't talk about the laughs you've had or the feeling you've had."

Chas: "Yeah, it would be really good if you could capture how we enjoy ourselves, how we get our laughs. It's like Tommo going up to a total stranger and shaking his hand."

Yeah, being around you, watching you, and listening to you all I just kept thinking you should have your own TV series.

Suggs: "Yeah, every time it comes up we reel off about 15 sketches that promptly get lost in the wind. Haircut 100 have got a pilot for a TV series, one that we were sort of on the verge of. Maybe we'll do a pilot ourselves, but it takes a lot of quids to do it."

THE DESK CLERK from the hotel is running down the street after our coach, frantically screaming and gesticulating to the driver until we pull over.

Manuel insists that Mike Barson pays the extra money for the soft toy he'd just changed the price on in the hotel store. It is yet another typical scene for a Madness video, or maybe even the basis for a sketch in a TV series juggling around in their brainboxes.

When they reach London they're off — to finish the video for the new 'House Of Fun' single, to rehearse and record a few new songs; to prepare for a week long tour of Japan with Bow Wow Wow and put the finishing touches to a cassette magazine for their fanclub (something of a blueprint for a TV series — a play, a phone-in, a spoof news report and a short story).

I leave them to get on with it and I'm off as well — to the dry cleaners.

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STEEL PULSING AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

Lloyd Bradley takes the temperature of Handsworth's long distance dreads.
Photo by Kevin Cummins

SPORTS SHIRT, slacks, Lacoste and loafers, with a modicum of jewellery. I thought I looked crisp for this one; relaxed but well-to-do dread.

I was thinking of post-Capri—pre-BMW. . .that is until in that open plan maze of a building Island Records use as headquarters, I met David Hinds sporting a sharp suit and college tie topped off with a vertical tam and wooden amulets in red, gold and green.

Quite a surprise. In the past Hinds has always been a confirmed jeans and trainers merchant. Indeed he still is, and this new style was nothing deeper than an appearance in the witness box that morning. However, in spite of being asked to read nothing into it, I think it serves as a fine illustration of the rejuvenated Steel Pulse.

The rejuvenation is apparent in 'True Democracy', not only as their best album since 'Handsworth Revolution' but also coming at a time when the home crowd had all but forgotten them.

The last couple of years have been Pulse's most productive despite all the rumours. In that time they've achieved even more since their introduction to the public in the summer of '78 when Rock Against Racism was in vogue. Steel Pulse's media silence was caused simply by their long absence from England — and by there being more crucial matters at hand when they returned.

THE BAND BRANCHED out from that well worn circuit around Holland, Belgium, Germany and Scandinavia. They crossed the Atlantic, taking reggae music back to its birthplace, Jamaica, and then on to America where, at a time when Reaganomics are shifting social stances and nearly every black artist is putting reggae in their reportoire, their music and politics went down a storm.

Back home, recording and management contracts had run out so rather than chase labels cap-in-hand, Wise Man Doctrine and Steel Pulse Music were set up. These two companies will take care of all Pulse's business, recording, releasing, management, publishing and production, making them the self-contained unit in which they always felt they would function best. Ironically, the only function they haven't finalised could be their downfall — distribution. It's no good making great records when they fail to reach the shops.

At the time of this meet though, that was being sorted out, so with the bonus of 'Ravers', the album's single, being only the second Steel Pulse single to get on to national playlists, it was a bouyant as well *bon mode* Hinds who was about to fill in the gap in the Steel Pulse saga.

First 'Sunsplash', the annual reggae festival in Jamaica at which Pulse were pitched in with the likes of Sly and Robbie, Stevie Wonder and Third World — and came away as the stars. A mention of this brought a sheepish smile to Hinds' lips: "It was the first time I've been to Jamaica!

"I enjoyed it very much, because of that and what the band were able to do. It was the first time the black people there have seen a reggae band from another country, and they enjoyed it. We did the best we could, and people say we tore the place up, but it's true that the response was incredible.

"What else was fantanstic too, was the response from the other musicians. Because our sound's always been a fair bit different from the Jamaican sound, and they've heard our records, and were really interested to see how we did it.

"It was incredible to have people like Sly and Robbie crowding round when we were doing our sound check, not saying much but just watching the drum and bass men!"

IT'S NOT THAT surprising that Steel Pulse went down so well, as a lot of soul, funk and pop music is played on J.A. radio, and in the clubs. That Jamaica is an island existing on cultural diet of nothing but bass'n'drum, even in places like West Kingston, has always been a myth. Therefore, the band's more textured, listenable as well as danceable brand of reggae should be a natural.

From there, we moved on to America where right from the first album, their records have sold. On the strength of that, they went on a tour that took in all parts of the US and Canada when again they left a wake of torn off roofs and mashed up brains.

It took the band a long time to set up the American tour. The first time I met them in 1980 they had just had one blown out due to "passport difficulties", but it was well worth the wait.

"We've always enjoyed good sales over there, as all those black stations make it easier for them to get on the radio, also they take the subject matter much more seriously.

"There couldn't have been a lot of people in the States who knew where Handsworth was, but that didn't matter. They knew it was an environment similar to theirs and they could relate to it. That's why we found that when we went to France, Germany and Denmark that the blacks out there listened because in a lot of ways it reminded them of where they were living. For the most part, it's the same for black people everywhere, so Steel Pulse music has that kind of universal appeal.

"People in the States listen to the words of songs much more than they do here, so they knew how we were before they saw us. We didn't disappoint them, and their reception of us was tremendous.

"Although that really boosted the band's morale, one of the best things about touring America was getting to meet other black people, and learning about their situation while we told them of ours. It really broadens your outlook, as you're seeing the things you've read about. The people over there were really surprised to find out that we were English, and that there's so many black people in England!"

That's a standard reaction from Americans. Being black and British has a massive novelty value out there that can easily be made to work for you!

HINDS' PHILOSOPHIES about travelling abroad sound much like Gil Scott Heron's (himself one of Hinds' heroes) "universal black experience". In the US negotiations to put Pulse on the Scott-Heron tour as support were started but ultimately broke down. They did however get to meet in Philadelphia.

"Well it wasn't really much of a meeting, it was just backstage after one of his shows. You can't really talk to anyone under those conditions, but he was pleased to see me.

"He's heard our music, and was disappointed that we couldn't do the tour with him and that Steel Pulse weren't going to sign with the same label as him in America. I gave him a 'Tribute To The Martyrs' album and we just chatted for a short while about England and that his old man is Jamaican. Nothing much, but he said he'd like to sit down and talk with me, so maybe that will happen when he's over here."

Hinds and Scott-Heron together would be some dynamic duo. If it came about, I think the authorities would have no choice but to lock them up — in separate cells!

Having found such a custom-built market for their ideals and music in the land of the free, I wondered would Steel Pulse ever make that their base. The answer is both wistful and realistic.

"I have thought about it, seriously. I am impressed with it, I've met some serious kinda people there and come across all sorts of things that you wouldn't get here. It's a very exciting country, but it's also very dangerous, violencewise. So final.

"Obviously, we'd miss things over here, like our families and our friends, because no matter how long I've been away it's always good to get back to Handsworth. Y'see although I feel like I belong to other places in the world, I feel that most of all I belong to Handsworth. It's my home!

"Anyway, it wouldn't be worth the band's while to go there right now. Not while the business side of things aren't yet sorted out the way we want it.

"The reason why I'm enthusiastic about the States, is that as far as Steel Pulse music is concerned, for the band to really come across how it is supposed to over the past years, the States is the last resort. If nothing happens in the States, I can't see it happening anywhere else. The people believe in the music, and it's like a start.

"I mean, we've been trying here for quite a while, and although I can guarantee that we'll fill colleges, as far as getting the records sold or getting the airplay we deserve, that's almost impossible. Especially with the subject matter we deal with. If this new album doesn't do it here, then we might well forget about England. We don't want to, but it could well come to that."

THE WHOLE BAND feel very confident that this new album will do it, in spite of a lukewarm critical reception. It's definitely their best since the first, and apart from the production being much cleaner than 'Handsworth' there is very little difference. The change is in the attitude of the listeners. It's shown up in the sound systems — kilowatts of bass are no longer acceptable to the youngsters. They're looking for something more interesting, something with a little more style. Aswad led the way with 'Warrior Charge' a little over a year ago. Hinds thinks Pulse are set to follow.

"Since we started, there's been a lot of progression in the reggae world. In the beginning we were a little out of step, but I think the people are ready for that now. Not only in the subject matter but there's a certain way that the music drops now. The way the music is played now will carry it for us so that those who don't want to listen to the lyrics will tune into the music itself.

"I find that there's a lot of people into them as songs and melodies as opposed to what's being said. 'Handsworth Revolution' didn't have that so much. It was more about pure subject matter and people, especially in the States, bought it for that. This time around they will be checking for Steel Pulse as musicians.

"It will get back the crowd who used to follow us, plus a new crowd. The last couple of albums were really

Continues page 55

Massed Pulse. David Hinds second from right.

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LPs

JUST A FEW DRAWBACKS, LADS...

THE 4 SKINS

The Good, The Bad & The 4 Skins (Secret)

WELL? YOU wanna hear the gab on The 4 Skins album schmalbum? Sway this way . . .

The 4 Skins are famous, same as all skinheads; they stirred a lot of flak, they made a lot of noise, but their loudest gig was at the Hambrough and that, like it or not (you probably don't and they probably do) is why they'll be remembered. Words inevitably start spilling with that night in mind; all you drongos who whine for a neat suspension of reality to keep politics out of politics and challenge out of music would be a mite miffed if this review forgot the riot and talked only 'bout the melodies. Not many voices crying "Keep politics out of The 4 Skins", eh?

The 4 Skins get this position on the grid and your attention precisely because of the politics of the situation. Everyone stops to read the news on The 4 Skins when most would skip the verdict on Blitz or Case or Criminal Class because The 4 Skins means 'Southall' and the rest are only names stuck to anonymous music. Very few of you would stop to worry whether the reality of this group supports the well-worn arguments, very few of the army of commentators ever knew that behind The 4 Skins was a good band . . . Who cares?

The 4 Skins have since lost Gary Hodges and Steve Pear and any edge they ever had, so now the music fits the legend and the fears are founded. Now The 4 Skins play safe, go half-way, do a Sham compromise and muddle the album with one side recorded in a studio and the other at a gig (they embarrassed to do a live LP, or what?). The noise from the grooves is still better than the ninety one per cent of Oi! that is trash — side one rips off smartly, first a rough Madness, then Subs, then El Clash Combo — but most of the tracks (finally exposed after months spent festering in notorious obscurity, youth anthems *in absentia* hyped shitless by *Sounds)* are pasty-faced and gormless in the light of day.

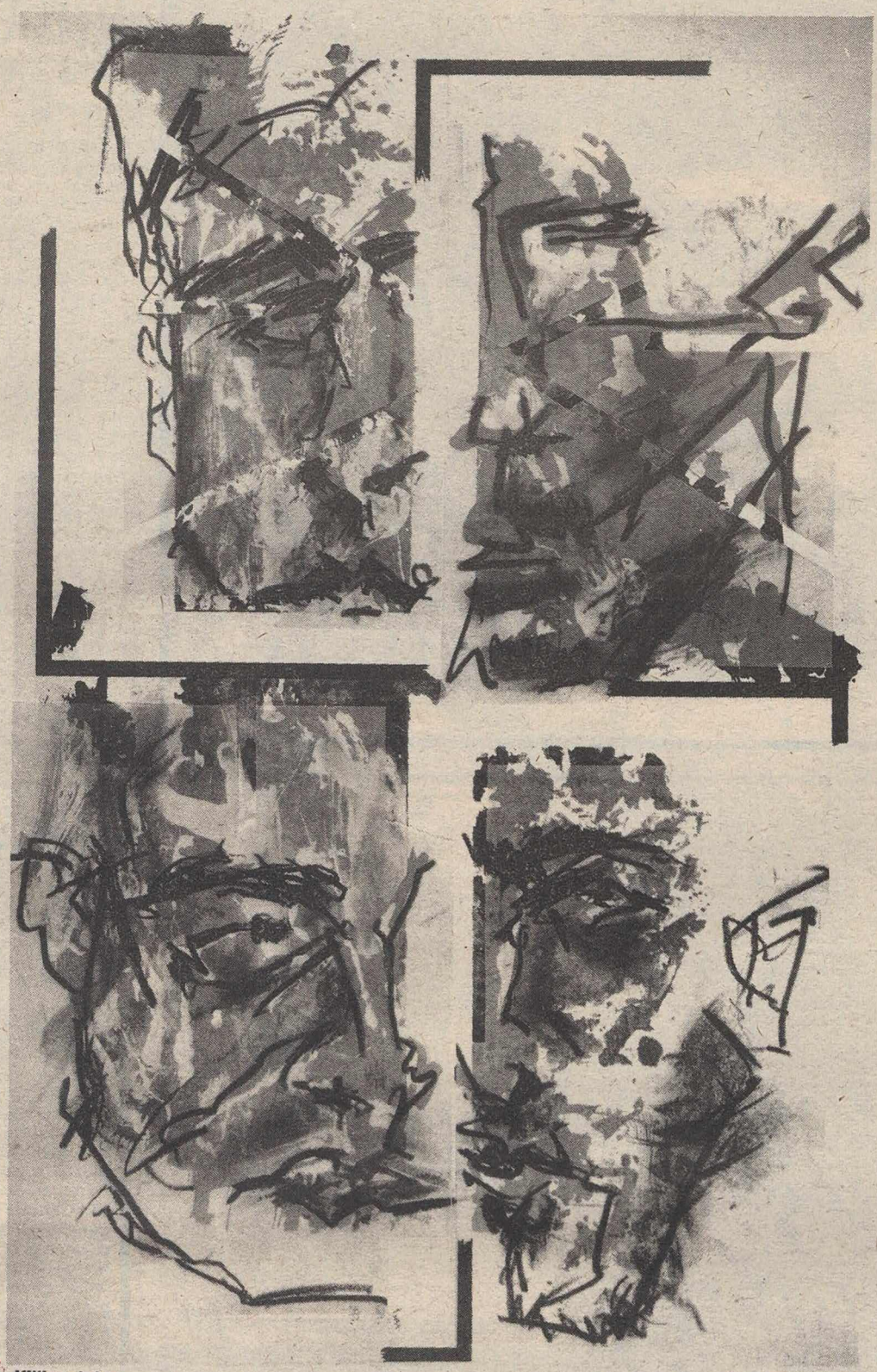
The 4 Skins could give you sleepless nights if you could be bothered to worry about them. The new singer is problem enough; you thought the vocals on 'Cosh The Driver (No One Is Innocent)' were bad but Panther sounds like Ronnie Biggs would've if the train driver had coshed him back. Sore's not the adjective, Panther's labouring voice is painful, a legend in his own lunch break, and the lyrics complement it perfectly ('Remembrance Day' grumbles like the British Legion on tuinol). You tell me I'm being excessive and I'll tell you the album cover's even worse.

The 4 Skins have made enough mistakes already, it's time they redeemed themselves. (This 12" was a chance to make their position clear). Get things straight: The 4 Skins aren't Nazis, even if they've got more than a couple of 'em in the Ealing Supporters Club, but they're not anti-racist either and playing (ha ha) hard men with sexist shit on the record sleeve doesn't do much to quash their reputation.

I get the feeling The 4 Skins are too easily manipulated — the band should kick the habit. If they'd got their hair cut, acted sharp and sussed that being a skinhead used to mean taking a stand, making things clear and not wallowing in confusion, the music could have been a real protest instead of just sounding oppressive (they're playing with the wrong drugs). *This* album and this band are too much of a mess, a poor legacy for tight ('s truth) musicians in a group with a great name.

The 4 Skins got used. The verdict is suspect. Well dodgy.

X Moore



Killing Joke — *Pic: Ian Wright*

SO WHERE'S THE PUNCH LINE?

KILLING JOKE

Revelations (EG)

IT'S INTERESTING that the final chapter in Killing Joke's litany of doom should appear the same week as The Cure's towering 'Pornography': a twin reassertion of primal rock in answer to the endless diet of pop candyfloss that otherwise holds sway.

That, though, is about as far as the connection goes. Where The Cure's melancholic vigour is mastered by an hypnotic surfeit of tensions and an undertow of song, Killing Joke run themselves ragged in a savage maze with a loveless relish. Robert Smith's vision is unswervingly romantic; Jaz Coleman's amounts to an expulsion of dreams. 'Revelations' is agony on the leash of Coleman's humourless sarcasm, and it's a real ordeal to get through.

There's nothing remotely romantic about Joke's flagellation of rock structure. 'We Have Joy' is about the closest they come here to any kind of positivism and even there the content militates against it: *"I saw the laughing one — this was the West/He said take your spear and puncture the flesh/We have Joy — we have Joy!"*

As Barney Hoskyns pointed out in his excellent investigation of Joke, this is not some descent into punky depravity or anarchic sleaze: it's the sound of an annihilating efficiency with a sheen cleansed of gratuitous noise-making. Killing Joke's components fit their aims with machine-tooled precision. Coleman's voice negotiates the tripwires of excess with a furiously cold purpose — he doesn't bother to scream or rave, just spell out the black sickness of Jokeworld philosophy with a caustic deliberation. Geordie's chords are the churning red afterlife of Jaz's diatribes. In the brutal wrath of 'The Pandys Are Coming' and the closing 'Dregs' Geordie's resource hooks up Joke's entire nervous system.

As Barney pinpointed, however, it's Paul Ferguson's drums that are its real heartbeat. Ferguson's tattoos contrive an endless loop of muscle that somehow fuses timekeeping and panel-beating. That it is dependent almost entirely on skins — cymbals are used so sparingly they spark like flashbulbs in a dungeon — only heightens the sense of complete darkness in Joke's universe.

'Revelations' (and I won't dwell on the multiple ironies of the title) sees Joke absolutely in control and presented in a manner which they couldn't have surpassed; so its pointlessness serves to finger the waste of their existence as a group. If Killing Joke believe in their nihilism as profoundly as they appear to — and 'Revelations' certainly suggests that — then their manners give the lie to their doctrine. To pose a rejection of emotional order with music of such rational rigour must be Joke's ultimate self-inflicted jest.

The terrible purpose of 'Revelations' — interrupted only by by the static lament of 'Good Samaritan', where Jaz is accompanied by Geordie's almost acoustic strumming — surges out, tumult *in excelsis,* but its absence of any vein of feeling leaves it alone in a damned void. Conny Plank has recorded the music; he doesn't seem to have acted as any kind of temperate agent, although on, say 'The Hum' (where an ominous electric cloud looms out of the background) his skill has robed Joke in their most presentable cloaks.

For all its strength, 'Revelations' is empty and exhausted. There was simply no place for this group to go: *"I wonder why I'm here and the bodies go by half-awake"* goes 'Chop-Chop', in pretence of bewilderment. There is absolutely no use for this kind of hatred. I can't see that anyone will miss Killing Joke.

Richard Cook

MACCA MAKES GOOD ALBUM —WELL, ALMOST

PAUL McCARTNEY

Tug of War (EMI)

CONSIDER FOR a moment the plight of James Paul McCartney. A man of immeasurable wealth, a fairly temperate fellow by all accounts on whom fate has seen fit to bestow domestic stability and the image of placid 'thumbs-up' amiability.

The fact that McCartney's name is to be found coexisting alongside that of a Mr Lennon on a quite extraordinary body of popular songs written during this century is all too easy to ignore these days. When the ties were sliced, McCartney's form slipped into a blurry puddle of sweet nothings, a treacly confectionery bereft of that crucial sense of the perfect chord shift wedded to the perfect witty lyrical twist that invests the very concept of pop with a giddy transcendence.

McCartney, on his tod, surrounded himself with 'chums' — lesser talents every last one of them — and opted to track out music that fell prey to all the worst tendencies that the Beatles alchemy had once held in check. McCartney, divorced from any tangible sense of challenge, became the epitome of fecklessness, revelling in homespun cuteness, preferring to punt out coy musical 'dollies' for his offspring to coo along with than anything substantial enough for folk of taste and discernment to bite into.

As a result, history has now been conveniently rewritten, casting St John as the heroic outlaw, Paul the spineless 'in-law'. Too bourgeois to ever be the hero anyway, McCartney has had to suffer a decision so contemptuously angled he's not even allowed to possess a sense of guile worth being deemed as 'villainy'. And so he has shrugged, played the mischievous man of the people, the Will Rogers of pop with thumbs aloft, and smirked all the way to the bank with his silly love songs and myriad self-effacing "I'm just out to make a few bob" macca-isms.

What irks so much is not McCartney's plight itself but the clearly acknowledgeable fact that he could do better. Nothing is more annoying than witnessing someone clearly still in control of all the faculties that once elevated him to greatness, opt for the paltry role of 'underachiever'. 'Tug Of War', laboriously conceived and obsessively buffed to a pearly sheen, is the first McCartney album since 1974's 'Band On The Run' to present the sturdy Macca as an artist out to re-establish his credentials and remind not merely the dread rock critics who've needled him ceaselessly since the Beatles demise but also the potential gargantuan audience that this man, only a month away from his fortieth birthday, is still a contender.

That 'Tug Of War' aesthetically represents a pyhrric victory is in a sense beside the point: an opulent creation, produced by George Martin, loaded to the gunnels with 'heavy' names like Stevie Wonder, Carl Perkins, Stanley Clarke and Steve Gadd (not forgetting stout-hearted Ringo) with the Lovely Linda mercifully removed to the backwaters, McCartney at last appears to be up for making music worthy of the attentions of a thinking audience as well as simply providing good family entertainment.

The title track, for example, is arguably as fine a piece of work as McCartney has ever put his name to: a beautiful sombre melody bolstered by a quite splendid arrangement

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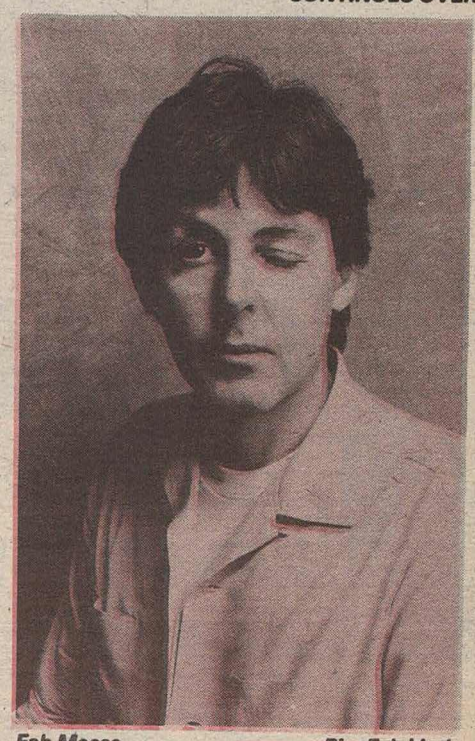
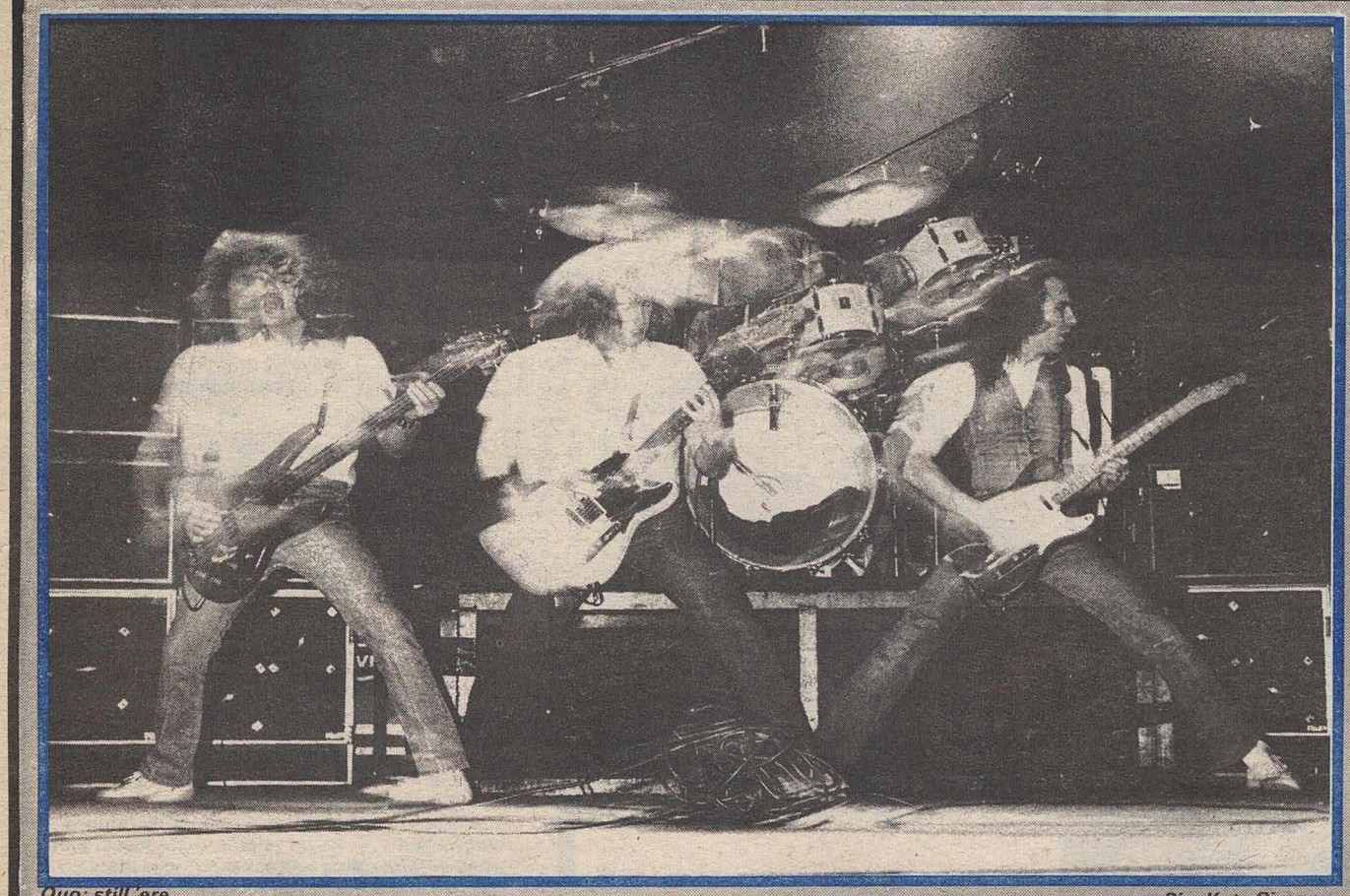


Fab Macca — *Pic: Fab Linda*



Quo: still 'ere *Pic: Kate Simon*

PRE-OEDIPAL?!

STATUS QUO

1982 (Vertigo)

STATUS QUO have been together for 20 years, have made almost as many albums, and for over a decade have hardly been out of the singles charts. Soon they're to perform in front of Prince Charles . . .

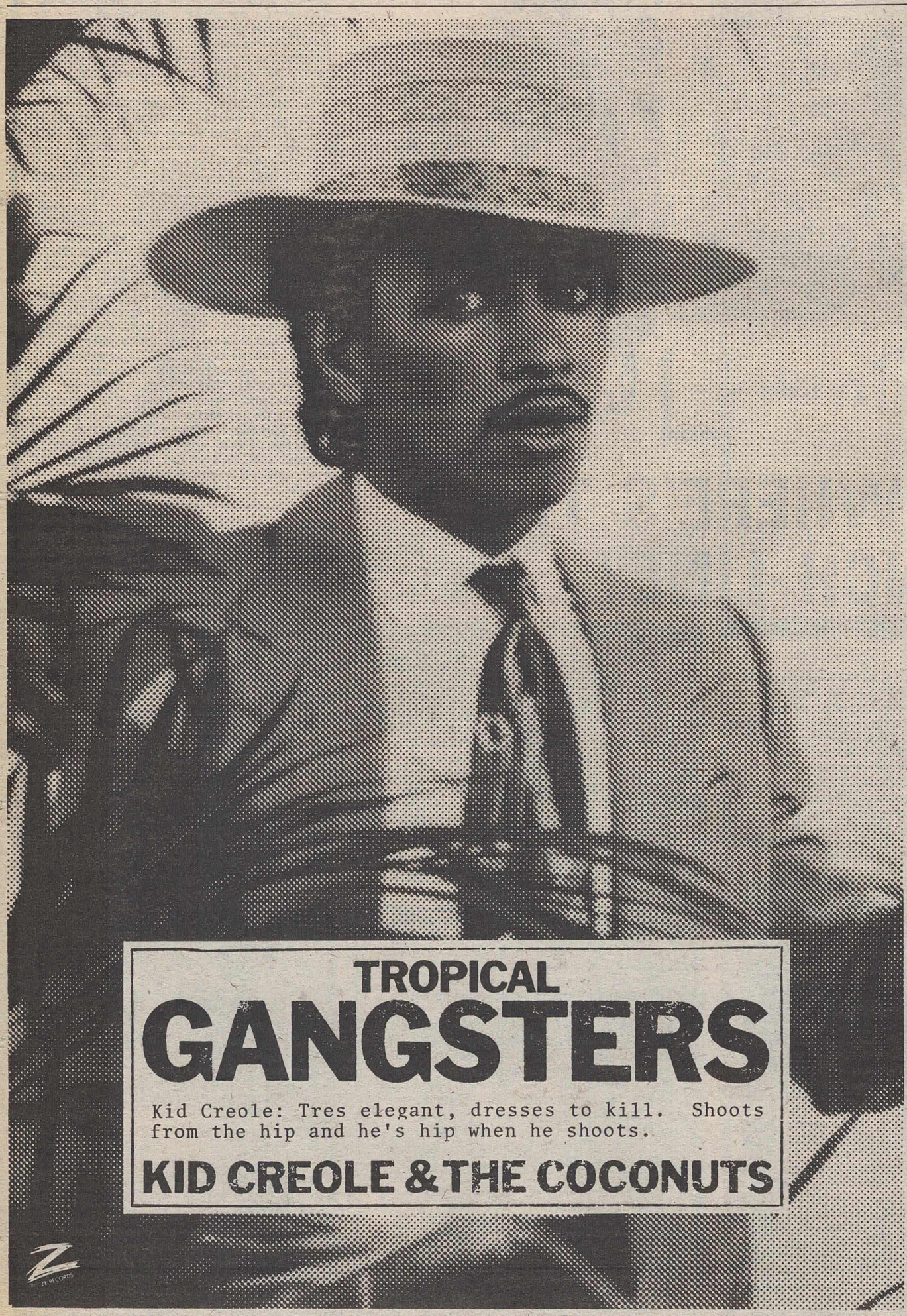
Here's a band who make the status quo more oppressive than it already is — not mass-cultural heavyweights but dead-weights. And yet there's something that they do well. About every fourth single and with a couple of cuts on every album, Quo (my God, what am I saying?) make their boogie catchy and pleasant. I defy anybody not to tap their feet and hum along to early stuff like 'Down The Dustpipe' and 'Paper Plane'. On '1982' 'Jealousy' is in this vein: why, it's almost a *pop* song, and here the band's tinniness and lightness (plastic men even in their early 'Matchstick Men' phase) works advantageously. Alone amongst heavy metal bands, they've always kept their boogie stodge-free: Quo are HP (heavy plastic) not HM, a streamlined toy to mega-rock's cumbersome tanks.

Mind, although the band do certain things well, don't forget that they mostly do boring things ad nauseam, again and again, endlessly, etc. etc. For the fans this is reassuringly maternal (Quo are significantly non-macho as head-bangers go); for the rest of us it's a Phenomenon — the plastic teat?

A psychoanalyst friend tells me, in fact, that Quo are mother-fixated and pre-Oedipal — not for them the slaying of the father and (rock'n'roll) rebellion. This is why their attempts at being out-and-out rockers have been so unconvincing; on this album 'I Love Rock 'N' Roll' and 'I Want The World To Know' are duff in the way that their version of John Fogerty's 'Rockin' All Over The World' was.

Status Quo have never, then, 'rocked on' in their lives, but they have tickled the popular consciousness between gigantic bouts of niggling at it. So there — for another 20 years?

Paul Tickell


TROPICAL
GANGSTERS
Kid Creole: Tres elegant, dresses to kill. Shoots from the hip and he's hip when he shoots.
KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS

TAME AND TIRED

SPLIT ENZ

Time And Tide (A&M)

MY FIRST encounter with Split Enz was nearly seven years back, when they brought their mannered, theatrical stage show to Britain for the first time. Those of a Genesis persuasion were generally impressed by their clever bits of whimsy, the professional deliberation which pinned their performance together, and the general air of oddball importance they emitted. I found them rather dull.

Apparently, Split Enz have made two poppier albums of late, and their winning way with polish and production has led them close to large success. But what I hear on 'Time And Tide' just affects me as a thin, pale echo of the things I heard before.

Eccentric? Not really. Pedantic, perhaps.

'Time And Tide', though possibly a step back towards wackier pastures, is still ostensibly a pop album, and hence should grip you in a cavalcade of breezy tunes and hooks. I've listened to the bugger four times, and on each occasion I've nodded off before half-time.

The problem with 'Time And Tide' is that it evokes no real context, no points of reference, and the slices of the world and its attitudes portrayed do not come to life. It's just kind of *there* waiting to be clinically admired, more to do with taking notes than leaping in the air. Consider the grains of ideas which lie buried in 'Time And Tide', and you realise there's *something* there. I figure that these songs are about getting older, travelling, wondering what's what, and what comes next; subjects which shouldn't be brusquely dismissed. Yet the way these themes turn out, you're moved no further than the bleary confines of four studio walls somewhere Down Under. And without the record sleeve, you wouldn't know even that.

Dave Hill

METHOD AXER

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

Nothing Here Now But The Recordings (Industrial)

AND I quote (my dying neighbour as a matter of fact): "What the bloody fucking hell is going on up there?"

"Nothing, nothing" sneer I, "nothing you haven't heard before.

"Throw open your window this warm spring night and let the sounds seep through." A fragment of popular song I interpret as wishful thinking — *"I could be happy, I could be . . ."* mounts *The Coronation Street* theme, cuteness counters the shrieking of a radio news bulletin, which echoes the real life battle of bitter spouses; giggling kids carry on with their play, a dog barks . . . ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

"There you have, sir," I pompously proclaim, "a cut-up in its natural form, uncut so to speak . . ." The door slams shut, but I carry on regardless, as be it my habit. "The cut-up, sir, as formulated by Bill Burroughs' colleague Brion Gysin and continued by Bill himself, removes the narrowing focus devices we use to cut out extraneous noises; it destroys the screening process and restores — so the theory goes — the mind to its original absorbent state, so it is once more capable of soaking up everything.

"You know sir, I assume, the detrimental effect of the Dolby System when it's applied to recording sound? Well, the Cut-up Method is not unlike throwing off the Dolby switch; experiences are thus taped in all their rawness, unimpeded by unnecessary filters. The results can be ugly, but at least they are accurate.

"Bill and the boys have got quite carried away by The Method — well, properly applied it is quite exciting. They argue that the cutting-up and re-arranging of word, sound and image helps one read between the lines, so to speak — my, they even claim the future leaks through the broken patterns! And cite a savage slashing of a Nixon speech subsequently folded into various news broadcasts as an example of the technique's tongue-in-cheek potential for prediction!

"And there you were, sir, thinking that the sound filtering through the floorboards was just garbled noise!

"Just to put the record

MORE MACCA

FROM PAGE 35

that bears testament to McCartney's formidable sense of pop dynamics. The composer's exquisite craftsmanship is elevated to the station of fine art by a lyric that, for once, packs a real emotive punch so sorely absent from virtually every ditty McCartney has composed since his halcyon run.

Yet this and the equally poignant 'Somebody Who Cares' are the only two tracks that possess consistency and completeness with regard to melody, lyric, arrangement and vocal performance without resorting to flippant, soft-centred gestures. Elsewhere on 'T.O.W.' one is afforded tantalising glimpses of sudden thrilling snatches that at first invigorate only to end up frustrating the listener as they float limply off into an ebbtide of aural placebos.

The infectious careering guitars that McCartney and producer Martin set into motion spark a bush-league pleasantry like 'The Pound Is Sinking' with a gorgeous chiming effervescence perfectly in synch with the stealth-like Beatles melody to a point where the performance would not be out of place housed with McCartney's 'You Never Give Me Your Money/'Golden Slumbers' segue. Until, that is, you become acquainted with the half-baked conceit of a lyric which Lennon would simply never have tolerated.

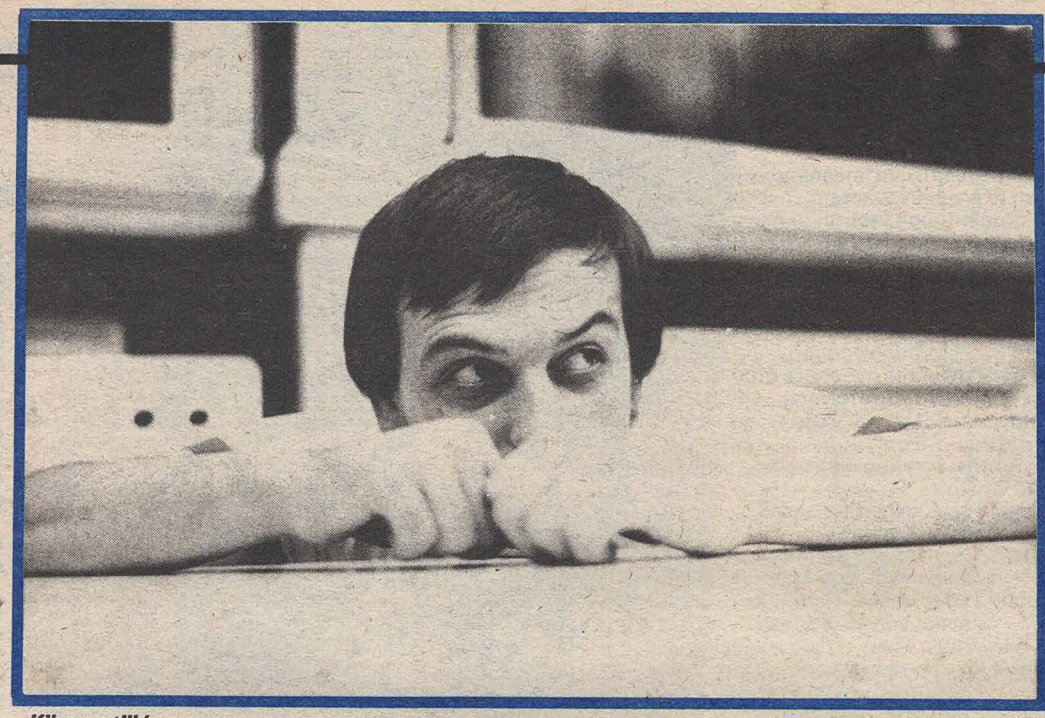
Repeated listenings frustrate because they pinpoint McCartney's tendency towards skittish over-embellishment. Thus songs like 'Take It Away', 'Ballroom Dancing' and 'Dress Me Up As A Robber' sound like the musical equivalent of a dog chasing its tail, lost in giddy abandon.

Elsewhere one is rewarded with pleasant ditties like 'Wanderlust' — a stately trifle, no more, no less — or else self-indulgent collaborations with members of Macca's mutual appreciation society, in this case Stevie Wonder and Carl Perkins. The latter gets to croon and pluck on a flakey country swing pastiche entitled 'Get It' which is so slight it can't even house the essential sense of *camaraderie* necessary to elevate it beyond the realms of 'pap'. Likewise, Wonder's first duet — 'What's That You're Doing?' — sounds like it was banged together in the studio as an impromptu piece of badinage 'twixt two Giants of Contemporary Music.

As flimsy an opus as the latter turns out to be, it still isn't as offensive as the dire 'Ebony And Ivory' which finally spells out the fact that if McCartney as underachiever is frustrating to behold, then Macca overreaching himself in an attempt to donate a little anthemic harmony to his troubled world is downright offensive.

'Tug Of War', then, presents one with the vision of McCartney the underachiever battling it out with his tendencies towards grandiose overstatement. A pyhrric victory, as I stated earlier, but before the kiss-off it should be noted that this record's worth is manifested when this highly confused man doesn't sound obsessed with failure or hamstrung by a blurry perspective, when the spirit is willing and all faculties are present and correct. Next time, Mr McCartney, why not get in touch with a Mr Costello for production chores. Now *that* would be interesting.

Nick Kent



Kilroy: still 'ere *Pic: David Corio*

UPSTARTS SETTLE DOWN

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

Still From The Heart (Zono)

IT DOESN'T really matter whether or not Jimmy Pursey and Mensi are still talking to each other, because both seem fated to act in tandem mouthing off with equal conviction and reaching similar conclusions about Life — Mensi a month or two after his mentor. It's not a surprise then that just as Pursey's progress has entailed messing about with synths and electronics and getting into the far reaches of mysticism and self-analysis (actually both the same thing on his recent 'Alien Orphan' album), so the Upstarts and their leader have gone all soft — musically, if not in the head.

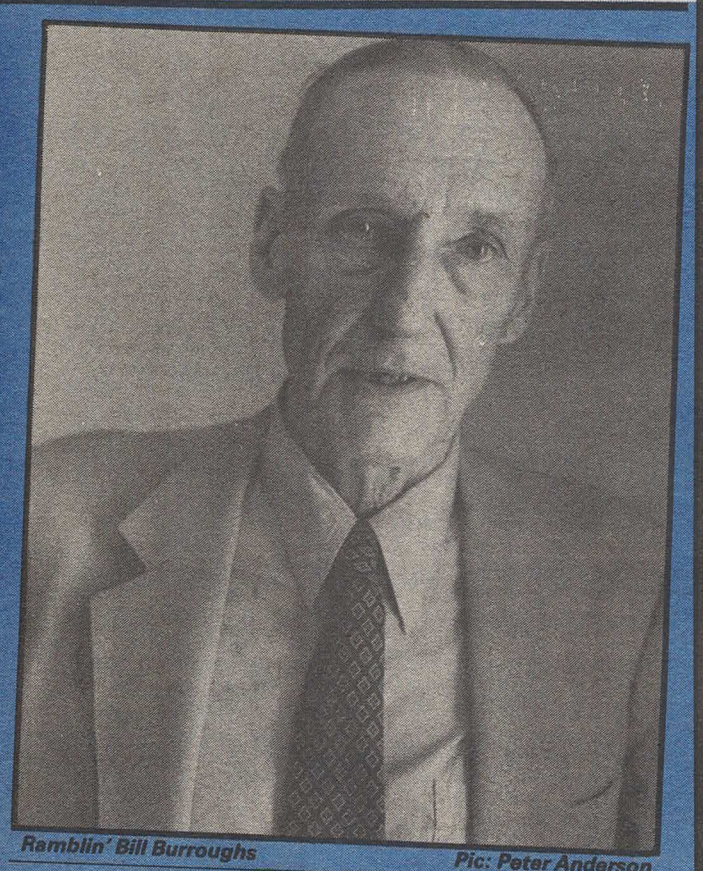
At least this softening hasn't been as considerable and downright swampy as the ex-Shammer's. However, the band's sound (which I used to like on the likes of 'Teenage Warning' even if its live delivery was more histrionic than refreshingly moronic) is no longer that of disreputable city streets, more the sound of a large country cottage converted into a 24-track.

All credit to the Upstarts for trying to change and keep moving, but they've done so (like SLF in a different, more metallic mode) with clumsy seriousness. Getting a bit craft-y and injecting a bit of pop ('I Stand Accused' nearly works) is all well and good in theory, but all bad in practice when it comes to hackneyed half-melodies, dull backing vocals, snippets of sax and fancy keyboards, and vocals from Mensi which sounded more cosmopolitan when he was a an oi godfather. 80 per cent of the album is in this vein, cuts like 'Black Knights Of The '80s' and 'Never Say Die', not to mention bad ballads like 'Here Comes Trouble'.

The other 20 per cent of 'Still From The Heart' includes a tread over cliched 'London Calling' Clash territory, ie the lame 'reggae' of 'Flames Of Brixton'. On this track Mensi (Mensa?) gets so avuncular and worldly-wise he ends up saying nothing — "Ghettoes all smell the same" etc. The Upstarts grown mature are a depressingly pretty sight, most so on 'Soldier' with its redundant conventional wisdom and liberal and populist drip drip dripping on about last night another soldier in Northern Ireland . . . shot by both sides . . . Catholics as bad as Protestants blah blah drip drip. If you're going to tackle the problem of NI, then at least you should try and say something useful.

'Soldier' is probably intended as a piece of visionary protest, Mensi's answer to fellow Geordie Eric Burdon's 'Sky Pilot'. But with its over-worked plangent arrangement and polite vocals it's far from it. As if in confusing counterpoint to some of the positions which Mensi has currently taken up, he's to be seen on the album cover in an army jacket — and a beret, as in Northumbrian Fusiliers, not boho.

Paul Tickell



Ramblin' Bill Burroughs *Pic: Peter Anderson*

straight, sir, 'Nothing Here . . .' is a collection of Burroughs' experiments still in their early unnerving state. If you think they're familiar, that's only because you've heard similar applications in Cabaret Voltaire, Throbbing Gristle, Devo, Eno and Bowie.

"And it's no use turning your TV set up to drown me out, sir, I'll just record the lot and play it back to you in your nightmares."

Chris Bohn

TROPICAL
GANGSTERS
The Coconuts: Addy & Peri, the super-jive sisters.
Willing to swing when they sing.
KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS

DEAD SINGERS TALK

OTIS REDDING

Recorded Live — Previously Unreleased Performances (WEA)

LET THESE truths be made self-evident.

Honed from tapes unearthed during a random clean-up session at Fantasy Records' broom-closet, 'Recorded Live' is not the feckless cash-in its cover and clumsy title might lead one to believe. Instead here is a record that adds to the legend, that bolsters the legacy of Redding's formidable artistry and, in these times of spiritual famine, reasserts the essential factors that forged this mighty, loud-hearted music to that pithy appelation of "soul".

Taped from three live dates performed at LA's Whiskey a Go-Go in the early April of 1966, 'Previously Unreleased' captures Redding at that crucial stage in his career when his star was clearly in a bold ascendant ('Otis Blue' had just been released), having shut down all opposition, dam-busted his way into the position of King of Soul for Black America and fast claiming a vital detente with the white market.

Otis Redding, on virtually all these immaculate raw-boned work-outs, is so clearly transported *beyond* any sense of "going thru the motions" (check his enunciation of the habitually crass "sock it to me" schtick at the climax of 'Chained And Bound' and witness how that hoariest of cliches is deftly elevated to some superhuman evocation of celestial fire) that it sounds like he is singing in an alien tongue, a sound which goes far, far beyond the restrictive 'meaning' of the King's English to a sphere where passion and intent ooze through the phonetics. And all the while Redding's band, the Barkays, set up an awesome frenzy of rhythm — bass, drums and guitar pump with a lascivious adamancy whilst the horns tease and stab like assassins. Together, Redding and Barkays create a barnstorming voodoo alchemy, the latter masters of the dynamics of tension and release which allow the former, working himself into a state of immaculate transcendence, to destroy — if only temporarily — the truly devastating distance between 'reach' and 'grasp'.

One should add that 'Previously Unreleased . . .' boasts eight selections — 'Security, 'I Can't Turn You Loose', 'Chained and Bound', 'Ole Man Trouble', 'I've Been Lovin' You Too Long', 'Destiny', 'Good To Me' and — from what I can ascertain — a never before released performance of 'A Hard Day's Night'. The sound is immaculately 'live' — raw but not coarse, just *right*.

Redding is in ebullient spirits — "Just take your shoes off! Get soulful!" he smirks before introducing "Good To Me'. After an incendiary 'Chained And Bound', short of breath, his heart throbbing, he declares "See how hard I have to work to eat! We work hard!" This statement is made not boastfully, nor scornfully — just a fact, y'know.

'Previously Unreleased Performances' is available at a store near you. Check it out and believe that a man can sing in tongues of fire.

Nick Kent

Otis Redding

THE

THE BLASTERS

The Blasters (F-Beat)

AS UNOFFICIAL ambassadorial spokesperson for the new hardcore American dream, my latest introduction to the New Musical Embassy of disenchantment is The Blasters. Surely it's no mere coincidence that my histrionic championing of Black Flag and the Bad Brains is so quickly followed by a *New York Rocker* cover featuring both these acts, but I leave such conjectures to you.

The immediately relevant point is what I wrote in my review of Flag's 'Damaged': that if the *NYR* wanted to put an end to the conditioned inferiority of new American waves it should be telling us about "animal gods of garbage rock" like Flag, the Brains, and The Meat Puppets (soon out on Flag's SST label) — *not* some "namby-pamby memorial roadshow" like The Blasters.

Just as I was obliged to report last week that Slash's Fear had nothing, but *nothing*, on the vastly more

'TRANCE' FIXED

PLACEBO

England's Trance (Aura)

I DID so want to add to the racey hysteria that Placebo are extracting from ordinary people: I'm all for great, and still greater, excitement. It's just that these self-consciously strange studies of movement that are Placebo songs, these twisting threads, are endlessly irritating.

It's difficult to listen to the ACTIVE FOR THE SAKE OF IT, clustered, convoluted songs for longer than thirty seconds at a time: the pressures of Placebo's ornate sensuality and the balm of their cool, effacing nostalgia will sicken all good decadents. Ordinary people have heard sublime moments where there only appears to be contortion and over-intensity.

Michelle Wild sings more like a folked up Dagmar (Shappy/Hcow) than a drugged Pauline Murray (Penetration). Gary Wild's relentless guitar is a trembling, twittering puddle of superficial-exquisite-jaunty, just so damned SENSITIVE I have to scream. Placebo are far too grave, meticulous,

HOLLYWEIRD?

THE MISFITS

Walk Among Us (Ruby)

THE PLUGZ

Better Luck (Fatima)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Hell Comes To Your House (Bemisbrain)

HOT ON the heels of Black Flag and Fear comes more LA vinyl. Depressingly, most groups here trade on the hackneyed tabloid, shock-horror theatricals which popularly characterised, but misrepresented, punk-rock five years ago. Hallowe'en imagery always has been in the dreariest possible taste.

The Misfits try to tread the thin blood-line between Ramonic pop anthems and Cramped H-movie dementia, but lack the necessary insane conviction. Hence the results are painfully contrived and oddly bland. Odd in the sense that lines like *"Nazi demons,*

Level 42 *Pic: David Corio*

LEVEL 42

The Early Tapes: July/August 1980 (Polydor)

THE PROBLEM with Level 42's agitated, gamboling style is that their phenomenally honed technical expertise leaves you so slack about the jaw that the important things like soul-churning moods and tunes can easily slip from your attention.

Listening to these accomplished, genial efforts from their vaults, you can't help wondering if Level 42 didn't at least *half* forget those priorities themselves. They've since proved that they can discipline those formal skills into a truly affecting result; last year's 'Turn It On' single was a lean piece of laconic, world-weary perfection, whose immaculate arrangement gave that vital dimension missing from some of the numbers here.

Still, 'Love Meeting Love' their first single, is here for those who missed it; and the gymnastic 'Sandstorm' and the fidgety 'Mr Pink' are pleasing bits of pure hypertension. Obviously this release is mainly for 42 fetishists; but since I got mine free, I shan't need to look far for late night noise that keeps you on your toes.

Dave Hill

TROPICAL
GANGSTERS
Coati Mundi: displays all the qualities of a furry, South American, rodent. Tends to rap under duress.
KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS
Z RECORDS

BLUSTERERS

damaging 'Damaged', so this week must I introduce Slash's Blasters as having nothing, but absolutely nothing *at all*, on the vastly more primal grip and grunt of everything from The Band's 'Ain't Got No Home' to the Fabulous Thunderbirds. Certainly, nothing *whatsoever* on the Panther Burns' 'Behind The Magnolia Curtains', a ruthlessly demystificatory work of — and on — practically all "rock'n'roll" forms known to man.

The ritual inquiries of Tav Falco's P. Burns are rooted in Aragon, for chrissakes! The guy is a political theorist! In contrast, The Blasters know little outside what they see through their squinting, fanzine-coloured spectacles. Just as a record like The Band's 'Moondog Matinee' makes precisely clear that what is lacking in The Blasters is an *original reinterpretation*, so 'Magnolia Curtains' is the 'Damaged' of rock'n'roll revivification, Falco knowing full well that the old manifest deity of R'n'R must be crucified in order to be resurrected with any purity — that Rock'n'Roll Man fell (as in The Fall) through self-consciousness and must torture his forms with guilt to achieve any modernist release, a snake drive of swamp doggs (and apparently the gentleman who goes under that very name wishes for some obscure reason to produce the next Blasters album.)

To be honest, The Blasters can't even muster the sleazy slugshots of the Fab T-Birds; they know the success of their style only as the comfort of regurgitation, failing to smell the spleen rotting in Graceland's graveyard. The Blasters' Alvin Bros. are born(e) on an overview, surfing history without even the remotest dialectic tension, spun not of flux but flax'n'fax. They neither tread the chippy riddum of country not drain down the agony of blues, but merely reprocess, in maximum comfort, a kind of surf bar boogie appealing to something called "American Music".

The Blasters

Blast? The Alvins have even written a song that Shaken-not-stirred Stevens saw fit to "cover" — what more can we reasonably expect of such polite, pompadour-coiffured rock critters, sorry, critics? So what in hell *is* today's American rock'n'roll? Johnny Thunders' 'Give Her A Great Big Fix'? Maybe not quite, but what about Rank and File, the Roy Loney LP, Panther Burns, me burbling 'Good Ruckin' Tonight' under the bathwater . . .

"A howl from the desert, a scream from the slums" runs the principal anthemic line on 'The Blasters', but really what nonsense. These boys would like you to hear some kind of indigent Okie mythology in their grooves — the Grapes of Froth? Their one little touch of authenticity lies in tracking down Fats Domino's tenor man Lee Allen — well done, chaps, if Springbean can wheel on pudgy U.S. guilt-edged Bonds, so too can the damn Blasters flaunt their devotion and critical faculties by dragging this grizzled old wreck out from the shadows of saxophonic legend.

The Blasters may go a little country wild on 'I Love You So' (which is a Diddley song anyway), but everything else, from the yodelling 'Never No More Blues' to the tacky Tex-Mex heartache of 'Border Radio' to the stolidities of 'No Other Girl' and 'Highway 61', is desperately dispensable.

Both West and East Coasts seem presently to be scattering back to the heart of mythical rock'n'roll America, but where for, say, Alan Vega this takes the form of a violent cultural collision drive, for The Blasters it means the drippiest of testaments. Maybe there should be some kind of pile-up where the two cultures cross (round about Kansas City). Good Golly Miss Folly, if cultures are going to clash then I think Strummer's 'Brand New Cadillac' is the best goddam American rock'n'roll record of the last ten years.

Roll over rock'n'roll — and tell The Blasters the news.

Barney Hoskyns

Michelle Wild

'supernatural', intricate and vile to be considered in any way up-to-date.

Paul Morley

IT'S NO OCCIDENT

ASIA

Asia (Geffen)

RIUICHI SAKAMOTO AND DANCERIES

The End Of Asia (Better Days / Nippon Columbia — Japanese import)

THE SECOND-NAMED, I'm sorry to report, isn't a late newsflash about the demise of the first, but an arid, academic exercise undertaken by Yellow Magic Orchestra's Sakamoto with the Japanese Danceries, whose yen is for medieval and renaissance dances — both European and local. Sakamoto's involvement doesn't go much further than contributing a few tunes, which have been re-arranged so as not to be out of step with the ethnic period pieces elsewhere. In other words, his presence is little more than an endorsement of an otherwise obscure project.

If, as common travellers' lore has it, Europe is old and tired, and America is young and tired, then where does that leave Asia? Well alone? No chance. This Asia's not so much a tonic for as a symptom of the Western sickness of recycling a slim idea for gain and profit. Anxious not to let go a good thing, former superstars Steve Howe and Geoff Downes (of Yes), Carl Palmer (ELP) and John Wetton (Roxy Music and King Crimson) have regrouped to exhume the notion of rock as an epic concept.

In the beginning, at least, Yes had the nimbleness to occasionally make a confection out of their conceit, but Palmer and Wetton have never been capable of anything beyond broad, loud gestures.

The dour magnitude of Wetton's bass grumble and chiselled, sure voice has made him the Charlton Heston of British rock — dependable, enduring and uninspired. And as this cramped production leans heavily on his emotionally impenetrable features the little life that is allowed to flicker does so vainly and then dies unobserved. It's not tragic, not even a little sad, only inevitable. Lie down and accept it.

Chris Bohn

Nazi youth/Wolverines in dark brown suits/They shove you in an oven and you start to cook" foghorned by Glenn Danzig against a standard HM punk thrash should leave me utterly indifferent. Ultimately this witless, derivative fodder falls between two stools — Kiss and The Dickies.

By contrast, The Plugz' second album is innocuous in both effect *and* intent. FM radio orientated, there are shades of, amongst others, Springsteen, Love, and a precise steely sound reminiscent of Television but without any of their drama or lyricism. The words are much better read than heard. Tito Larriva has a second-hand Feargal Sharkey larynx, but the problem lies in the divorce between the lyrics' lustful, alienated paranoia and the flat, colourless backing. Also the band's tacoburger visual image is barely referred to. Why bother at all?

'Hell Comes To Your House" restores all my confidence. Whilst some of the bands are hampered by the same tiresome Grand Guignol as The Misfits, there's something authentically nasty in the woodshed. Death, destruction, bile and suburban malaise are familiar enough subjects, but most of the new LA crop cover them with tension, energy, wit and panache. So let's hear more from Modern Warfare, 45 Grave, Social Distortion and the Fall-like 100 Flowers (apparently rated by Mark Smith).

Only a couple of duff tracks on the whole LP, which makes it more worthwhile than most. Maybe these are Hollywood brats slumming, but, if for nothing else, the entire album is justified by Secret Hate's audacious couplet, ***"Mom's drinking Bloody Marys/Dad's balling secretaries"***. How can you resist it?

Mat Snow

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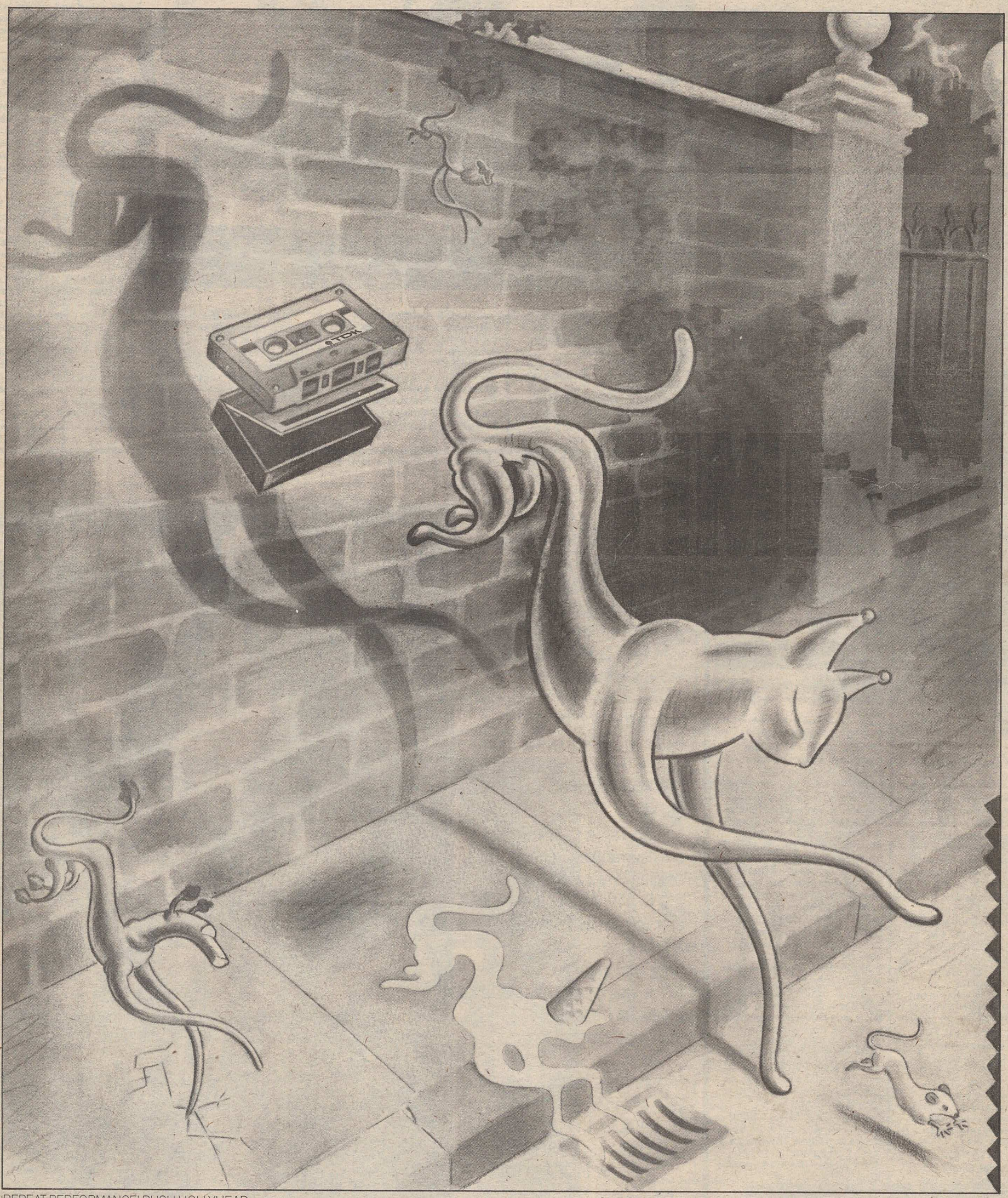

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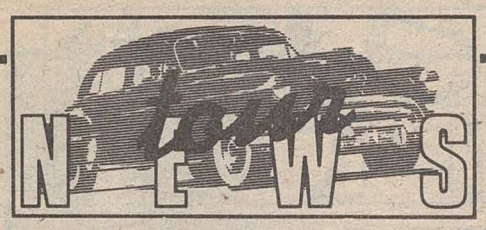

IMAGINATION, who shelved plans for a spring tour in order to attack the circuit in the early autumn, have now been confirmed for 16 dates from mid-September onwards. It's their first UK concert tour, and it will be preceded by the release of their second album in August, as the follow-up to 'Body Talk' which recently went Gold. Their next single, after their recent hit 'Just An Illusion', will be out in June.

Confirmed dates are Southampton Top Rank (September 12), Margate Winter Gardens (13), Brighton Centre (14), Reading Hexagon (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Manchester Apollo (18), Bristol Colston Hall (19), Swansea Top Rank (20), Edinburgh Playhouse (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Oxford Apollo (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Plymouth Top Rank (28) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (30 and October 1).

Promoter Richard Cowley of the Cowbell Agency is finalising further dates, which will be announced shortly. Tickets will be available from theatre box-offices and usual agents, with top prices of £5.50 (London) and £4.50 (elsewhere).

JETS, now with two hit singles and a chart album to their credit, are going out on their first headlining UK concert tour. They've set a dozen dates, culminating in a major London show, and ticket prices are being kept to a minimum

IMAGINATION

JETS

FIRST MAJOR OUTINGS BY IMAGINATION, JETS

for their younger fans — £1.80 to £3.80 (London), £1.50 to £3.50 (elsewhere). They'll be featuring material from their hit album '100% Cotton' and their new single 'The Honeydripper' when they play Newcastle City Hall (May 17), Edinburgh Playhouse (18), Sheffield City Hall (19), Hull City Hall (21), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Birmingham Odeon (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Chatham Central Hall (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), Poole Arts Centre (29) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (30). Tickets are now on sale at box-offices and usual agencies.

Diamonds fracas over London date

HUNDREDS of people who booked to see The Mighty Diamonds' big London concert, scheduled for the Brixton Fair Deal on April 17, have still not been able to obtain cash refunds despite the show's short-notice cancellation. Fair Deal director Alan Briggs pointed out this week that the theatre was in no way to blame for the blow-out, and that he was only told the show was off 3½ hours before the doors were due to open.

He stressed that the venue was not responsible for ticket refunds, as the promoters had collected all ticket money from the box-office daily, and they now hold the entire financial kitty. Anyone seeking refunds, he said, should contact either of the joint promoters — Clifton McLeod (01-274 1299) or Colin Hunte (01-733 4803) — or write to McLeod Enterprises Ltd., 4 Odeon Parade, Coldharbour Lane, London S.E.5.

By way of compensation, Briggs is inviting the Diamonds to appear in a special benefit show which the Fair Deal would stage and promote. If it can be arranged, all proceeds will go to the Band-Aid Trust, and the ticket price will be £3.50.

For his part, co-promoter McLeod guaranteed that no-one would lose any money. He has now brought the Diamonds back to the UK, and has re-scheduled their London gig at short notice for tonight (Thursday) at the Lyceum Ballroom in The Strand. He said on Monday that tickets for the cancelled Fair Deal show will be accepted at the doors. He has also arranged new Diamonds gigs at London Euston McLeod's Club (this Friday), Cardiff Top Rank (Sunday), Manchester Unity Club (May 3) and Birmingham Bingley Hall (4).

Queen extra

QUEEN have added a second Edinburgh show to their upcoming concert series — at the Ingliston Royal Highland Exhibition Hall on June 2 (the day after their first show at that venue). Tickets are available by post at £6.30 including booking fee from Kiltorch Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N.15 5LW — enclosing SAE. They are also on sale at various outlets in Scotland and the North of England.

Culture back in London

CULTURE return to the UK in the early summer, for the first time in three years, and headline in concert at London Brixton Fair Deal on July 9 — all tickets £4. It's expected that their new album will be issued to coincide with their visit, and it's likely that some provincial dates will be added to their schedule, though no details were available at press-time.

— AND THIRD WORLD EXTRA

THIRD WORLD, who begin their UK tour this weekend (see *Gig Guide),* have also slotted in a Fair Deal show due to the heavy demand for their two other London concerts at Hammersmith. They visit Brixton on Friday next week, May 7, and here again all tickets are £4.

LIQUID GOLD ON THE ROAD

LIQUID GOLD, best known for their chart-topping single 'Dance Yourself Dizzy' two years ago, begin a new British tour next weekend to preview material from their upcoming album. First confirmed dates are Canvey Island Kings Club (May 8), Huddersfield Amsterdam Bar (9), Wakefield Pussy Cat (10-12), Leeds Barcelona Club (13-15), London Ealing Town Hall (19) and Chesterfield The Club (21). Then, after a three-week break for LP recording sessions, they resume gigging at March Arthur's Farm on June 11.

DIAMOND HEAD OUT AGAIN

DIAMOND HEAD, who've just completed a UK tour, continue promoting their EP 'Four Cuts From Diamond Head' (on MCA) by playing a further string of dates from this weekend — at **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (this Saturday), **Wigan** Pier (May 3), **York** University (4), **Preston** Polytechnic (5), **Portsmouth** Rock Garden (6), **Stoke** Mayfair (7), **Hastings** Pier Pavilion (8), **Plymouth** Top Rank (9), **Bristol** Yate New Entertainment Centre (10), **Leeds** University (11), **Hull** The Tower (12), **Cambridge** Sea Cadet Hall (13) and **London** Zig-Zag Club (14).

MARIANNE BACK

MARIANNE FAITHFULL plays her first UK concert since 1978 at London's Dominion Theatre on June 8, as part of a series of dates she's undertaking in Europe and New York. Tickets £5, £4 and £3.

Kid's Coconuts

KID CREOLE has announced the full line-up of his Coconuts outfit which, as already reported, will be touring Britain from May 15 onwards. It comprises Creole himself (guitar and vocals), Andy Hernandez (vocals and vibes), Carol Coleman (bass), Peter Schott (keyboards), Mark Mazer (guitar), Al Mack (drums), Eddie Magic (percussion), Ken Fradley (trumpet), Lee Robertson (trombone) and Charles Lagond (sax) — plus the three girl singers Adrianna Kaegi, Taryn Hagey and Cheryl Poirier. Perhaps the most intriguing members of the group are Eddie Magic, who is also a fire-eater . . . and Al Mack who is (would you believe?) a black Japanese!

FESTIVAL DRAMA AS SAXON, UFO OPT OUT

THE PETERBOROUGH Rock Festival, announced last week as taking place at the town's football ground on June 12, has already been called off — following the simultaneous withdrawal of the two alleged headline acts, Saxon and UFO. In fact, these were the only two bands which had been named for the event, though the promoters said that six more would be added.

In a joint statement issued this week, Saxon and UFO explained that the premature release of their names to the Press "pre-empted final negotiations between themselves and the organisers" — and, as a result, neither band will be appearing.

Subsequent enquiries revealed that no licence has been granted to enable the festival to go ahead, and the event has now been scrapped — indeed, it should not have been announced in the first place without official permission.

It also transpired that the show was announced on the local radio station over five weeks ago and, on the strength of this, more than 200 tickets were sold. After many unsuccessful attempts, promoter Paul Siggers of Sigma Productions was still unavailable at press-time, but (for the benefit of ticket-holders) the company's address is 15 Braybrook, Orton Goldhay, Peterborough. Alternatively, the firm said to be backing the show are Ace Promotions on 0775-61010 (contact Martin Gresham.)

■ **DIANA ROSS has added a third show at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on June 7. Tickets are £15, £12 and £10, and may be obtained by post (with SAE) from Diana Ross Concert, NEC Box Office, Birmingham B40 1NT — make cheques and POs payable to "NEC Ltd — Diana Ross". This means that she's now playing London Wembley Arena (June 2-5) and Birmingham NEC (7-9).**

■ **RICHIE HAVENS, announced last week as taking part in this year's Glastonbury CND Festival, will also be playing a London concert during his visit. It's at the Porchester Hall in Bayswater on Saturday, June 19, and all tickets are £4.**

■ **JUDIE TZUKE, who broke her nose in a stage accident a couple of weeks ago, has now re-scheduled the two concerts she had to postpone right after the injury — they are Hanley Victoria Hall (May 12) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (18).**

■ **JACKSON BROWNE and The Chieftains have been added to the line-up, reported last week, of this year's Glastonbury CND Festival (June 18–20).**

■ **AL DI MEOLA plays a one-off at London Hammersmith Odeon on May 15 (tickets £5, £4 and £3), as part of his 'Electric Rendezvous' Euro-tour.**

STEVE DIGGLE

■ **FLAG OF CONVENIENCE, the new band launched by ex-Buzzcocks guitarist Steve Diggle, make their London debut at Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (May 4). Diggle and former Buzzcocks colleague John Maher, who is also in the new outfit, have now won contract release from EMI — and this week the band were signing to Sire Records. Their first single will be rushed out in late May, and further live dates are planned to coincide.**

■ **TALISMAN, The Ivory Coasters and Carol Grimes are among acts taking part in an open-air event in London Hackney Victoria Park this Saturday (1) from 2pm, as part of a GLC-sponsored People's Festival. Others appearing include Tour De Force, Oxy & The Morons, Seething Wells and To The Finland Station.**

■ **RAT SCABIES and Captain Sensible of The Damned join forces with Inner City Unit this Saturday (1), in a benefit for Cannabis Reform at the Zig-Zag Club in West London. Also involved are Creation Rebel, Here & Now and Attila The Stockbroker, and admission is £2.50. Rat Scabies also appears with Paul Fox of The Ruts in a trio called Foxes & Rats, who play a one-off at London Fulham Greyhound on May 8, re-creating the sounds of the '60s.**

■ **DOLLY MIXTURE — who appear in the all-girl 'Kitsch'N'Sync' season at London's ICA Theatre on May 11 — also play Sheffield Polytechnic (May 4), London Hackney Chats Palace (13) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden with The Gymslips (27).**

■ **SPANDAU BALLET have re-scheduled their gig at Liverpool Empire, postponed last month due to TV commitments, for May 8. And they have slotted in two other last-minute gigs — at Cardiff Top Rank (May 9) and Reading Top Rank (10).**

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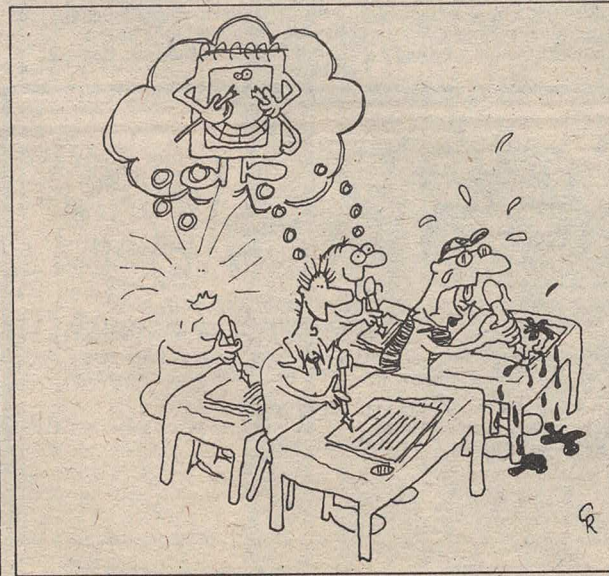

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NEW CHINA CRISIS ERUPTS

CHINA CRISIS, the highly-rated Liverpool trio, release their second Virgin single on May 7 — titled 'Scream Down At Me', it comes in both 7" and 12" formats. The band are currently being lined up for a string of dates around the UK, and details are promised next week.

● **Morrissey Mullen** have a new single out on Beggars Banquet — it's the title track from their current album 'Life On The Wire', featuring their vocalist Carol Kenyon. The B-side is the instrumental 'Brazil Nut'.

● **New Asia** is the name of a collective, instigated by Ian Little, and involving such musicians are Ben Watkins, Charlie Morgan, Phil Manzanera and Chester Karmen. Their album 'Gates' is out this week on the Situation Two label.

● A compilation of "eccentricities" from the catalogue of LA's Rhino Records is issued by Beggars Banquet on May 7 under the title of 'Dr. Rhino & Mr. Hyde'. Among acts featured are **Arthur Lee & Love, Temple City Kazoo Orchestra, Barnes & Barnes, Wild Man Fischer** and **Spirit.**

● 'Rebels Till The End' is the title of the new album by **Rockabilly Rebs,** issued this weekend by JSP Records, with distribution through Pinnacle.

IRON MAIDEN have the title track from their chart-topping album 'The Number Of The Beast' released as their new EMI single next week, with the first 100,000 copies pressed in flame-red vinyl. The B-side features a live version of 'Remember Tomorrow', recorded in Italy last year, just after new vocalist Bruce Dickinson had joined them.

SAXON have their live album 'The Eagle Has Landed' issued by Carrere on May 14. The band arranged three extra dates at the end of their UK autumn tour, in order to record the LP, which is their first release to feature new drummer Nigel Glockler.

LOUIS CLARK, whose 'Hooked On Classics' was one of the album hits of 1981, again conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Royal Choral Society on 'Classical Queen' — a new LP set for June 14 release by EMI.

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE performed a memorable series of concerts in China last autumn, and a film of his tour there is being networked by ITV on Monday next (3). This weekend also sees the release by Polydor of his double album 'The China Concerts'. And there's a strong rumour that he'll be playing a spectacular London show in August.

THE EXPLOITED release their double A-side single 'Attack'/'Alternative' on Secret Records this week. And they'll be touring Britain and Europe in May and June, coinciding with the late May release of their second album 'Troops Of Tomorrow'.

THE PASSIONS release a new single on Polydor next weekend, titled 'Jump For Joy'. It's the first to feature their re-shaped line-up — in addition to Kevin Armstrong, who recently replaced Clive Timperley, they've now been augmented by ex-Lene Lovich keyboards man Jeff Smith. The band's third album is scheduled for early summer release.

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS have their latest single 'Pharoah's Chant' issued by Virgin tomorrow (Friday) — though we're not sure if the misspelling of "pharaoh" is deliberate or a mistake by Virgin! The band are currently working on their second album 'Celts And Cobras' for late May release, and they'll be playing some live dates at around that time.

ABC follow their smash hit 'Poison Arrow' with a new single released by Neutron Records on May 7. It is 'The Look Of Love — Parts 1 and 2', and on the 12-inch version there's no less than four parts! The song comes from their upcoming debut album 'The Lexicon Of Love'.

THE VIRGIN PRUNES release their new single 'Pagan Lovesong' on Rough Trade Records this weekend, with a special 12-inch version to follow later in the month. It's their first product since the completion of their seven-part project 'A New Form Of Beauty'.

record NEWS

Plums from Cherry Red

CHERRY RED are releasing a series of records on various European labels, which will be freely available in the UK on import through Rough Trade — they include the Eyeless In Gaza album 'Pale Hands I Loved So Well', their cassette 'Tago Mago' and their single 'Kodak Ghosts Run Amok'; plus the Five Or Six LP 'A Thriving And Happy Land' and their single 'Chlak Circle'. Also from Cherry Red this weekend comes a new Marc Bolan three-track single — featuring his first-ever single from 1964 'The Wizard', the original version of 'Beyond The Rising Sun', and a previously unissued track called 'Rings Of Fortune'.

● **Black Slate** have signed to the newly launched black music independent label Top Ranking Records, with distribution through Spartan. Their single 'Rasta Reggae' is released this week in both 7" and 12".

● PRT Records have signed **Colin Blunstone,** whose most recent success was his collaboration with Dave Stewart last year on 'What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted'. His first single for the label is a re-working of Smokey Robinson's 'Tracks Of My Tears', issued this week.

● **The Oak Ridge Boys** — voted as the 1981 Country Group of the Year in the States, where their single 'Elvira' achieved the No.1 spot — have another crack at the UK market with their latest single 'Bobbie Sue', issued this weekend by MCA.

● Out next week on Rough Trade Records is the new album by **The Blue Orchids,** titled 'The Greatest Hit (Money Mountain)'. They'll be touring to promote it, kicking off at London University Union on May 7.

● Aura Records release the second **Lee Fardon** album this week, titled 'The God Given Right'. The self-produced set features Jim Hall (guitar), Jan Schelhaas (keyboards), Colin Fardon (bass) and Chris Brown (drums). Fardon and his band will be gigging in May and June to support the LP, including a number of guest spots with Ry Cooder.

● 'Digital Days'/'Alien Girl' is the debut UK single release by American electronic musician **Richard Bone,** a former member of New York cult group Shox Lumania. It's on London-based Survival Records.

● Rialto Records this week release the second single by **Victims Of Pleasure** titled 'Jack And Jill', plus the debut single from London outfit **Soundtrack** called 'Ghosts Of Love'. And the label is also making available a 12-inch version of **The Mobiles'** current single 'Amour Amour', in a specially remixed form.

HEAVY SHOWERS

'HOT SHOWER' is the title of an RCA compilation album issued on May 15, featuring 14 tracks from seven different bands — Slade, Hawkwind, Triumph, Budgie, Alkatrazz, Grand Prix and Heaven. The latter are an up-and-coming Australian outfit, who'll be touring Britain in the late summer, when their debut album 'Storm' will be released. The compilation is marketed at a budget price, which means it should sell at no more than £2.99.

HARVEY TRIBUTE

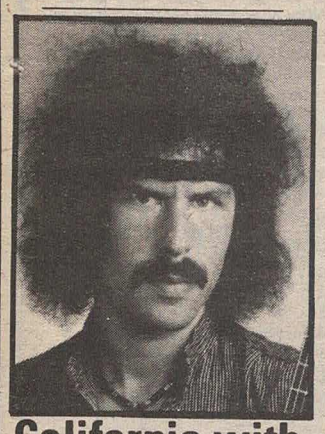
ALEX HARVEY, who died earlier this year, is the subject of a memorial album issued by RCA on May 14. It's a double set titled 'The Best Of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band', and it contains all his best remembered songs as well as some of his minor classics.

GARY NUMAN releases the follow-up to his 'Music For Chameleons' hit on May 7 — it is 'We Take Mystery' coupled with 'The Image Is'. The 12-incher format features a double-length version, plus a bonus and totally different version of the A-side. All tracks were written and produced by Numan.

HAWKWIND have their new album 'Church Of Hawkwind' issued by RCA on May 14. It features the band's current line-up of Dave Brock, Huw Lloyd Langton, Harvey Bainbridge and Martin Griffin.

ALESSI, the concise name for Bobby and Billy Alessi, have their album 'Long Time Friends' issued this weekend on Qwest Records (through WEA). It was co-produced by Christopher Cross, who also plays guitar on the set.

DURAN DURAN have their second album 'Rio' released by EMI Records on May 10. It includes a new version of their last single 'My Own Way', as well as the new single 'Hungry Like A Wolf' which comes out next Tuesday (4). The band are currently in the middle of a world tour, and there are no immediate plans for British dates.



California with original Spirit

RANDY CALIFORNIA & Spirit have a new album issued by Beggars Banquet on May 7 titled 'Euro-American'. It's their first new LP for six years and, for the first time since '12 Dreams Of Dr. Sardonicus' in 1970, it features all the original members of Spirit — as well as a somewhat harder rock direction than in the past. A limited edition of the LP includes a free single comprising two favourite Spirit tracks, 'Shattered Dreams' and 'Magic Wand'. And a single from the album, called 'Hand Gun', is released the same day. We're assured that California will be over in Britain shortly to perform the album live, though it's not yet clear if he's bringing the original Spirit band with him.

● The new **Mickey Jupp** single, issued by A&M this weekend, is 'Jogging'/'Feel Free' — and it's been adopted as the official London Marathon theme song. It's taken from his album 'Some People Can't Dance'.

● Paperback Records of Peterborough have their first two releases now available, distributed (through IKF) by Rough Trade and Pinnacle — the EP 'Senseless Violence' by **Destructors** and the single 'Summer Of Love' by **London Pleasures.**

● Derby rockers **Catwax Axe Co,** whose first Rondolet single 'Catwalk' has just been issued, are looking for a lead singer to join them on a permanent basis. They need to augment to quartet size in time for June recording sessions. All enquiries to Alan Campion at 0623 31390.

● The **Blitzkreig** four-track EP 'Lest We Forget' and **The Violators'** double A-side single 'Gangland'/'The Fugitive' are out on No Future Records this week. They are debut releases, though both bands featured on the compilation LP 'A Country Fit For Heroes'.

● Peterborough group **The Point,** fronted by girl singer Nikki Warmisham, have their second single 'Metropolis' out on Pendulum Records (through Rough Trade). Their third single 'There's Nothing Like . . .' is scheduled for early June, with their debut album 'A Gilded Cage' to follow in July.

● **Death In June,** formed by two members of the now-defunct cult band Crisis, have their debut release this week through Rough Trade — it's a 12-inch three-track EP.

TOUR NEWS EXTRA

☐ **SPARKS** — who, as reported two weeks ago, have just signed to Atlantic Records — are planning to visit Britain and Europe in the late summer. The official word is that they'll be appearing in "some open-air festivals".

☐ **HERE & NOW** are setting another batch of gigs to preview their upcoming album 'Out Of Nowhere'. First confirmed are Bury St Edmunds Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), London Zig-Zag Club (Saturday), Ewell College of Technology (May 7) and Stafford College of Further Education (21).

☐ **DAGABAND** are now back in action after a lengthy lay-off, following a serious road accident which temporarily halted their career, coupled with internal and personal problems. They've just resumed as support act on the Budgie tour, which opened last weekend, after which they'll be recording a new album and single.

☐ **TONY McPHEE BLUES BAND,** Racing Cars, Trimmer & Jenkins, Street Urchin and Andy Pandemonium comprise the line-up for an open-air rock concert to be staged at Blackwood (Gwent) on Saturday, May 29. The site is the local rugby club's ground at Glan-yr-Avon Park. Tickets are £2.50 (advance) or £3 (gates).

☐ **THE WAVES,** the new band formed by Kimberley Rew (ex-Soft Boys) promote their new Armageddon Records single 'Nightmare' at London Clapham 101 Club (tonight, Thursday), Launceston White Horse (May 7), Plymouth Ark Royal (8), London Hammersmith Clarendon (14), London Islington Hope & Anchor (15), Cambridge Graduate Centre (21) and Cambridge Sound Cellar (June 11).

☐ **BERNIE TORME** and his new band Electric Gypsies will now be opening their UK tour in early June, and details are expected shortly. The tour was delayed when Torme flew to the States to help out Ozzy Osbourne, following the death of guitarist Randy Rhoads, but he has now returned to the UK.

New-style Doll By Doll: May dates

LEVEN & TURNER: "erotic bias"

DOLL BY DOLL hit the road in a couple of weeks' time for their first UK tour with the new line-up. Lead singer Jackie Leven has evolved a completely new show with what's described as "a noticeably erotic bias", and he'll now be sharing vocals with new addition Helen Turner.

The band's musical approach is now significantly different, though Leven insists that the "emotional content" remains the same. A new single and album on the Magnet label — the latter titled 'Grand Passion' — are due out in late May, and the band are playing 12 dates to air the new songs:

Loughborough University (May 12), Derby Blue Note (13), Bournemouth Midnight Express (15), Bath Tiffany's (16), Oxford Scamps (17), Swindon Brunel Rooms (18), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (19), Leeds Warehouse (20), Retford Porterhouse (21), Coventry General Wolfe (22) and London Marquee (28 and 29).

☐ **WIPEOUT** have set up a string of London dates to coincide with the release of their four-track EP 'Baby Please Don't Go'. The R&B outfit visit Camden Dingwalls (this Thursday and May 29), Fulham Golden Lion (May 9 and 16), Ilsington Hope & Anchor (12, 19 and 26), Covent Garden Rock Garden (14), Woolwich Tramshed (18) and the Marquee (23).

☐ **THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS** headline a Spring Bank Holiday show at London Fulham Greyhound on May 31, with support from Dirty Strangers, The Heroes, strippers and fire-eaters. Tomorrow (Friday), the Raiders continue their fortnightly residency at Kensington Ad Lib, and they have other London gigs at Shepherds Bush Wellington (May 15) and Camden Dingwalls (17).

☐ **MOOD ELEVATORS** — whose new single on Red Records, a re-working of the Seekers hit 'Georgie Girl', received a rave *NME* review — are gigging at Aberdeen Valhallas (May 5), Galashiels College of Textiles (6), Paisley Technical College (7), Folkestone Toby's (14), Keighley Fun House (17), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (28), Bournemouth Paradise Club (29), Basildon Raquels (June 3) and Cambridge St. Catherine's College (15).

☐ **CRASS** — who, as reported last week, cancelled five of their early-May gigs in the South and South-West — have now slotted in two replacement dates. They are Lincoln Silvergate Ballroom (May 5) and Wigan Trucks (6). As usual, Dirt and Annie Anxiety support.

☐ **MATCHBOX** go back on the road next weekend, after completing sessions for their fourth Magnet album, due out shortly. They open at Aberdeen The Venue on May 7, and continue through to Sunderland Close Encounters (June 25 and 26). Many more dates are currently being finalised for the interim period.

☐ **THE SCARS** (this Saturday), **China Crisis** (May 8), **The Passage** (15) and **Thomas Dolby** (22) are among first bookings for a new Saturday-night venue in Edinburgh called The Coffee Club. It's situated in Valentino's Dance and, despite the club's name, there is a drinks licence!

☐ **MARILLION** have added four major London dates to the tail end of their current two-month one-nighter tour — at West Hampstead Moonlight Club (May 14), Camden Dingwalls (15) and the Marquee Club (19 and 21). Other newly confirmed gigs are at Dundee Tayside Bar (May 5), Bathgate Cairn Park Hotel (9) and Sheffield Limit (10).

☐ **CORPORATION,** the three-piece soul outfit, have taken over the Thursday night residency at London's Whisky A-Go-Go in Wardour Street (admission £3). Club Left, which previously occupied that spot, has now switched to Ronnie Scott's Club on Sundays.

☐ **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS** have confirmed their first eight May dates, in support of their EP 'Mother's Day Live At The Marquee' on the A&M label — at London Islington Hope & Anchor (3 and 20), London Fulham Greyhound (19), London Marquee (22), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (24), London Woolwich Tramshed (25), Coventry General Wolfe (27) and Liverpool Warehouse (29). More provincial gigs are being finalised.

☐ **PAUL JONES** of The Blues Band this week joined the cast of the hit London musical *Cats,* taking over the part of Rum Tum Tugger from Paul Nicholas for a month. But this won't interfere with the band's activities, as they'll be busy recording a new album, and Jones will join them in the studio during the daytime. They plan a short UK tour when Jones ends his *Cats* run in late May.

Wreckless Eric blows nine gigs

WRECKLESS ERIC has blown out a nine-date tour, which was scheduled to start last weekend and continue until early next week — after an opening gig in Coventry, the remaining dates were all in Scotland. The tour had been set up by the London Joint Interests agency, to whom he explained that he couldn't rehearse a band in time. Commented the agency's Pat Mason: "He agreed to every aspect of the tour, but he neglected to tell us that he was bandless. When we manage to find him, we intend to discuss financial settlement."

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19	May	BRIGHTON Dome	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
21	May	PORTSMOUTH Guildhall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
22	May	POOLE Arts Centre	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
23	May	CROYDON Fairfield Hall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
25	May	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
26	May	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
27	May	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
28	May	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
29	May	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
31	May	PRESTON Guild Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
2	June	IPSWICH Gaumont	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
3/4	June	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4.50, £4, £3.50, £3

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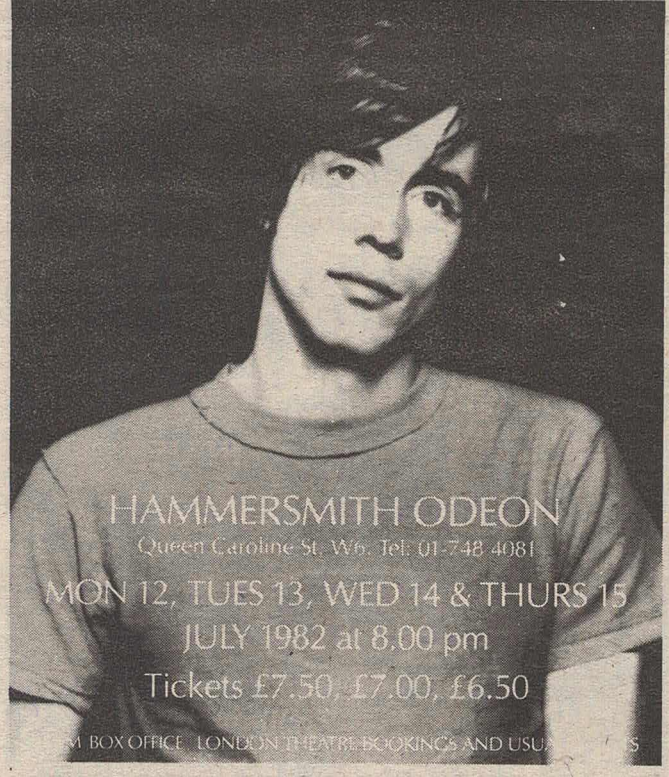

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THE CHAMELEONS
THU. 29 APRIL + FLESH for LULU.

THE CLIMB
FRI. 30th keyboards & rhythm section who together sound like a less ascetic, O.M.D. and indeed share the same producer on record. PLUS RED BANNER.

JOHNNY THUNDERS
SAT. 1st MAY. One time New York Dolls and Heartbreakers' guitarist heads up his own unit. Expect re-working of 'Chinese Rocks' & 'I wanna be loved'. + 25th STREET.

MON. RUDI + OZONE ZONE
TUE. RECTANGLE + GUINEA PIG + LOLO BOYS

FLYING PADOMANNIS
WED 5. SPECIAL FAREWELL GIG before the band split & their original, loopy, instrumental acid punk is no more. + RED EYE

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THU. 6. Poly recording artistes & purveyors of high-tec POP, or Jethro Toll meets Depeche mode

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Wednesday 5th May £1.00
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KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

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RADIO ON 3.20 7.00
+ ALICE IN THE CITIES 1.25 5.05 8.45
Friday 30th
Beluahi Speilbergs 1941 3.10 7.00
+ DR STRANGELOVE 1.25 5.15 9.05
Saturday 1st
THE WILD WOMEN OF WONGO
1.50 4.40 7.30
+ LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS 3.25 6.15 9.05
11.30 all night SCI-FI:
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+ BEYOND THE TIME BARRIER
+ MUTATIONS + PHANTOM PLANET
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3.25 8.00
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+ WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE 4.50 9.25
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50's noir:
NIGHTMARE 1.00 4.15 7.30
+ Gerd Osaides'
KISS BEFORE DYING 2.35 5.50 9.05
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Dirk Bogarde:
THE NIGHT PORTER 1.00 5.00 9.00
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PAGAN ALTAR
+ Damage

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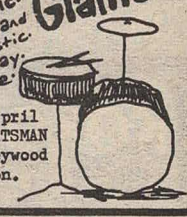

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2 Shakatak
4 Gladys Knight
5 Judy Collins
7 Don McLean
9 Discharge
11, 12 Third World
13 Girlschool
13 Jethro Tull
17 Nick Lowe
18, 19 Rose Royce
20, 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
22, 23 The Clash
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
28 Fashion
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul

JUNE
1 Altered Images
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
4, 5 Diana Ross
5 Funkapolitan
5 Queen
5, 6 Ry Cooder
6 Anti-Nowhere League
8 Kid Creole
10, 11 Haircut 100
18, 19 Frank Zappa
25, 26 Toyah

JULY
12, 13, 14, 15 Jackson Browne
17, 18 Toyah

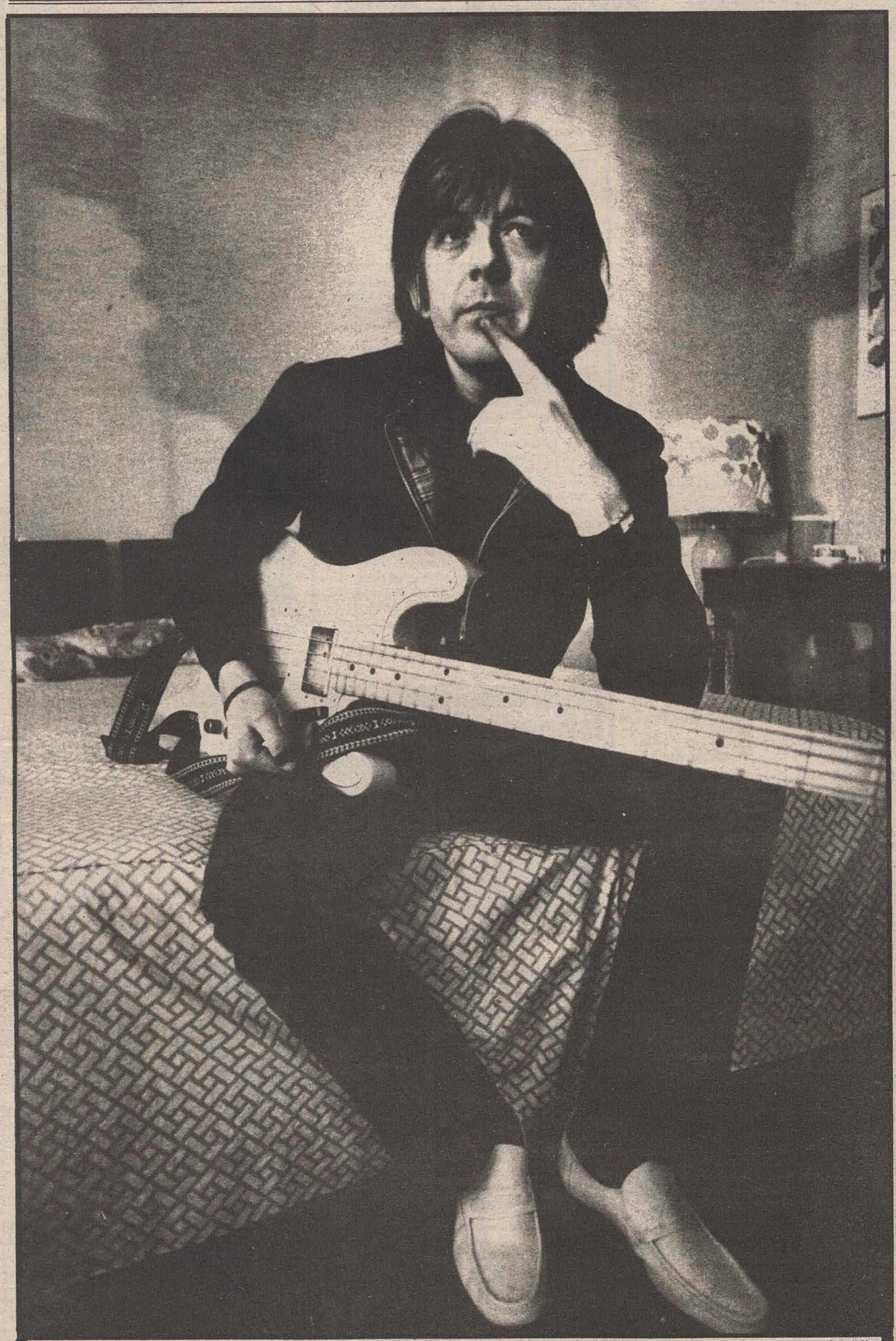
TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 29th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Michelene Wandor/Ann Harvey/Ronnie Wathen**
Basildon Raquels: **Watch With Mother**
Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: **C-Saim**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Little Rain**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Saracen**
Birmingham (Saltley) Norton Hall: **Echo Base/Prediction**
Bordon Robin Hood: **The Famous Hot Pies**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Volunteers/Little Brother**
Bridgend Recreational Centre: **Neil Innes**
Brighton New Regent: **Rudi/Jump In Your Datsun/UT**
Bristol Cadbury Country Club: **Fred Wedlock**
Bristol Green Room: **Thin Air/Another Unknown**
Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre: **Discharge**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/Roman Holiday**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Flack Off**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Croydon The Star: **Tilt/Stage Force**
Dunfermline Glen Pavilion: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Clash/Pearl Harbour**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Mightier Than Kong**
Farnham The Maltings: **Keith James**
Galashiels College: **Marillion**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Dogs Go Bang**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **The Chi-Lites**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Samurai/Catcher Mann/Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Mystique/Object d'Art**
Huddersfield Friendly & Trades Club: **Seething Wells/Akimbo/Tony Allen/Tymon Dogg**
Huddersfield Star Bar: **Maximum Joy**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Inverness Ice Rink: **The Dolphins**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go**
Leeds Warehouse: **V.C.O.**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Thin Lizzy**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Breakfast Band**
Leicester The Magazine: **East Park**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Davy Graham**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Baboon**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson - Lew Lewis Group/Wipeout**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles.**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Waves/Xena Zerox**
London Cockfosters Middlesex Polytechnic: **Map Of Africa**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Chameleons/Flesh For Lulu**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Allison Trio/The Novi Singers (until Saturday)**
London Epping La Taverna: **Chas & Dave**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/Zoo Radio**
Loldon Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Rock Squad**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **The Polka Dots**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Angelwitch**
London Putney White Lion: **Rubella Ballet**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Shepherd & Guests**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **King Kurt/Talkover**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Mighty Diamonds**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bert Jansch & Albert Lee**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf/After The Fire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lot 49/Four People I Have Known**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Carmel**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Corporation**
Luton Cottars: **Energy**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Boomtown Rats**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Gary Boyle Band**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Gladys Knight & The Pips (until Saturday)**
Manchester The Gallery: **Syncopation/Bob Sleigh & The Crestas/Dresden**
Middlesbrough The Crypt: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Newcastle Bierkeller: **Dream Unit/Rival Savages/Cagesplay**
Newcastle City Hall: **Don McLean**
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: **The Eastside Torpedoes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Cure**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Modern English**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Prick With Ears**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Blue Movies**
Preston Warehouse: **Infa-Riot/One Way System**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Naughty Thoughts**
Rotherham Travellers Rest: **Ik!**
Sheffield City Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Mature Young Adults**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Dramatis**
Shepton Mallet Centre: **Club Whoopee**
Southport Floral Hall: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Southport Theatre: **Frankie Laine**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Whitburn Whitedale Hotel: **Spider**
York University: **The Fall**



Top of the pile, Noise To Go — *Nick Low pic: Anton Corbijn*

NO LESS than ten new tours get under way this week and first off is NICK LOWE, back in live action for the first time since the demise of Rockpile. His new outfit Noise To Go start at Leeds (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Durham (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Nottingham (Wednesday). The Blasters support.
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN confine their spring outing to Scottish venues, with their next full-scale UK tour not due until the autumn. Nevertheless they'll be welcome North of the Border at Dunfermline (Thursday), Aviemore (Friday), Tain (Saturday), Wick (Monday) and Dundee (Tuesday) . . . and THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS are also starting up again, albeit briefly, with gigs at Derby (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday) and London Wednesday).
THIRD WORLD, whose projected 1981 visit was called off due to studio commitments, finally arrive this weekend and begin their UK schedule at Poole (Sunday), Brighton (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday) . . . and STEEL PULSE are headlining their first British trek for almost two years, kicking off in Bradford (Friday), Norwich (Saturday), Chippenham (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday).
If you're into disco, funk or MOR (or any permutation of the three), it's a bonanza week for you — with ROSE ROYCE commencing a major concert series in Poole on Friday; SHAKATAK setting out this weekend on an extensive itinerary, highlighted by a show at London's Hammersmith Palais on Sunday; and THE WHISPERS making their first-ever appearance in this country at Birmingham on Wednesday.
After their chart successes earlier this year, FOREIGNER will find greater support here than ever before, when — supported by Gamma — they hit the concert trail in Edinburgh on Wednesday . . . and the same evening, JUDY COLLINS plays her first UK concert for several years at London's Royal Festival Hall.
And on top of all that new activity, THIN LIZZY reach the climax of their tour at London's Dominion Theatre on Friday and Saturday . . . and STATUS QUO begin their remarkable string of seven nights at the Hammersmith Odeon on Monday.

friday 30th

Aberdeen The Venue: **The Dolphins**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Mike Horowitz / Lol Coxhill / Roy Fisher**
Alloa Bowmar Centre: **Pallas**
Alloa Town Hall: **Marillion**
Aviemore Osprey Rooms: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Bath Academy: **Calling Hearts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Lady Killer**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Otway & Barrett**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Natural Mystique / The Privates / Babylon Rebels / The Psy-kicks**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Twist / Bamboo Jazz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bishops Stortford Carnival: **Shakatak**
Bradford University: **Steel Pulse**
Bridport Arts Centre: **Sheep Worrying Cabaret**
Bristol University: **Mari Wilson & The Marionettes**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Roaring Jelly**
Bury St. Edmunds Technical College: **Here & Now / Imperial Eye**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Rudi Reflex Action**
Cardiff Dowlais Inn: **Fire Down Below**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Ivory Coasters**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **E.F. Band / Triarchy**
Chester Rikki's Club: **The Lulu Boys**
Colne Municipal Hall: **Mike Harding**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Steve Gibbons Band / The Tearjerkers**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Darlington Trades Council Club: **Crass / Annie Anxiety / Dirt**
Derby Lonsdale College: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Bears**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Don McLean**
Farnborough Technical College: **Shark Taboo**
Feltham Football Club: **The Meteors / The Alley Cat**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Mood Elevators**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Appletwig Cutter**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Mark Miwurdz / Tony Allen / Akimbo / Tymon Dogg**
Guernsey C.I. The Savoy: **The Pulse**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Budgie / Spider**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Haywards Heath Taverners: **The Breakfast Band**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
King's Somborne Village Hall: **Crossfire**
Leeds University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Leicester Univeristy: **The Cure**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Export**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton George Canning: **Come National**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **The Birds / Benjamin Zephaniah / Norma Cohen / Amazulu**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Shooga Shooga**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tom Gribben & The Saltwater Cowboys / Cold Fish**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Central School of Art & Design: **The Nightingales**
London City University: **Secret Affair / The Europeans**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Climb / Red Banner**
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **Joolz / Little Brother / John Hegley**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Electrix**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Blood Poets / The The**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Miles Over Matter / The Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Band / Dave Ellis Band**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Deltas / Nantuck Five**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Chameleons / Street Aliens**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street / Steve Pheasant's Phabulous Phive**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Neuer Art / Infinity**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Shepherd & Guests**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Dr. K's Blues Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Kokomo**
London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf / After The Fire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club:

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*
The Broughtons / Stranger Station
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Modern English**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Tribal**
Manchester The Gallery: **Carmel**
Newcastle City Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Tank**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Bruce Turner Quartet**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Danse Society**
Newton Theatre Halfien: **Neil Innes**
Northampton Working Men's Club: **Chas & Dave**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Discharge**
Nottingham Commodore International: **Frankie Laine**
Oxford Pennyfathing: **Chinatown / Lone Wolf**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poole Arts Centre: **Rose Royce**
Portsmouth Cumberland Travel: **Red Flag / The Visions**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Republic**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Fall**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Penguin Club: **Ik!**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go**
Sheffield University: **Richard Digance**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (CND Benefit): **Hawkwind**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **The Earwigs**
Sunderland Mecca: **Limelight**
Swansea University: **The Beatroots**
Uxbridge Brunel Univeristy: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Yeovil The Rainbow: **The Hamsters**
York Univeristy: **Dramatis**

saturday 1st

Echo & The Bunnymen: Tain

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Don McLean**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Toffs and Ragtime Robin (lunchtime)/Adrian Mitchell and Amity (evening)**
Aviemore Osprey Room: **The Dolphins**
Bangor University: **Budgie / Dagaband**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ocean Ethics/Spontaneous Human Combustion**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bisley Pavilion: **The Soul Band**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Pencils/Little League**
Cambridge Townley Hall: **Amyl Dukes**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Ivory Coasters**
Carlisle Stanwix Arts Centre: **Richard Digance**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts**
Chelmsford Civic Hall: **Fred Wedlock**
Cheltenham College: **Neil Innes**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cockermouth Moota Hotel: **Dave Berry**
Corby K.K. Club: **Energy**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Collapse**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Pink Umbrellas/Large Deaf Children**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Derby Assembly Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Dancing Did**
Dundee University: **Dramatis**
Durham University: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Rose Royce**
Edinburgh Loanhead Miners: **Border Boogie Band**
Edinburgh Valentino's Coffee Club: **The Scars**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Lulu Boys**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Mark Miwurdz/Tony Allen/Akimbo/Tymon Dogg**
Gloucester Sir Thomas Richards School: **Artists And Lovers**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Rudi**
Harrogate Centre: **Frankie Laine**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Diamond Head**
Hull The Tower: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre: **The Clash / Pearl Harbour**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Stockton's Wing**
Kirkcaldy Cuinzie Neuk: **Marillion**
Leeds Golf Tavern: **Pallas**
Lincoln Art College: **Pinski Zoo**
Liverpool Adams Club: **Hi-Five**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Wild Weekend**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Maximum Joy**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em And Risk It**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lee Kosmin Band/Studio 2**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Park Avenue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Allison Trio/The Novi Singers/Dave McCrae Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dance Band/Ik!**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Chris Biscoe Quartet**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Cure**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Danse Society/Maps Of Africa**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Gymslips/Wolverine Pinks/Cynthia's Seven Minute Set**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Bumble & The Beez**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Dancing Did**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Natural Scientist/Vane**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Whitehouse**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots/The E-Types**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **The Chi-Lites**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London School of Economics: **Canrastone/Icarus/Black Roots/Talisman**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Crouch End Allstars with Wally Fawkes**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London S.E.14 All Saints Centre: **Thirsty Apes/Forty To Sea/Stewed/Dali's Car/Big Steve**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Thin Lizzy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Neil Innes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Cuddly Toys/I Am Alone**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Mike Harding**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Elektra Complex/P.M.T.**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Room/The Chameleons**
Northampton Lings Forum: **Roaring Jelly**
Northampton Old House at Home: **Lol Coxhill**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Steel Pulse**
Oxford May Morning Festival (5am start): **Andy Mason Units / Lifeband**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Dangerous Girls**
Reading Target Club: **C-Sain/Bone/Faded Secret**
Redditch The Fox: **John Caswell Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Mari Wilson & The Marionettes**
Rye Pontins Holiday Village: **Shakatak**
Salisbury Highpost Hotel: **The Nashville Teens**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Southampton University: **The Fall**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Limelight**
Tain Duthac Centre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **Scheemer**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

sunday 2nd

Rose Royce: Ipswich

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Where's Eddie Blues Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Bruce Turner Quartet**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **Sparta**
Blackpool Jenks: **Diamond Head**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Bradford Manhatten Club: **Xero**
Bradford St George's Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Desert Rats/ The Review**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Camber Sands Pontins Village: **Morrissey Mullen**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Screaming Babies/ Cold War**
Chislehurst Bulls Head: **Fred Wedlock**
Corby KK Club (lunchtime): **Energy**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mike Harding**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Meatloaf/ After The Fire**
Edinburgh Traverse Theatre: **Tony Allen / Akimbo / Tymon Dogg**
Falmouth The Laughing Pirate: **The Artists**
Galashiels Abbotsford: **Border Boogie Band**
Glasgow Kings Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Marillion**
Glasgow Mayfair: **Pallas**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go**
Hebdon Bridge Trades Club: **Crass / Annie Anxiety / Dirt**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Rose Royce**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: **Neil Innes**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds The Underground: **The Lulu Boys**
Leicester Black Swan: **East Park**
Little Sutton Municipal Golf Club: **Peta Webb & Webb's Wonders**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Trilogy**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tres**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo / New Model Soldier**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Shakatak**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Sindy & The Action Men / Double Agent**
London Harrow Rd Centro Iberico: **Zounds / Rubella Ballet / Conflict / Assassins Of Hope**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Planning By Numbers**
London N11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Putney White Lion: **Ivor Biggun**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Frankie Laine**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Gladys Knight and The Pips**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Southern Dealh Cult / Hinterland**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The Eastside Torpedos**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Chas & Dave**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / Mr Zoot (evening)**
Poole Arts Centre: **Third World**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Gary & Vera Aspey / Portland Chambers**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Mari Wilson & The Marionettes**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Kirlian Lens**
Southport Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Actifed / Eraser Head**
Wokingham Angie's: **Rudi**
Workington Carnegie Theatre: **Budgie / Dagaband**

monday 3rd

Angelic Upstarts: Sheffield

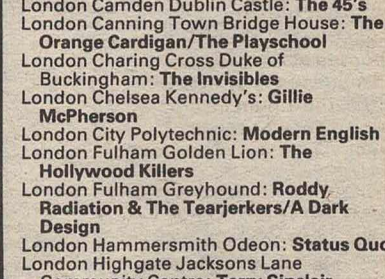
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Bannockburn Tamdhu: **The Scars**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Millionaires Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Lost Robert's Blues Band**
Bradford Gory Details: **The Zanti Misfitz/One Way System**
Brighton Centre: **Third World**
Bristol Granary: **Modern English**
Bury St. Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Neil Innes**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Pagan Altar**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Stephane Grappelli/Diz Disley/Julian Lloyd Webber**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Gene Pitney**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Meatloaf/After The Fire**
Glasgow Kings Theatre: **Don McLean**
Hatfield The Forum: **Mike Harding**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Discharge**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Clash/Pearl Harbour**
Leicester Horsefair: **Dislocation Dance**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco: **Zygal Span**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Carnival**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Mari Wilson & The Marionettes**
London Battersea Arts Centre (10.30am-6pm): **Bob Taylor's Trad & Dixie Band/Johnny Skinner's Big Band/Pookiesnackenburger**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Design For Living**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polka Dots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rudi/The Almost Brothers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Tal Farlow Trio featuring Peter Ind (for a week)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jump Squad / Lot 49**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Souls Valiant/Blue Midnight**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Tommy Flanagan (until May 15, except 6)**
London N.W.1. (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Phoenix/Wolverine Pinks**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Beckett/Chris MacGregor Quartet**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Splash / I.Q.**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: **Polo Club**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Vendetta**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Margaret St) Xclusiv Club: **The Dawgs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: Rose Royce
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Fall**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Neston Shrewsbury Arms: **Fault**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Oxford Scamps: **King Trigger/Pinski Zoo**
Peterborough Festival: **Spider/Truffle**
Portsmouth South Parade Pier: **Dramatis**
Reading Top Rank: **Shakatak**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Sheffield Marples Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Sheffield University: **Mature Young Adults**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
St Ives (Cornwall) Guildhall: **The Artists/Mr Zoot**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horses**
Thetford Youth Centre: **The Adicts/13th Chime/Sustained**
Wick Assembly Rooms: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Wigan Pier: **Diamond Head**
Windsor Blazers: **Frankie Laine (for a week)**

tuesday 4th

Third World: Bristol

Aberystwyth University: **Mari Wilson & The Marionettes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Chicago Rhythm Kings**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Dachau / Friktion Agitators / Necromancy**
Bridlington Royal Hall: **Don McLean**
Brighton The Richmond: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Bristol Locarno: **Third World**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Ik! / Newspeak**
Cardiff Sherman Theatre: **The Beatroots**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Budgie / Dagaband**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Steele Pulse**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Kings Singers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Alan Glens Radical**
Dundee Maryatt Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Harry Beckett — Chris McGregor Quartet**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **The Photos**
Gosforth Assembly Rooms: **The Eastside Torpedoes**
Grimsby Community Hall: **Discharge**
Hitchin The Regal: **Alvin Lee Band**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Kingston Grey Horse: **The Feelers**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Midland Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Room**
Liverpool The Warehouse: **Crass / Annie Anxiety / Dirt**
London Barbican Centre: **Ralph McTell**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Flag Of Convenience / Planning By Numbers**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **She's Moved / Tour De Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Drivers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Polka Dots / The Rimshots**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hampstead Three Horseshoes: **Fred Wedlock**
London Homerton The Deuragon: **The 4 Skins**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Delmontes**
London Leicester Square Maximus Disco: **The Mood**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Johanna's Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Gladys Knight & The Pips**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Passage / Skat / The Nightingales**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The News / Xena Zerox**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Rudi**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight's Thin Line**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Fall**
Manchester UMIST: **Dislocation Dance**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Shakatak**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Gene Pitney**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield City Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Southampton Guildhall: **Dramatis**
Sunderland Empire Theatre: **The Three Degrees**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Modern English**
Warrington Spectrum: **Rose Royce**
York University: **Diamond Head**

wednesday 5th



Crass: Lincoln

Aldershot West End Centre: **The Polka Dots/The New Stormsville Shakers**
Barrow Civic Hall: **The Hillsiders**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Seething Wells/Tony Allen/Akimbo/Tymon Dogg**
Birmingham Locarno: **The Move (one-off reunion)**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Third Circle/Withdrawal/Collapse**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Whispers**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackpool Opera House: **Elkie Brooks**
Brighton Top Rank: **Steel Pulse**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Shakatak**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **South Side Blues Band/Chicago Sunset**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Tank**
Croydon The Star: **The Artists**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **Marillion**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Foreigner/Gamma**
Glasgow Jamaica Inn: **The Dolphins**
Kings Lynn College: **Vital Disorders**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Lincoln Silvergate Ballroom: **Crass/Annie Anxiety/Dirt**
Liverpool Met Club: **Fault**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Alex Atterson**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Love Affair**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Orcheste Jazira/My Silent War/Kid Kharki Karamojos**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Orange Cardigan/The Playschool**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London City Polytechnic: **Modern English**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/A Dark Design**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Terry Sinclair**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Soul Band**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Volcanoes**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Steve Franklin Group**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Royal Festivall Hall: **Judy Collins**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Flats**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dramatis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Short Stories/Eyes**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Mari Wilson & The Marionettes**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Third World**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Fall**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Clash /Pearl Harbour**
Nottingham Black Boy: **Chris Biscoe Quintet**
Nottingham Rock City: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go**
Preston Polytechnic: **Diamond Head**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Chas & Dave (until Saturday)**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Royston Meridan Youth Centre: **Paramedic Squad/Dead Loss/Void**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Harry Beckett-Chris McGregor Quartet**
South Shields The Chelsea Cat: **21 Strangers**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Stirling Avante Garde: **Boots for Dancing/So You Wanna Be A Cowboy/Shift**
Swansea Top Rank: **Budgie/Dagaband**

Heathen valley I stayed upon the top,
And I watch them drop, well heathen.
Them no know reality, them no know
Humanity, no, no, them only talk reality.
But them no manifest no works no.

SOME GLIMMER of assuagement in a confused and bleak era of the music is manifest this week with a pair of solo albums new on import from Message out of Tangerine Place, featuring Augustus Pablo proteges **Delroy Williams** with 'I Stand Black' and **Ricky Grant** affirming 'I Love Jah Ras Ta Fari'.

Making his LP debut, Mr Williams delivers a textured set with material ranging from the militant title track — formerly a single — wherein he claims *"I remember white men selling us by the pound . . . to work the sugar mills"* and 'Heathen Valley Oh Heathen, Heathen' through educational and love lyrics, plus the recent 7" paean to Rockers 'Idrins Feel Nice'.

The other is a more skeletal and devotional work assembled in showcase style with six titles and five versions, including the powerful 'Far Far Away', 'Time Is The Master' and 'Jah Love Is Great'. It is Mr Grant's second album and follows up his 'Poverty People' for the late Everton DaSilva's Hungry Town imprint, a Rockers subsidiary offshoot.

Both albums are produced by Augustus Pablo, from whom a new instrumental set is apparently imminent.

Also in showcase format is a new set from **Dennis Brown**, issued on his wife's Yvonne's Special label and entitled 'Stage Coach' (YS 001). Recorded at Harry J studio and engineered by Sylvan Morris, the album includes D Brown's current sound system favourite 'Why Fools' — here retitled 'Fulfilment' — plus adaptations of 'Can I Change My Mind', 'I Love You Madly', 'Perhaps' and 'Little Green Apples', all with their respective versions.

". . . and if you love a this ya rhythm say forward. Special request to dance hall fans, oh I man **Sugar Minott***"* urges this artist on his latest Black Roots release, a four rack 10" sla.e plus heir four corresponding versions which opens wi;h a rerun of he 'Soldierman Rock' rhythm and pleas 'Easy S]ueeze (Make No Rio:)', a pair of customary sweet sides with 'Nice It Up' and 'Come Back Baby', concluding in steppers mode with 'Dance Hall Style', which Mr Minott tackles with a jay style lyric borrowing from 'Hallelujah I Love Her So'.

New 12" titles: **Ruddy Thomas,** 'Key To The World' c/w **Sound Inc,** 'Open Universe' (Hawkeye — HD 42); **Wayne Smith,** 'Isim Skisim' c/w **Yellow Man,** 'Rose Marie' (Black Joy — DH8 17); **7th Extension,** 'Try Again' c/w 'Like An Open Door' (Dance Beat — DBD 1315); **Diana,** 'When Music Hits You' (Oak Sound — OSD 003); **Monica,** 'He's The One' c/w 'Without You' (Rose — RR004); and **Sammy Dread / Jah Red,** 'Africa' (Love Lite — LJ001).

The following afternoon at 12am is a Mayday Sunday sports event at Spikesbridge Park, Southall when Southall v High Wycombe in football, netball and rounders events attended by a dance that night at the Dominion Cinema, King Street, Southall — 8pm until dawn — with **Natural Roots** live on stage and sounds from **Black Liberation** (Southall) and **Papa's** (High Wycombe). Tickets for the dance from King's Music of Southall, Dub Vendor of Ladbroke Grove and Chesley of Natural Roots.

Penny Reel

Observer Station
1 TOP OF THE POPS, Sammy Dread (Jah Life); **2 EASY SQUEEZE (MAKE NO RIOT), Sugar Minott** (Black Roots — slate); **3 JAH FOUNDATION VERSION, Anthoney Chambers** (High Music); **4 MORWELLS THEME / MORWELL ROCK, Tuffy** (Mor Well Esq); **5 ETHIOPIA / BABYLONISM, Tony Carver / Roots Radic** (Ganja Farm); **6 GOING TO JAMAICA, Junior Pretty** (Vivian Jackson); **7 STOP PUSH THE FIRE, Reggae George** (Cry Tuff); **8 WHY FOOLS, Dennis Brown** (Yvonne's Special); **9 DUST TO DUST, Kongo Ashante Roy** (Ancient Nyah Binghi); **10 COME MI BREDA, Levi Williams** (Locks).

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Pic: Peter Anderson

STRAINS OF PERFECTION, STRAINS OF PRETENSION

MILES DAVIS

Hammersmith Odeon

I HADN'T EXPECTED too much. These are Miles Davis' Twilight years, There are younger and cooler cats to torch the way: Miles took the major strain for a quarter century, and it had obviously told on the frail little man who played at Hammersmith. He looked desperately tired by the end.

Nevertheless, the highest standards must be applied — for Davis has always sought a fresher excellence. He has set himself disciplines of art that have made his output, over thirty years, the most unflinchingly personal in jazz outside Coltrane and Ayler. To see it reduced to a shadowplay of gestures as it sometimes was here is saddening — though fascinating and, on a couple of occasions extremely moving.

The '82 Davis is active as organiser, editor, overseer and player: in that order. It is left to his five musicians to cover most of the canvas. Their methods range from splurge to fleck; their individual colours are undistinguished. Miles spent most of the time seated before an electric piano in the centre of the stage, sometimes playing, often only listening and changing the direction of the sound with the vaguest of hand signals. That the music always did change, instantaneously, unquestioningly, was proof of the prescient grasp that Miles had on the noise.

It changed many times — perhaps too many times — over the course of what was an amazingly brief opening night. Davis caught out latecomers by wandering onstage at 7.44 (a distracted wave his only acknowledgement to the London audience he hadn't seen for eight years) and playing for 35 minutes; then after an interval, there was a further half-hour set. That was it, aside from a brief and feebly anonymous encore by the group minus Miles.

Precious little for your £7.50 — yet in some way this was an exhausting outing. The group hovered over most of the terrain Miles had comprehensively mapped out from 'ESP' onwards, alighting at judicious points and restlessly flickering away again. The first recital revolved principally around the rhythmic enormity of the 'On The Corner' / 'Agharta' period minus the rococo excess: drummer Al Foster (now a veteran of modern Miles) and the superbly imaginative percussionist Mino Cinelu were really the finest players of the night, propelling an image of huge strength while remaining limber and tactile enough to split the seams and permit the others room. Marcus Miller played a bass so unobstrusively it hung on the fringes as if waiting to be invited in, always disappointed.

What makes this sound so 'modern' is its emphasis on a group structure, a deliberate subordination of the individual. The offhand, downbeat nature of Miles' own contributions might be disappointing but it is this very reserve that is meant to redouble the intensity. When Davis established his great mid-50s quintet with Coltrane and Red Garland he manipulated the form to beget the first group to move in fields that suggested both collective and individual tensions — the first modern group in *emotional* rather than directly stylistic terms.

That premise is ageless, and when allied to a contemporary vocabulary it cannot be outmoded. Miles has resolutely clung to the principle — and with jazz having phased out solitary instrumental thrones, he's been proved right again — except the differences between this group and his greatest units finally sours the quest.

The fact that a peculiar kind of artistry is called for — a paradoxical, combustible marriage of introversion and exclamation, of virtuosity and an exact sense of knowing when to start, withdraw, reduce or attack — means you have to be a brilliant player and possess a temperament ornery and modest in roughly equal measure. You can float or stab or flame in Miles' music — you can never coast or shoot your stupid mouth off.

And Miles' boys here, the percussion duo aside, were simply not up to it. Mike Stern, as maybe befits a man looking like a refugee from REO Speedwagon, made his guitar a corpulent, capering gargoyle. A few glimmers of thought in his quieter moments were uselessly overruled by blimp-like wads of hysteria and masturbatory exercises in volume. Coltrane and Shorter could play loud and fast too but their speed and punch were servants to the spirits of intelligence and truth, not the ego.

Bill Evans, the saxist from 'Man With The Horn', took a more fruitful course as mediator: an often terse, skilfully contrived grouping of tenor, soprano and flute that always stopped short of mere rhetoric. Yet no real thumbprint, never any positive penetration. Isolated with Miller at the far right of the stage, Evans too seemed moulded as an outsider.

So, Miles himself. Despite his retreat into the furthest, most obtuse reaches of his muse he remains utterly mesmeric. It seemed almost impossible, wasteful, to look away from him, even when seated motionless behind the piano, listening in a pool of still space, face expressionless but eyes forever smouldering.

He pares and fillets phrases to their root, an X-ray of the idea; introduces a new theme — something as simple as a two-note morse motif — with a deceiving casualness. He mocks his old fallibility in the top register by playing little pipping rondos on the highest notes, adding a smear or smirch for colour. Just once or twice he began as if embarking on a richly detailed improvisation and then let it splutter out to almost nothing. Ordinary release doesn't interest him any more. He wanted instead a completeness of thought and group and sound and concentration: that was why it seemed so draining, in a duration miserly by ordinary standards, if you listened properly. And a failure, because he doesn't have the stalwarts to make it work as he wants. Not just now.

Richard Cook

VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT

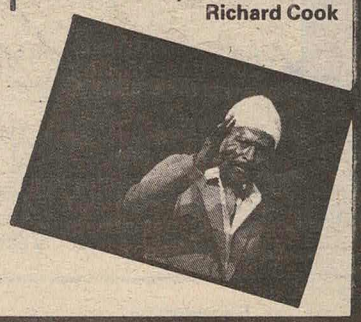
Ronnie Scott's

although i'd much rather speak effusively of the gentleman who sings on the new ABC 45 on my radio or Emily Dickinson or oh YIP ee my other True Love who is just as sensual as all that, but needs even less punctuation (and besides, she's a snappier dresser than Emily Dickinson ever got a chance to be) I'll tell you of Sunday night in SoHo: so so.

one key: hip and cool . . . wonky: hot and sour, bean curd
tea, time
to chat We overheard
tongues tell where one might jive and bop; the only club left?
So Heaving to, we navigate Chinatown chilly leisurely past
waiting hands awaiting anti pastycipation wanting awards for
disi pation — "5 pee for a syringe, mate?" — contributions to a
slow cultural death, NoHo sirree. Into Frith's famous
Scott
now i'm not in no dirty whisky Bukowski mood — i'll gladly put
away the bottles for a pair of binoculars, tonight; i'll put away a
minimum of juice! — but the sight that greeted my baby blues
gave my baby the blues; que a mile long from the bar back —
jump back cadillac! Now i know why they call it aGHAST LIST
plus, one sec,
grasp this: ONE waitress, who's got a job in her hands tonight
Basie does a head Count standing above me his portrait with a
fag hanging burns a hole in the back of my neck, no wonder, a
BIG BASS HOLE and i think: scenes in his day — hey, day! hey,
here's lady day! — had to gradually graduate on the course
from BEING
tight rough
to their own kind
of lazy sophistication,
whereCROWDS
developed their definition and the mannerisms came naturally
and the cabs came promptly
and the calloways came of their own accord
gave of their own lost chord and there was genuine inVENTion
and the piano went OLA went *O Lady Day!*
went their OWN way and i think there
's nothing like a trumpet that goes HOO HOO HOO or Billie's
tongues wrapped round Billie's blues round bout midnight
rapped round Billie's bourbon trapped up right and i think
there's no ONE thing like that to night just a GHOST list in oils
round our nodding heads
there are no skirts flipping heels scuffling no tongues yapping
no kites flying no boys swinging oh SWING, ian! *no!* for this is
just like neon in daylight up against the real swing
everyone is so clean and quiet here to night and if this is the new
Bohemia i'd rather hop home to a VHS of Katey Hep
burn or of the open ING bongos of an opening shut case in
Touch of Evil,
oh well, no, not every night has to be blue La Rondo i reply to
my sleepy conscience but VIC GODARD AND THE SUB WAY
SECT AND A THREE NUMBER TRENDY TORCH SINGER
STEFFANY SMITH AND BERN
ARD RHODES TAPPING HIS HEAD
was as if they thought that from the OFF *they had it* — a 'perfect
scene' — had IT had it all
all the mood mannerism diction abstraction and although the
band can play their one blue note — *their one blue note* — very
well, i don't see the ends of it

at all al, though some say all roots leads to Rhodes, which some
say fiddles, some say Bern, say, here comes my old pal Sean
who says that man
ager told him NO JEANS ALL OWED!

Vic tried to sing a Julie Stein line bout how he was *"lyin' face down in the gutter"* but, er, he just sounded like he was lyin'. get *THAT!* said one, get Kerouac, said another
get smart, say i
pen
man (with
debts and cupids to: Emily Dickinson who would've liked rap;
rap tap tap ing it out in her white room . . . Charles Bukowski
who would call this crap and fall over Frank
o'Hara who would've painted this town red).



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THOMAS DOLBY
Heaven

BRAND NEW pop executives Final Solution fling open Heaven's gates for a couple of Mondays: time to drag out the wings and clip them on, time to harp on about what a nice smell there is at Heaven. As always the one hard thing about flying through Heaven is to stop plucking about and concentrate on the *music*.

Thomas Dolby, like Wick Rakeman or Holgar Czukay, has *music* written all over him: *music* drips from his ears and pours from his pores. Watching Dolby displaying himself upstairs at Heaven was like intruding on somebody's private study. He looks to be a very stable character, a very solemn explorer, and not the type of person most of us would look to as a guide to the workings of the universe and the springs of human action.

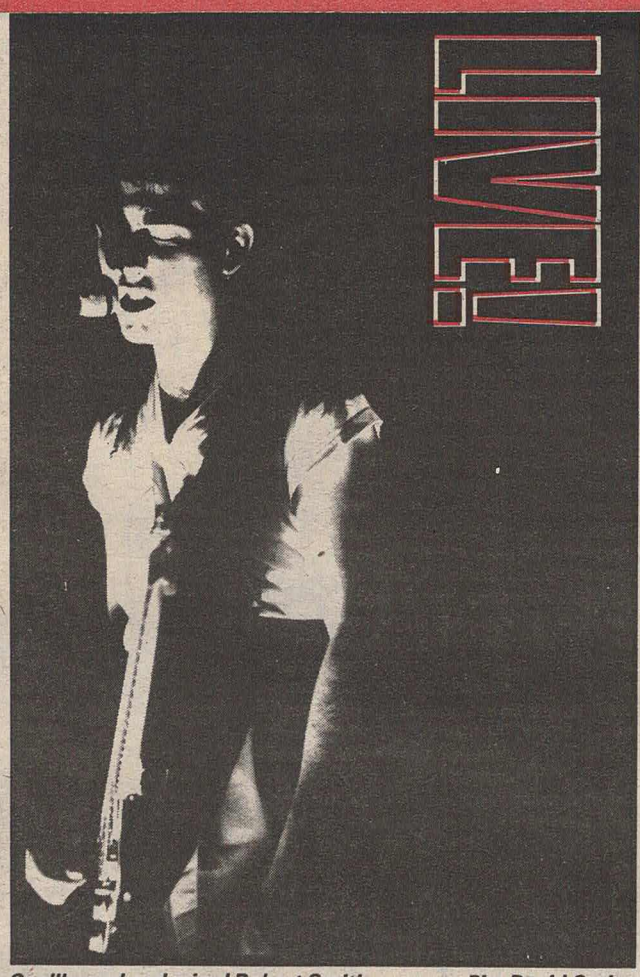
If he is in vogue in any way whatsoever it may be because there is a charming pseudo-scientific slant to his vague presence, a quietly reassuring nonchalance. He is an arranger, a mechanic, a technician, dealing with bare momentum, spare lines, faint randomness, mild sensations. However much you looked and listened it was difficult to discern much beyond a pair of wire spectacles, a loud splitting taped drum sound, a lazy forming of shapes and patterns, a dwindling away to nothing. Thomas Dolby was just not up-to-date enough.

The Box are bitter, and they don't drink their soup in an old-fashioned way. They are a condemnation of the pedantic, the bureaucratic, the lifeless, the imprecise, the sentimental. Their madly concentrated songs pronounce a criss-cross quiz aesthetic: the songs use sound like the wheel of a train or the propellor of an aeroplane, they are fashioned rather than reproduced, and they represent with unambiguous lucidity the intense, explosive power of feeling. The Box are hyper-sensitive, and they raise their eyebrows in an incredulous way. They are a celebration of spontaneity, liberty, desire, availability, adventure. Their marvellously manic songs are a defamiliarising series of inquiries: the songs are rapid, reaffirming the importance of the restless spirit, and there is no space for descriptiveness or ornament.

I'm guessing all this, of course, as the early hours at Heaven is not the best way to open up this kind of box. Even the most earnest endeavourer will find themselves lacking the kind of concentration that is required to diagnose fairly The Box's projective minimalism: when they've been at Heaven for a few hours. What hits hard is that The Box are hard hitters. As an incidental, Stephen Mallinder of Cabaret Voltaire sang his last Box show and further proved that he is a feverish, compelling frontman who can introduce erotic enterprise into even the most acrimonious, comfortless presentation.

Even though The Box was just tentatively fingered, it was decided that they are clearly up-to-date.

Paul Morley



Spellbound and wired Robert Smith *Pic: David Corio.*

SAVAGE SCREAM OF BIRTH

THE CURE
Brighton

LIKE ANY VALID palliative, The Cure have not stood still inside the age that gave them birth. To meet even more blunt, oppressive times they have made themselves grow equally fearsome. Three boys with very white knuckles and an awful lot on their minds . . .

By an unjust twist, The Cure have always appeared *behind* the times. As 'Shot By Both Sides' was ushering in a gauntlet of ideas of unprecedented daring they suggested instead the similarly sophisticated but paradoxically primitive 'Killing An Arab' as their opening shot. It initiated a train of thought that ran crucially askew with its times, culminating in the stifling, repressive luxuriance of 'Faith' last year, the reverse face of Joy Division's shocked currency of despair: when Robert Smith sang of a funeral party he made sure the image was frozen inside an irresistibly strong melodic climate. It rang with a contrary decadence.

That strain of resolute melancholy was, though, a painful expression at a time when pop was reasserting its sickly grin. Their newest material states that The Cure have taken the hardest road — they have responded by increasing, not slackening off an assault powered by an almost ecstatic vitriol. Their current tour, of which this was an early gig, is set to pitilessly lambast their audience.

But then, what is Robert Smith singing about? I doubt if his listeners know and I'm not sure I do. I certainly found it impossible to distinguish lyric structure in the current Cure songcycle, although I do have some ideas on it, and Smith's thunderous, adenoidal tenor speaks at a single level: wired, all through. It's easy to be obsessed by Smith in a live situation, stubbornly static and spellbound by his microphone; but it is the unity of The Cure that pinions the attention.

This is a search for an electric music that bludgeons, hacks and stabs at the greyness The Cure have always had cast over them — and for one that also has a shy, squishy core of acoustic sweetness hiding within. An impossible collusion, of course, and the songs from 'Pornography' imply that they've gone for broke on a breed of aural violence that finally unshackles the savagery that has always slept inside The Cure. Yet Smith is reluctant to surrender the germ of pop in his fibre.

It's all very skilfully deployed: a bruisingly clear sound of scathing force, a clockwork, Pavlovian lightshow, a variegation of light and shade in the song order that builds to the unmitigating force of 'Pornography' itself as the climax. The Cure invest their earlier work with a tautness that revitalises their interest in songs they know too well — after all, 'Primary' and 'Faith' remain conceptions of gravid power — and use them as practice courts for the ever darker tones of the 'Pornography' music.

Some of which is brutally disturbing. 'One Hundred Years' is tortuously strung across guidelines of synthesised menace, the combative tensions of Smith's guitar and Gallup's bass and a vocal of epic velocity; but it's 'Pornography' that swamps everything that went before. Prefaced by an indecipherable babel of voices the instruments gradually grow up and intensify to an endless pitched scream and Smith's harrowing voice guts its way inside before the edifice cracks. The tapes jabber on as the group disappear. The encore of '10.15 Saturday Night', a beautiful unrequited tragedy, was flawlessly delivered as if in relief of exorcism.

The Cure felt dissatisfied with this performance; Smith, on his birthday, looked dejected and tired. If this is second-string Cure then their best must be very close to the edge. By the time they reach Hammersmith there'll be few groups this live or this powerful.

Richard Cook

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SOUTHERN DEATH CULT
SEX GANG CHILDREN

The Clarendon

ANDY HAYWARD fronts Sex Gang Children with a pretension to angst that would shake Pete Murphy. This pained face, painted white, fails to convey the feelings so protractedly projected — he strikes as a howling Marcel Marceau lost for words and signalling rejection. This is a Sex Gang Child.

The name of the band may invoke perverse and paedophilic images to some, but they fail to live up to their name. This is a misnomer. There is no overt or even subtle sexuality. They are sterile and uncoordinated; warm where they should burn — tepid where they should freeze. Sex Gang Children may find a coffin to rest in — probably in the nether region between Bauhaus and Siouxsie, but never in the same crypt as the people they so ardently emulate.

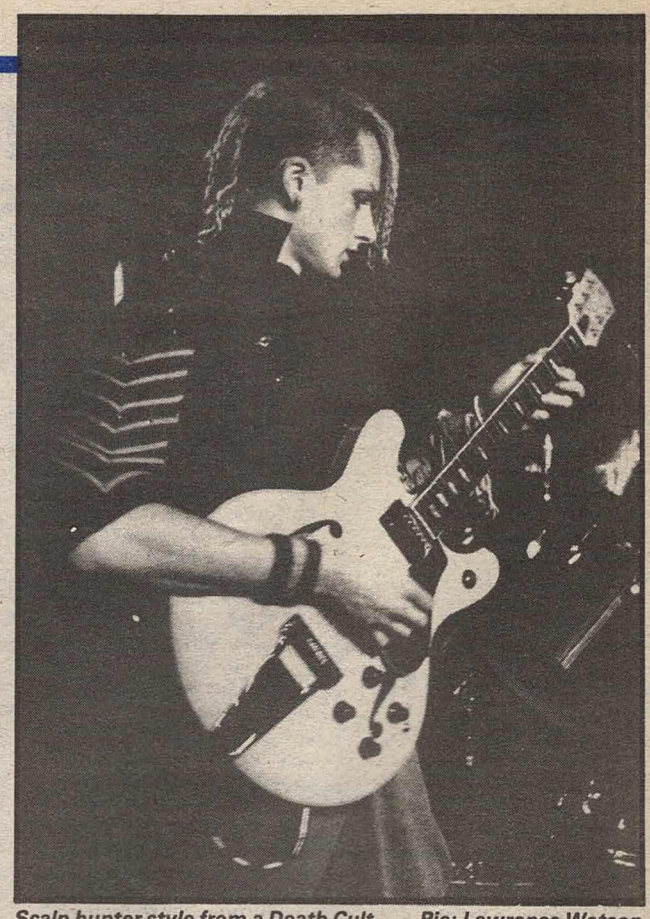
Movement from graves to braves and how! Southern Death Cult come to sacrifice a prepared audience. An anticipatory mood is prevalent — the presence of certain members of TOH is enough to create an air of subliminal suggestion. The band enter and the war paint daubs the fans with fire. Ian is more warrior than Adam ever was — pushing the primitive drums, encouraging the tribal war of sound.

On the warpath they cross the plain between TOH's energy and tribal lyricism and the dark, percussive dance of an ill-tempered Joy Division. The strict co-ordination is their essence and the strength.

Lyrically the songs vary from the polemic 'Mayo' to the rampant chant of 'Fatman'. The band are not great creators or innovators — they are a four-piece with all the restrictions that implies — but they are savage, and they almost transgress rock for rude, hypnotic tribalism: they blow fresh with that same western breeze that whistles through 'Westworld' or 'Cassette Pet'. The Cult have become just that. The followers know the signs and read the signals — all a perversion of Indian pride — including the rivalry and fighting spirit in songs like 'Vivisection' and 'Today'. All this is enhanced by the shaman-like qualities of the singer, wearing full war paint; this is "crazy horse" leading and jibing — coaxing the followers into his wardance.

The tribal factor has been worked before and the Indian exploited but in a fashionable sense — all suede Worlds End and Kings Road. This is REAL — Northern heart and soul. When the Southern Death Cult charge London again it will be for scalps and for the happy hunting ground.

David Dorrell



Scalp hunter style from a Death Cult. Pic: Lawrence Watson

SMOKE SIGNS OF A DIE-R TRIBE

IT'S HISTORY

New Single

THE COMSAT ANGELS

polydor

LIVE!

THE SURFACE MUTANTS

Sheffield

CLONIC PRODUCTIONS present the first in a series of odd gigs in strange places. The Hofbrauhaus, previously renowned for German beer, lunch-time strip show and ten fights a night, opens its doors cautiously to a distinguished audience of pop stars, associates and trendy students.

We have a compere. Mark Miwurdz mixes a frothing cocktail of comedy, misses out on the poetry, and leaves the fifteen people who can actually see him shaken . . . not stirred.

The Birthday Party huff and pant, puff and rant but still end up sounding like a bloody awful heavy metal band. But let's move back somewhere strange. Can you remember the joy of the DVA thirst? Remember the old style Cabaret Voltaire electrode pyrotechnics? You might like The Surfact Mutants.

The Mutant disco delves into the subconscious, drags out the base emotions and brings to the surface all-but-forgotten traumas, parading them wickedly around the aisles. They shock, horrify and sometimes just bore. But at their very best, The Surface Mutants forge the co-existence of beautiful, ghastly, bizarre and repulsive elements, merge the parts into a turbulent whole and withdraw into a phantasmagoric and nocturnal world.

'When Are We (Now We Are)' is a stop start chant over a tape-crazy malignant mutant beat. Heartbeat pulses with percussive fervour, the beat unnaturally disfigured to suit.

Bass and guitar make rich demented noise, sometimes together but often nowhere. Nort, star of the Pressure Company album, cracks the rhythmic whip in seering style. Andy Price's tapes complete the fusion of horrorshow violence into an ugly landscape of destruction and genocide. The (Surface) Mutants are going to be massive in the post-holocaust world.

Mutate now . . . avoid the rush. The new single is 'Anaesthetic' and it's in your record shop now. They may just bore you rigid but then again The Surface Mutants might take you somewhere strange . . . and leave you there.

Amrik Rai

EASY ACTION

Harlow

I REALLY did think the new town patient was past all hope, but thanks to the brave and tireless initiative of a few local musical activists, a weak heartbeat can once again be heard here in the moribund metropolis of Essex. The Apocalypso runs on Thursdays in the tiny restaurant at Benny's Club. Tonight there's a good turnout, a friendly and definitely non-nightclub atmosphere, and the lager isn't as fizzy as usual. To achieve all of that here in Harlow is no mean feat.

Compere Kevin Jones announces this evening as an international event, meaning that for the first time in the club's history some of the performers are outside Harlow. So from London's Comedy Store come Jim Barclay and Brian Bailey, two up and coming comedians with radically different approaches to their art.

A quick gawp at a Jam video and then it's time for local firm handed existentialists Easy Action, playing over by the bar. Four piece and all in black, inviting visions of Joy Division, but when they start playing you soon realise that this lot could eat Joy Division for breakfast and still have room for Blue Rondo. Sort of Sham meets the Velvets, especially vocalist Simon who looks like Pursey and sounds like Jon Cale. And they've got some great songs, especially 'Born To Nothing' (a potential single if ever I heard one), the peculiar 'Caspar Hause' and the Harlow influenced anthem 'Urban Shuffle' about a town where "tourists fear to tread". Actually that's a bit heavy boys, we've got a town twinning scheme with Stavanger in Norway, you know — I met a Norwegian in the Harvey Centre last week . . .

My only criticism of Easy Action is that the set tends to go in fits and starts, but once the few really duff songs have been replaced, the band will be even better than they are now.

No criticisms of the club though and full marks to the management for proving that, even in the apathy capital of Southern England, enjoyable events like this can be staged. New town dwellers everywhere, take heart — we're not finished yet.

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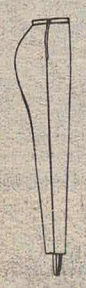

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STEEL PULSE

From page 33

only for those who have always been tuned into Steel Pulse, but this one is different.

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It's a dream that could well come true, as all over the world black cultures are amalgamating. In this country, kids growing up exposed to equal amounts of soul and reggae, with a lot of pop and rock, are mixing it up (Steel Pulse's early influences include Mandrill, War and The Isley Bros). America is embracing and trying to learn more about reggae. And the African continent, which for so long has had soul and funk as part of its staple diet, is now opening up to reggae bands (Pulse will be touring there later this year).

Hinds and the boys are astute, and talented enough to see this thing through. So it would be a great shame to lose them, but if the sales of 'True Democracy' to date are anything to go by, we've at last learned to recognise a good thing when we see one.

NME XPRESS WORD

ACROSS

1 An unpopular job position, but a popular position on the job for all including Josef K (3-10)
7 For the Hollies it followed the bus and then three more followed all together (4)
11 Ferry with room for extra on board (4-4-4)
12 Founder member and reformer of King Crimson (5)
13 Gosh said Rose Royce, but it was just a small one for then (3-3)
14 Song written by (Jaques) Brel and McKuen, sung by many artists, but only once a hit in 1974 (2-3-2-4)
16 Sandy Posey hit twice over (1-6-4)
19 Bobby, who weathered Sunny (yesterday my life was filled with rain . . . etc) (4)
21 It could be Dallas or Johnny Carson or a MacDonalds quarter-pounder from Simple Minds (8)
22 The life that Stevie Wonder's songs have (3)
23 + 40 No plastic credit-card stuff from the Pretenders (5-2-6)
26 They played around the Shepherds Bush pubs in 1964 as the Detours . . . (3)
28 . . . and now they're huge (and older) this is what they don't do (much) (3)
30 With Roxy Music, he also had a solo album 'In Search of Eddie Riff' (4-6)
33 Bob Marley's departure (6)
35 Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page all played at various time in this group (9)
39 *"When I was young and so much younger than today"?* — by Lennon/McCartney (4)
40 See 23 across
41 Dead or Alive, it's quite a long time (2-3-4-5-3)

DOWN

1 Could it be a butterfly that Graham is singing about (9-6)
2 Black group who have included three Whites, Maurice, Verdine and Fred (5-4-3-4)
3 + 10 Billy Fury's last top 10 hit. . . (2-8-2-3)
4 . . . and the Hollies first top 10 hit (different but yet similar to 7 across) (4)
5 1966 number one penned by Jagger/Richards, although the Stones version was only a minor hit in 1975 (3-2-4)
6 A rest, with the end missing, and a cue — ballsy number from Echo etc (6)
8 Not one of Numan's cars but, with his flying, perhaps his plane? (4-8)
9 + 29 Pigbag as they were rather unoriginally known previously (3-5)
10 See 3 down
15 He moved from Move to E.L.O. (5)
17 + 25 Eagles number — in cockney it would be 'Mince Pies Tellin' Pork Pies' (4-4)
18 It's five years (good grief!) since their White Riot (5)
24 + 20 Am I Yob? sang Roger Daltrey very nearly (2-1-3)
25 See 17 down
26 He also moved from Move then moved away again (4)
27 Four Seasons 17th work (4)
29 See 9 down
31 Did Graham Bonnet lose his in this band of two hits in the late sixties? (7)
32 Skids head car wrong way (7)
34 Tell Him, New York Groove — and it's goodbye from them (5)
36 All around my bridge (4)
37 A promise? Let's hear that again (and again) (4)
38 Company for the Stranglers behind bars (4)

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS:– 1 'See Those Eyes'; 6 Ole; 8 and 12+31D 'Under The Moon Of Love'; 11 Damned; 13 Doc; 14 'Oops'; 15 Dole; 18 Marsh; 19 Neat; 21 *Roar*; 22 Ene; 24 *Born*; 25 'Sextet'; 27 Fate; 28 Cash; 29 Toot; 30 Del; 32 DAF; 34 Ivy; 35 Simone; 38+44 'Final Solution'; 39 Video; 40 D.N.A.; 41 Summer; 43 Turk; 44 See 38 Across.

DOWN:– 1 *Southern Comfort*; 2 Tied; 3 'Out Come The (Freaks)'; 4 Eva; 5 *Elephant Man*; 6 Ono; 7 Eds; 9 Rod; 10 Everett; 11 Dash; 12 See 8 Across; 16 Lane; 17 Fassbinder; 20 Era; 22 Reh; 26 'Horses'; 30 Dylan; 21 See 8 Across; 32 Doom; 33 Ferrys; 35 Van; 37 I.O.U.; 42 Mao.

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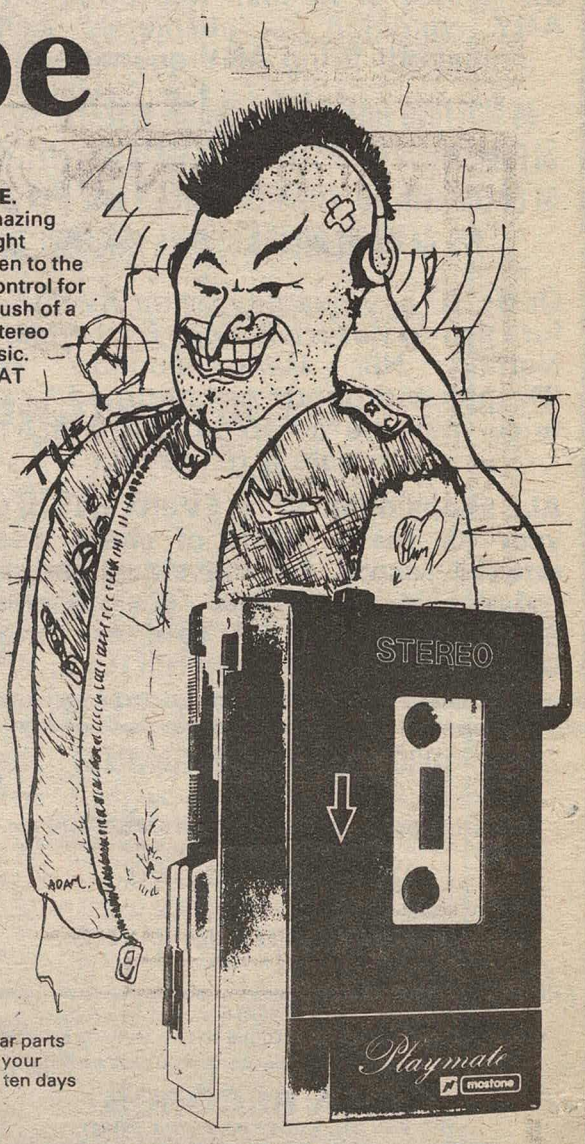

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SINGLES

☐ *From page 17*

Without Hats should invest in some headgear, sharpish.

The sleeve for 'Tones On Tail' identifies Daniel Ash as being 'from Bauhaus', and while this column is proud to state that it doesn't care where *anyone's* from, it must also remark that when someone commences a song with the line *"It's very good advice to believe only what an artist does"*, a certain amount of suspicion is aroused. Should that be 'only what an *artist* does' (as opposed to what anybody else may do) or 'only what an artist *does*' (as opposed to what anybody may say). Either way, it fails to endear Mr Ash — on this page, at least.

W. Youth do their level best to sound Important, but fail to reach the mark, while The Comsat Angels represent everything that the likes of Dead Wretched and The Subhumanz could aspire to: in elegant, wracked, heroically depressed tones, they glorify gloom and despondency according to the highest standards of the Peel show. None of these guys can touch Japan, though: 'Ghosts' elevated adolescent self-pity to peaks previously untouched in living memory.

DREAD SITUATIONS

MIKEY DREAD: Rocky Road (Dread At The Controls), Roots and Culture (Dread At The Controls)
LINCOLN THOMPSON AND THE RASSES: One Common Need (God Sent)
THE SET: Nothing To Lose (Dakota)
DESMOND DEKKER: Book Of Rules (Stiff)

After Mr Baker's diatribe against skanky matters the other week, I was quite looking forward to a few reggaematic items to fuel a counter-broadside, but these ain't them: Mikey Dread shows up with two singles, one 7" and one 12" and both unexceptional and Prince Lincoln's assertion of the 'One Common Need' sets its sights rather too low. True, food, clothing and shelter are not merely desirable but acutely necessary, but the minimum demand from life should include a few more fundamentals. The Set play an efficient white reggae as unobjectionable as it is unmemorable, while Desmond Dekker — aided and abetted by producer Will Birch — speeds up the old Heptones classic to a point where the bass line sounds almost comic.

REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES?

MARI WILSON: Baby It's True (Compact)
FOUR TOPS: Baby I Need Your Loving (Tamla Motown)

The lady who has virtually singlehandedly restored Neasden to the swinging bohemian quarter which it was before the introduction of the National Health Service is here brought to our attention with a record that resembles someone's favourite bits from a dozen or so elderly Motown records stuck together in a loving but random fashion. For some reason, the said Motown label has chosen this juncture to remind the world, for no apparent reason, that 'Baby I Need Your Loving', which has been a great record since 1964, is still a great record.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

HEAVY MANNERS: Hometown Ska (Disturbing)
KATE FAGAN: Waiting For The Crisis (Disturbing)
NO MORE: Suicide Commandos (No More)

All these records are, by prevailing community standards, ridiculously out of date. Heavy Manners are (gulp) a ska band from Chicago, Kate Fagan is one of their singers doing a solo effort and No More are a trio of young Germans who appear to have fallen out of Lou Reed's 'Berlin' album (in fact, they seem to have made some extremely earnest attempts to climb into it first).

'Hometown Ska' features a wry little lyric complete with a derogatory reference to Robert Stigwood, some witty saxophones, a perky rhythm and a definite atmosphere of People Enjoying Themselves. Left to her own devices (drum machine etc), Kate Fagan presents something rather different: a backroom garage-electronic march framing a few criticisms of American foreign policy (*"We sell you arms so you will be our friends"* and so forth). No More's effort rattles along in suitable electrofashion while a voice proclaims with hilariously gloomy relish, *"It will all end up like the New York scene/too much drugs, too much pills and too much songs."* Quite. Not to be missed.

WEASEL! GOES THE POP

PARIS: No Getting Over You (RCA)

Paris is a group of convenience formed by the people who produce, package and write for Bucks Fizz and Bardo. They have now taken to producing, packaging and writing for themselves and the result is sufficiently syrupy to make any of those worthies' efforts sound positively sharp-edged by comparison. Is this yellow? More a dirty grey . . .

TOY DOLLS: Everybody Jitterbug (EMI)

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GEORGE

FROM PAGE 25

terrible. He's an idiot. Like a big cheesecake on legs. I just think he's so awful."

Do you like Albert Einstein?

"I've never heard of him. . ."

He was a scientist. . .

"Oh, he's on the cover of that M single isn't he?"

He thought that the physical body was something of a handicap.

"He probably couldn't get what he wanted. People always make these big ideas up about things if they can't get what they want."

He had Monroe.

"So what? Marilyn Monroe was just a glorified transvestite."

"I'VE STOPPED wearing as much make-up lately," The Boy George tells me. "You probably haven't noticed. I'm cutting down. It's my natural look."

The Boy George may be painted and powdered and intolerant and cleverly unsettling, but he talks like a comedian.

"Do I? That's great! Maybe that's my true vocation in life . . . Actually you print that and I'll kill you; I'll bomb your house."

George, beneath the banter and the bitching — or because of it — represents as much as anyone the new acceptance that the massive cultural pressures, and complications mustn't be allowed to confuse and compromise.

Culture Club are up-to-date because they simply get on with establishing a quality, a procedure, a pattern that is unique to themselves but which loosely corresponds with other actions and activities. It is an attempt to recreate or recover a purity that can develop into something unknown and delicious. There is at the heart of Culture Club a necessary, indefinable *hardness.*

And The Boy George, amidst all the cursing and complaining, cares deeply about people.

"I do like people, but they upset me so much. So I just pretend that I don't like them. Of course, I like everyone, I'm sure I'm in love with the whole world, but I just get pissed off with people because they let themselves down so much. And it depresses me that so many people are just like exactly the same.

"My brothers are boxers, my dad runs a boxing club. My little brother is a South London ABA champion. He's a really good boxer. My dad's really proud of him; but he's also proud of me because he sees that Im achieving something. He sees that I've got a good product, that I've got something. . .

"He knows me, he knows what I'm about. He knows that I'm not suddenly going to turn up at the house in a big cadillac wearing a pink fur coat saying, Oh hello. I'm rich. He knows I'm not going to go off my head, he knows I'm not that sort of person. And I've no wish to be like that, I've no wish to impress anyone.

"I don't give a shit. I don't want to be a boring pop star, I don't want to be a rock star, and I never will be. How could I? What the hell have I got to do with rock'n'roll? I take this seriously enough to want to do it, to want to be a success, but if it fails I'm not going to fold away and not be able to go out. I'm not going to hide. Who gives a damn? I'm just not desperate."

The Boy George looks around warily to see if anyone overheard him: and then he laughs at himself.

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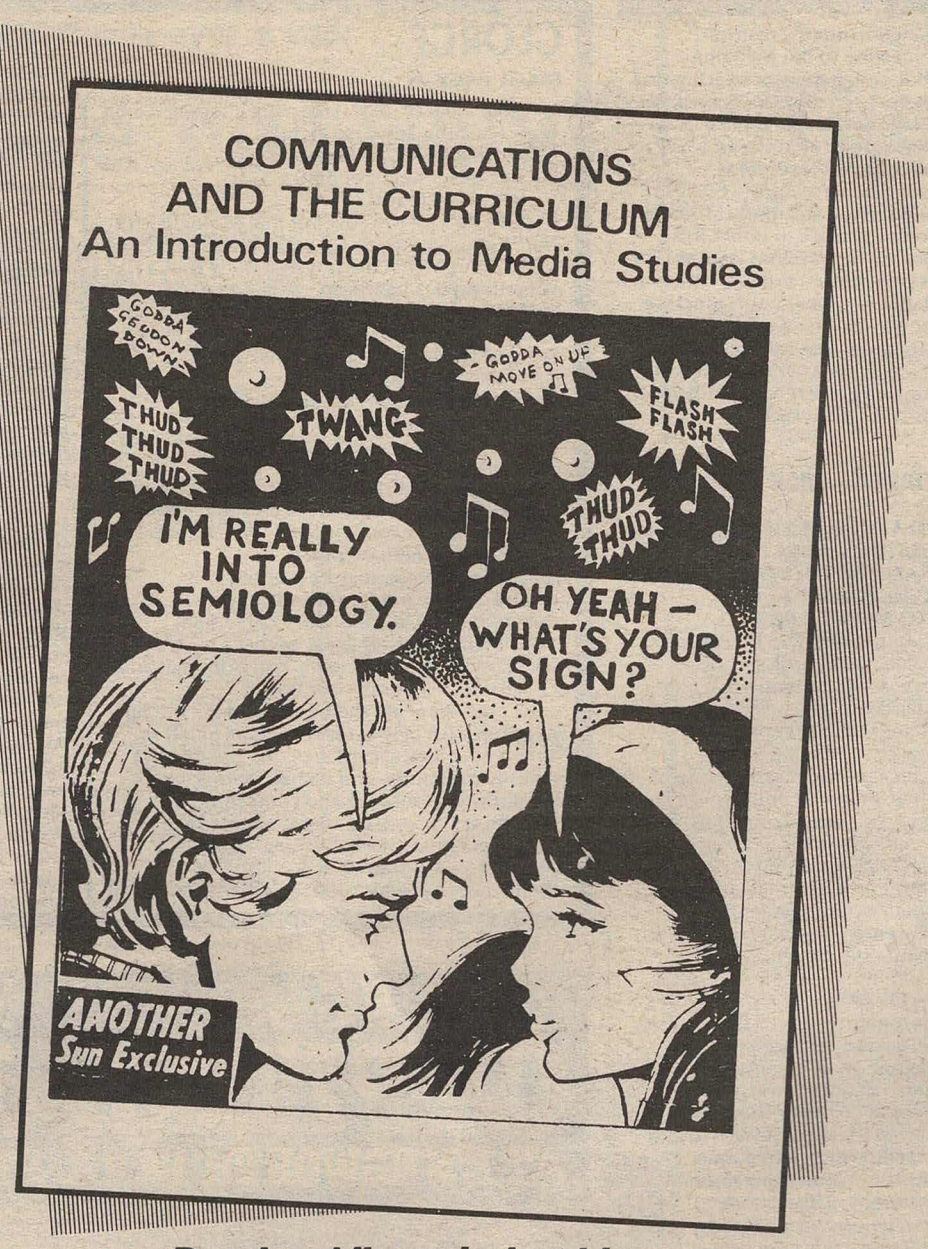


Readers' lives judged by Ian (sign of the times) Penman.

SWEEPING GENERALISATIONS 1: THE NME

Is there really any hope? My rent's overdue, I've sinus trouble and my right eye is playing ping pong with the Western world. In desperation I turn to the *NME* — give me spirit, I say, show me that SPARK, ignite the fire once more. But no, my old pal Paul Morley plays Jezebel to the pop world's fickle Judas Iscariot. And I'm left wondering why I ever bothered with the Morley gospel.

Paul Weller is this year's target — but only because he's BRAVE enough to change tack in the light of what he's learnt. The Left is no toy, and today the 'little things' of Morley's world are overshadowed by the BIG THINGS which would appear to play very little part in his scheme of things. I loved Paul Morley for his spirit, his sense of adventure, but the light does *not* pour out of Paul — and to most of us his crocodile tears and dayglo dilletantism ARE NOT ENOUGH. My greatest flame tells me that I expect too much, that only narrow minds push socialist values for all they're worth. But how else do we arrive at change? Will the crass minimalism of Ian Penman serve anything else but the *NME* ego-collective?

All is frivolity while a generation awaits its turn on the chopping block. "DANCE DON'T RIOT" is a fiction, and Perry Haines' consumer fetish is pop's answer to Freddie Laker. Haines as working-class hero? Don't make me laugh . . .

I don't expect a blow-by-blow polemic on the capital vs labour thang every issue, but can't we demand more spirit, more lust and vision from the *NME*? It's no wonder that people are turning to the empty headed tirades of *Sounds'* Gary Bushell, or the trite cross-Atlantic sloganeering of lame ducks like Joe Strummer. We need a lead, and the *NME* surely can't be happy pandering to the illusions of the escapists.

This is not Bohemia, and we are not *Cabaret* extras. This is Britain 1982 and it's ROUGH . . . An ostrich with its head buried in a bombsite is not inspiring, and the *NME* is looking more and more New Tory every week. We don't need slogans a la Clash. We need SPIRIT and HOPE. Values and pop do mix and match — providing us with both FUN and HOPE.
Paddy Buckney, Selsey, West Sussex.

Odd how it is assumed that one word about PLEASURE means that the writer in question doesn't have any POLITICS. And if Paul, say, concentrates on those foolish little things there's always a reasonable quarterback — our good guy Andrew Tyler — or a probing-in-the-darkness piece like this week's big Benn feature . . . but Paul has his politics and Andrew his pleasures. We understand you expect more from us than your average rag (bag), but how many gaps are we expected to fill, how many functions to fulfill? Are we elected representative, agony aunt or an issue of eclectic word/image every week? *(And still only 30p, don't forget — P McN.)* — IP

Okay, so before last week I hadn't bought an *NME* for about a year, but hasn't *NME* coverage changed drastically in the wrong direction? Granted, your music coverage is ten times better than it was a year ago, but it's a crime that you're restricting yourselves to just music even more now than you were a year ago.

The alternative music scene is one of many movements which have come about because young people, discontented with what is provided and distrusting the people who pretend to represent them, are opting out. It has gone beyond mere punk rejection to the formation of an alternative wherever possible and an organised demand for changes where it isn't.

There is universal anger about unemployment and the arms race, and a growing belief that, whatever they might say, nobody else really wants to change things. People feel the same about a whole range of other issues which affect only their particular slice of society, and there is a growing feeling that change right through the system is needed, that not even radical change that fails to transform society as a whole is enough.

Music is not the only form of expressing these feelings, but while everything else receives the same treatment as *Oi For England* (10.35 on a Saturday night, with a warning that you might catch a disease if you watch it . . .), it remains the only effective one. The music is becoming increasingly bound up with everything else that's going on, so it makes increasingly good sense for the *NME* to 'chart, respond to, and promote' change on a far wider basis than it is now — or have you been lying all along too?
Steve Tope, Surrey

So what do you know about our 'alternative coverage' in the intervening year, asshole? You broad-based empiricists rub me up something rotten. You win our free year's subscription to *City Limits*. — IP *(rankled)*.

Let's stop moaning so much, and instead celebrate the *good* things about the *NME* . . . Richard Cook, Penman's apparent return to form, Du Noyer's musical honesty, Lynn Hanna's BEF interview, *Silver Screen* and *In The Can / On The Box* — snippets that tell you more about the films concerned than anything in the non-music press.
Michael Sandy, Luton.

And you win our year's holiday in Acapulco, all expenses paid, cocaine supplied!!! — IP

Whatever happened to
a) codpieces
b) your 'boxed classics' April Fool expose
c) Errol
d) your Rock 'n' Roll history in 116 parts
e) Lowry being funny
f) constructive criticism
g) intelligent observation
h) The Subterraneans
?
V.W. Orlando.
a) They were replaced by mohicans b) The option was bought up by *Reader's Digest* c) May his soul be in a place where many spirits circulate d) Mr Power is in Tibet, running up inconceivable expenses for the *Drugs* episode e) You want to field this one, Ray? f) & g) You want to field this one, Mr. Jewell? h) They all died of hepatitis or Zen or constructive criticism. — IP

Do you realise that the BASF ads are the best thing about your paper? You need new blood. Get George Melly to review the Singles again. Even *Sounds* hired Bruce Forsyth once.
John Wimbush, Leeds, W Yorks.
A.J.P. Taylor's up for compiling the Tour News soon, I hear. — IP

SWEEPING GENERALISATIONS 2: MY 'MATE' PAUL

The daft thing is, Paul Morley is the single true ambassador of The Great British Youth writing at the moment. He's caustic, a liar, an optimist, a melancholic, is obsessed with sex and is very funny. In the last year or so he's written just about all the pieces that have made me laugh, not least of all the Theatre Of Hate lampoon. I think people who say things like "was that arsehole really there . . . stick to writing about the music" ought to have a pretty close look at their selves.
Ernie McKenna, fashionable Sheffield.

Any paper that publishes Paul Morley's review of Tina Turner at the Hammersmith Odeon can't be *all* bad.
Simon, Sussex coast.

A famous writer should have said that muck raking reaches uninspiring depths when it sinks to sewer-sifting. Thankfully the literary void can now be filled with my reading Morley's review of the Tina Turner concert. It was all there:
a) The all too familiar sense of exaggerated self-importance displayed by the lumpen-intelligensia amidst the plebian horde.
b) The clumsily disguised preponderance of a dissipated subjectivity which by rather unfortunate fluke displays itself as reasoned reflections, prosaic wit and urbane chauvinism: one usually finds this in abundance in reformed 'bohemians' — or prospective alcoholics.
c) The neurotic transferance behaviour pattern of arbitrarily defined boundaries — as well as objects of desire (23 Skidoo and Dollar? Really Morley, you are worse than a shaman's doctoral thesis!) as a basis for venting pathological frustrations. I suppose it is after all in the best possible utilitarian taste if such a demolition job can be done in the name of a 'new' (?) pop sensibility.
d) The formulating of a new credo for dogmatism: the false juxtapositions of detail; the spurious implicit allegations of betrayal; the infantile hampering for pointless destruction: if only these tired riffer arses would stop working, eh Morley? What a clean, white-pop world it would be!
Nicos Ferenczi James, Southsea, Portsmouth.
See my reply to opening letter Nicos. I happen to know that Paul owns the most extensive collection of Al Jolson records in this country, and will be on *Nationwide* soon, delivering a populist thesis to the effect that 'Mammy's boy' (as we know him) is the true 'Godfather of Soul'. — IP

Wisely I have avoided reading anything you have written for some time now, as obviously you only do it to annoy. However, today, like a fool, I read your Tina Turner review. OK. So it was a bad gig, or so you say. But could you please explain to me this twisted, back-handed, double-bluff, one-upmanship that allows you to proclaim the likes of Dollar, or Buck's Fizz somehow credible. Do *they* pay you to write that stuff? It seems to me that you, and your boyfriend Ian Penman, bend over backwards so far to be hip that you can only see up your own arseholes. I should imagine you find that a truly "cosmic" experience.
Tim Leandro, Ladbroke Grove.
"What my boyfriend and I accomplish bending over backwards is our affair." — Stan Laurel.
"But what will our wives say?" — Oliver Hardy.

SWEEPING GENERALISATIONS 3: MY SEXUAL PREDILICTIONS

I am disgusted that the *NME* prints such sexist advertisements as the one for 'She-an-me' *(24/4/82)*. On the same page is an advert for comics including one whose title is an insult to women itself — "Tits and Clits". Ian Penman believes such a thing as "good" S&M is possible. I do not. The femenist (sic) movement as a whole does not. Both Ian and Richard Cook think femenists (sic) generalise and simplify the issue of pornography (though Ian Penman's idea that S&M is OK between consenting partners is a generalisation and an old tired cliche). Now, the question is, since R.C. and I.P. think they know better than the entire femenist (sic) movement, are they very clever or very arrogant?
Melanie Rawlinson, Norwich.

We are both very clever, but Richard has the decency to be proud of himself in the privacy of his own shrine. Me — arrogant? You don't know the half of it. *(This is true — Ed)*. For the "issue" — you're a very politically deluded person if you think the "feminist" movement decides anything "as a whole" . . . and/or, it's a very redundant movement if it does. For the "sexist ads"; on the same page I spy an ad which suggests all we men should dress up in macho leather like The Clash — which I find *remarkably* offensive on a whole number of levels. For a start I wear it a whole lot better than they do. The comic is one amongst many, and part of a certain strand of 'alternative' comic culture which more often than not satirises its' subject(s) — it leaves me cold, but then other things which I'm sure you'd find repulsive have me in stitches (and knots, and flex, and buckles, and . . .) — IP

Enhance your stance by writing to GAS BAG at NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

THE SERIOUS ONES
DARLING WE'RE THE JUNG ONES
DANSETTE SUMMER
A Searing Tale of Heavy Vibes, set in Swingin' London
I DANCE TO THE RHYTHM OF TRUTH!
DOES MY OLD SPICE BUG YOU BABE?
EXIT
COME DANCING WITH COLIN WILSON AND THE OUTSIDERS
(THINKS) WELL, THIS IS PRETTY BORING, I COULD BE WRITING A NOVEL.
WILLIE DOING THE HAND-JIVE

Illustrations by Mick (Biff Kardz) Kidd

THE 'WAY OUT' TRAY

A game for punters everywhere — guess what kind of shoes your favourite *NME* hack wears. Shoes are this summer's *in*nest thing! Remember the terror of those swines in the changing rooms with their black brogues with the metal segs you could here clicking and tacking way back down the corridor? Oh, for the days of Wayfinders with the dinky little compass in the heel! Anyway, my *NME* guesses — Danny Baker, (Dolcis) white pseudo yachting shoes; Paul Du Noyer, Jam shoes; Gavin (Dr.) Martin, ten hole AirWare boots in black with red laces.
M. Timpson, Talahasee.
. . . Monty favours a pair of deluxe check slippers as made popular by Dennis the Menace's dad, Chris Bohn has recently acquired a very fetching pair of snow shoes, and I am up to my elbows in rawhide. — IP

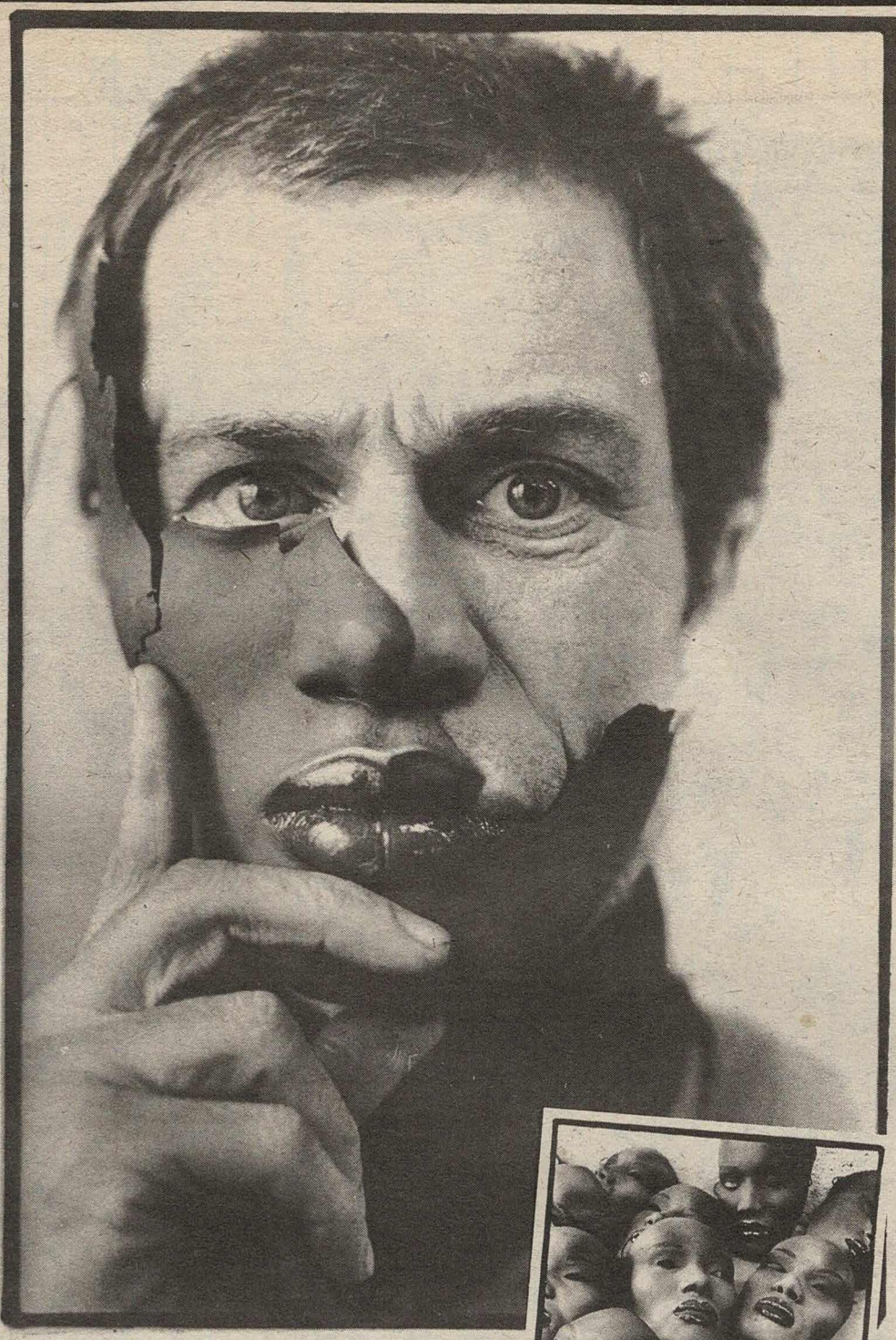
To me, Clare Grogan looks remarkably like Speedy Gonzales. Hence the *Looney Tunes?*
Elmer Fudd, New Barnet.
Doesn't John Connolly of New Barnet have a job to go to? Like maybe in the front line of the South Georgia shock troops? — IP

I read the *Nationwide Gig Guide* every week because I find that some of the bands' names get more ridiculous and fascinating with every issue. Do bands like "Matt Finish and the Glosscoats" and "Dumpy's Rusty Nuts" really exist? If so, could you honestly imagine yourself saying to yourself . . . I'm going to see Dumpy's Rusty Nuts tonight, or indeed, my all time favourite, "Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies". I'd love to know who or what "Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies" are and why you have never exposed them in your fine paper.
Heather Sneddon, East Kilbride, Glasgow.
PS: Can you print a picture of them????
No, but watch out for last week's exciting new addition: "Two Blokes Who Like Curry", who have a residency in Leeds somewhere. — IP

Have you noticed the massive Ziggy Stardust poster on Bet Lynch's bedsit wall in *Coronation Street?* The camera manages to keep the bottom half of it positioned indiscreetly behind Bet's bed, yet never gives us a glimpse of Mr Bowie's youthful visage (circa 1972). I say 'positioned indiscreetly' as he's resplendent in a skimpy, multicoloured outfit with psychedelic stripes everywhere, which hardly blends into the drab, slum-like appearance of Bet's humble abode. I reckon our Bet's been modelling herself on Bowie since the early '70s . . . the dangly earrings, thick make up, bizzare clothes, and the rummest of rum hairdos. I think my theory stands up pretty well; especially when one takes into consideration the Thin White Duke poster which has been in Mike Baldwin's factory so long. Mike has been known to take Bet out, remember, and no doubt she gave him the poster as a thank-you pressie. I rest my case.
John Nemes, Newport, Gwent.
What about Eddie Yates and Meatloaf? — IP

Did anyone see that poxy TV programme called *Scoop?* That pair of smarmy pricks — Richard Stilgoe and Griff Rhyss Jones. As for Miles Kington — what a frigging name.
Brian Tilsley, Quatar.
As TV criticism goes, I'd go with you over Julian Barnes any day of the week, Bri. — IP

Can I take this opportunity to start the Nick Heyward backlash? How can a chipmunk also be a Monkee?
Jake Flathead, Blackheath, London.



If this a) the outtake from unseductive new razor ad campaign attempting to combine 'before' and 'after' into one man's face? b) The outtake from an unseductive new sun tan lotion ad campaign attempting to show previously unknown and — switch to lab scenario — "scientifically verifiable" evidence that their product considerably lessens skin erosion caused by unwanted ultra violet rays? c) A still from the Scala cinema's unearthed "fondo bozo Sci Fi stinker" classic, *The Duck Man Goes Bongo,* currently playing in their 'Trash Sensible People Spit On' season? d) To wit: Jean Paul Goude, our wee Gracie Jones' conceptual manager modelling Island Film's 'Take away and Break' promo mask for the upcoming *One Man Show* movie? Pix: Deborah Feingold

AND THE dispute drags on ... the *Gasbag - T-zers* conflict claimed its first casualty this week when a lame gag, attempting to land on *T-zers,* fell hopelessly flat and crashed to the bottom of column five, destroying its punchline instantly. Meanwhile the whole paper rejoiced at the news that *T-zers* had retaken the remote Better Badges advert with no casualty beyond a mis-spelt address on a *Gasbag* letter. Its sender was given tea and toast aboard HMS Tripledot and the Queen *(Possible gag about **Freddie Mercury** or **George** here? — Ed)* was duly informed. Meantime pressure grows on the Staff Box to come down from its 'even handed' attitude, take sides, and get shot at by "those damn baggies" (copywright *The Sun 1982)* ...

Beyond all question of doubt, the news that **Cozy Powell** has left **The Michael Schenker Group,** with whom he has drummed since 1980, claiming that he needs "a long rest", just *has* to be the second most astonishing thing to have happened in this universe of ours in the whole week . . .

The *first* most astonishing thing, needless to say, is that this week's first real *T-Zer* is an item about Cozy Powell leaving The Michael Schenker Group, with whom he has drummed since 1980, claiming that he needs "a long rest". It was a week, all in all, when very little occurred that was interesting in the slightest . . .

Take **Bananarama**: the most they've got to talk about is getting thrown off a bus, while signing little kiddies' autographs, while travelling toward their studios for recording purposes. "This is as far as you get for 20p," bellowed their conductor. And that was as far as they got . . .

But on we press, regardless, leaving no stone un-turned (or more aptly, no turn un-stoned) in the quest for sensation. Instead, we uncover the news that **XTC** have *not* broken up — shock and horror, etc — despite rumours to this effect, sparked by cancellation of the Swinging Swindonians' UK and US tours. The rumours were fuelled by the Hammersmith Odeon (a notorious gossip, that building, forever exchanging tittle-tattle with the fly-over in front of it, bitching about the Palais down the road, and having slanging matches with the pie-and-eel caff across the street), who sent out ticket refunds with a letter saying the concerts were off because the band had broken up. Not so. Upheavals in the XTC camp were caused solely by **Andy Partridge's** illness and the group say, nay *vow,* they'll be working again as soon as he's recovered . . .

Mas-mitch of the year (sorry, make that mis-match): **Bow Wow Wow** supporting **Queen** on tour in Europe . . .

Meanwhile **Clash** and **Subway Sect** manager **Bernard Rhodes** tells *T-Zers* he sends **Vic** and the boys on tour with the most unsuitable group imaginable as "punishment" for any malarkey. The crooner's current pairing with **Altered Images** must have resulted from misdeeds too awful to imagine . . .

Then again, match-misses don't come much more massive than this: Icelandic group **Purrkur Pilnikk,** supporting **The Fall.** At last week's North London Poly appearance these disgraceful louts outraged the audience with their queerly-pronounced taunts of "Do you remember the Cod War?" — blithely un-mindful of the thrashing we've handed out to their neighbours the South Georgians. Back to Reykjavik with them, forthwith. The audience stoutly ignored their provocation . . .

Jonathan Richman, looking likely to appear here next month, is reported to consider himself as "a cabaret artist" these days, with no more intentions of ever playing a rock'n'roll club again . . .

THE POLICE commemorated the end of their tour of the Americas last week, with a press conference at which they sought to explain the hostility they'd aroused from the patriotic Chilean press when they played in that fair and delightful and popular country. It seems the group were accused of "insulting the national honour" by requesting that the microphones at their concert be disinfected. According to **Sting,** that was only because the support-band's singer had hepatitis. "But the Chilean press interpreted everything we did as being hostile to Chile. There's a lot of paranoia about other people's attitudes to Chile."

Talk turned to that nation's equally-lovable neighbour. "Let's clear up this Argentina situation," announced **Stewart Copeland.** "The first blow there was struck by **Andy Summers,** who kicked an Argentine cop." When all the fellow was doing was restraining fans, by using a cattle-prod. More news, too, of Summers' plans to work with **Robert Fripp.** "We grew up in the same town, we've known each other a long time," explained the guitarist. "Yeah," added Copeland, in stage-whisper. "They frequent the same geriatric wards" . . .

Pity about the song, but we kinda like the kid's attitude: a bitter quote from the disgruntled singer of Finland's Eurovision entry, which scored precisely No Points. "As far as I am concerned the whole world can get lost! The winning song has nothing at all to do with modern music. If the audience want a sweet German virgin sitting on a stool singing a lullaby, that's all right with me." . . .

After the split-up of Scottish group **Laughing Apple** — one of the most succesful groups ever to have been featured in *Garageland* — singer **Alan McGee** is forming a record label named The Soul Organisation; as an offshoot, he's opening a club. First night is at the Africa Centre, Covent Garden on May 14, with four bands headed by **The Nightingales** . . .

IT'S RUMOURED that **David Bowie** might do a new film by Jap director **Nagisa Oshima** (of *Ai No Corrida* fame/obscurity). Though set in Java, it's to be filmed in Australia, and tells the story of POWs in a Japanese camp. Also lined up for an acting role in the film is YMO's **Riuichi Sakamoto** . . .

Happy days for **Gang Of Four's Jon King,** married the other week to **Deborah Langdon-Davies** in Shoreham, near Sevenoaks. Best-person was **Andy Gill.** The couple are honeymooning in Crete. Meanwhile, ex-GO4'er **Dave Allen** continues his collaboration with **Barry Andrews** in new group **Shriekback** . . .

Still on the fact-front: **Dexys Midnight Runners** have nearly finished their new LP — only two years after their first — but it appears that relations between producers **Langer/Winstanley** and happy-go-lucky frontman **Kev Rowlands** have been a little strained. On one song in particular, **Clive Langer** was rather perplexed at Kev's policy of coughing the whole way through the track. Couldn't he at least stop coughing when it came to the chorus? asked Langer. "When it comes to the chorus I *don't* cough," said ever-humorous Kev. "I start grunting" . . .

Not grunting, but certainly performing elsewhere on the LP will be Celtic soul brother **Van Morrison,** who appears on Dexy's version of his own classic **'Jackie Wilson** Said' . . .

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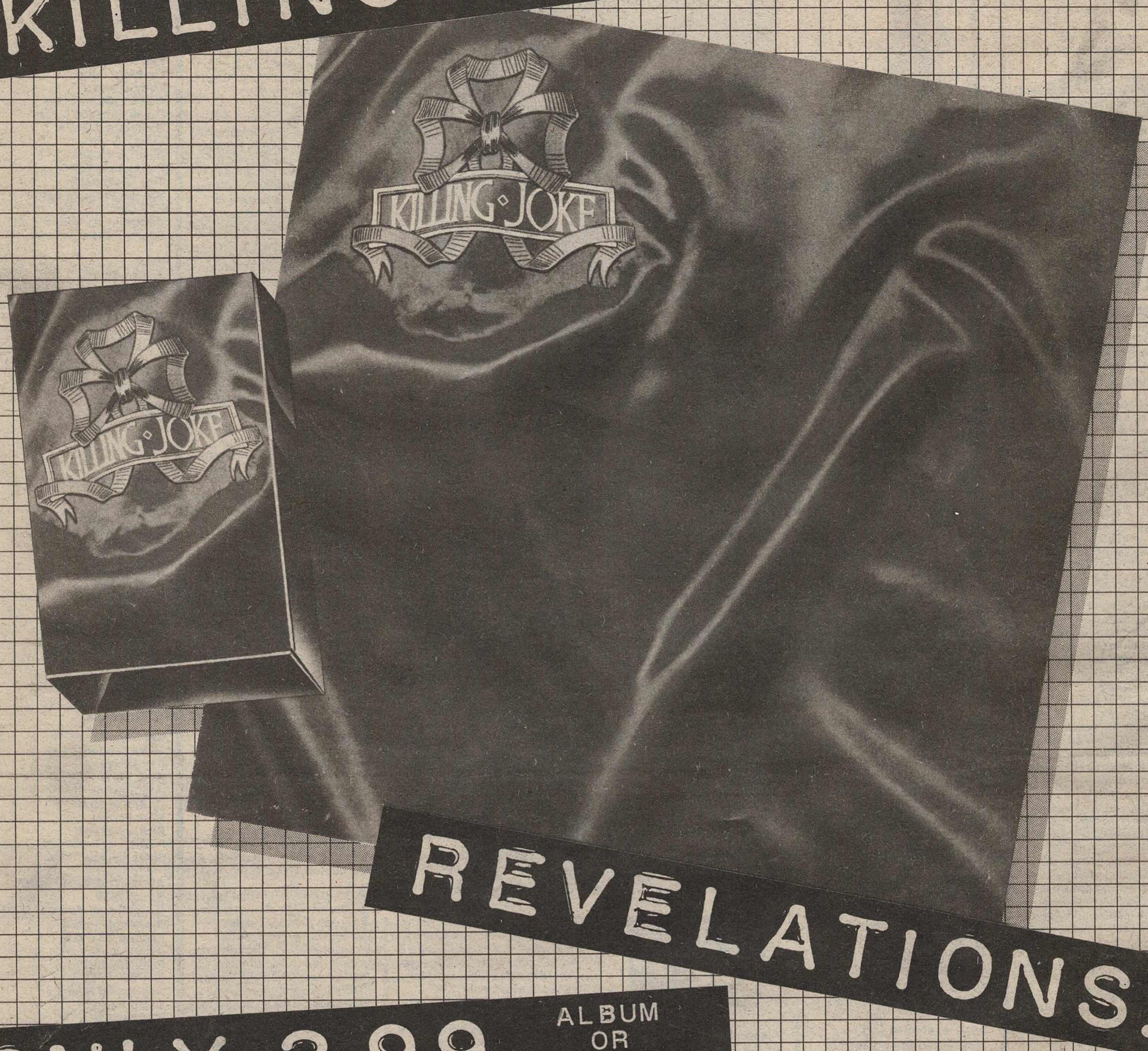

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